

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., NOVEMBER, 1919

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Editorial

The Young Man

What the World is Saying, etc., in this Issue

The Why? of Another Victory Loan

WHEN, on the morning of November 11th, 1918, the guns were hushed and the glad tidings flashed across the world, there followed with the Nation's Prayer of Thanksgiving, one yearning query, which found echo in the faster-beating hearts of wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts.

THAT query was, "How soon will our boy be home?"

AND, from France and Flanders, from Italy and Egypt, from Palestine and from far-off Siberia, there came an answering echo, "How soon, how soon, may we go home?"

CANADA caught the spirit of these longings, and at once resolved to satisfy them.

IT was an appalling task. Shipping was tragically scarce. The composition of the Army of Occupation had not then been settled. And other parts of the Empire as well as Canada

were looking for the speedy return of their men.

THE problem was this. The half-million men that Canada had overseas had taken more than four years to transport to the field of battle.

TO bring them home in a few months was a gigantic undertaking---one to tax all Canada's ingenuity and resources.

CANADA solved the problem, but it meant crowding into a few short months, an expense for demobilization which it was impossible to foresee.

THEN, too, besides the sentimental aspect of the necessity for bringing the men home quickly, the economic side could not be overlooked.

THAT was, to transform efficiently and speedily the nation's army of fighters into a national army of workers.

NEED DIVIDES ITSELF IN TWO PARTS The answer to the question "Why does Canada need another Victory Loan?" divides itself into two parts.

- (a) To finish paying the expenses of demobilization, and the obligations we still owe to our soldiers.
- (b) To provide national working capital.

* * * *

OBLIGATIONS TO SOLDIERS The obligations to soldiers include: That already incurred cost of bringing home troops from overseas. The payment of all soldiers still undemobilized. This includes more than 20,000 sick and wounded who are still in hospital, and who of course remain on the Army payroll till discharged. The upkeep of hospitals, and their medical and nursing staffs, until the need for them is ended. These three items alone will use up at least \$200,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1919.

GRATUITIES There is also the gratuity which has been authorized, and has been and is being paid to assist soldiers to tide over the period between discharge and their re-adjustment to civil life. For this purpose alone, \$61,000,000 must be provided out of the Victory Loan 1919, in addition to the \$59,000,000 already paid out of the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918.

LAND SETTLEMENT Furthermore, soldiers who desire to become farmers may, under the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act, be loaned money by Canada with which to purchase land, stock and implements. The money so advanced will be paid back; meantime each loan is secured by a first mortgage. Up to August 15th, 29,495 soldiers had applied for land under the terms of this Act; and 22,281 applications had been investigated, and the qualifications of the applicant approved. For this purpose Canada this year requires \$24,000,000.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING For this work which, with the Vocational Training and Soldiers' Service Departments, embraces the major activities of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, an appropriation of \$57,000,000 is necessary. These national expenditures are war expenses. They will be accepted readily by every citizen who gives thought to the task which Canada faced following the Armistice, and to the success with which she has met it.

NATIONAL WORKING CAPITAL Canada needs national working capital, so that she may be able to sell on credit to Great Britain and our Allies the products of our farms, forests, fisheries, mines and factories. You may ask "Why sell to them if they can't pay cash?" The answer is, "Their orders are abso-

lutely essential to the continuance of our agricultural and industrial prosperity." The magnitude of these orders and the amount of employment thus created, will depend upon the success of the Victory Loan 1919.

THE "WHY" OF CREDIT LOANS Farmers and manufacturers (and that includes the workers on these orders) must be paid cash for their products. Therefore, Canada must borrow money from her citizens to give credit, temporarily, to Great Britain and our Allies. Actually, no money will pass out of Canada.

If Canada does not give credit, other countries will; and they will get the trade, and have the employment that should be ours, to distribute amongst their workers. And remember, we absolutely need these orders to maintain employment. If we don't finance them business will feel the depression, employment will not be as plentiful, and conditions everywhere will be adversely affected.

FOR TRANSPORTATION Money must also be available to carry on the nation's ship-building programme, and other transportation development work. For loans to Provincial Housing Commissions who are building moderate priced houses. These, then, are some of the things for which Canada needs national working capital. She is in the position of a great trading company, and her citizens who buy Victory Bonds are the shareholders.

Those who give thought to our outstanding obligations to soldiers, and to our need for national working capital, cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute necessity for the

VICTORY LOAN 1919

"Every Dollar Spent in Canada"

The Western Home Monthly

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A Chat With Our Readers

Home is the greatest institution on Earth. There never was a great nation that was not a nation of good homes. People yet talk of the home life of the Scottish people and of the stately homes of old England, and it is no empty lament which mourns the passing away of the old fireside with its joys and its fellowships. The first duty of Canadians is to restore the home to its honored place among the institutions of the land. Owing to the rush of business and encroachments of the newer civilization parental influence has declined and filial piety has lessened. This is the beginning of a decline in national power and national integrity.

In the good home every member has a duty to perform and each must be true to all and all to each. The father must know how to provide the necessities of life, and the mother must be able to keep a good house and make it cheerful and pleasant for herself and her children. The children, too, must have some part to perform and they must do it gladly and with good will.

To do their work efficiently all require instruction, also, it is necessary that there be such equipment as makes it possible for life to move along smoothly and happily.

There is no equipment that is better to begin with than The Western Home Monthly, because it has a message for all, and also a message for each. The fathers read with pleasure the articles on farming, the wise words of the Philosopher, and benefit by the expressions on the editorial page. The mothers have two or three sections to themselves. The young men and young women have columns devoted to their special problems, that are perhaps the most inspiring and helpful published anywhere on the continent. The boys and girls have a page, and the little children are not neglected.

Is there any home in your neighborhood where there is need for a message of gladness every month? Is there any home in which the father is too penurious? or the mother too fretful? or the children disobedient? Or is everybody unhappy and discontented because there is nothing to read for profit or amusement? If there is anything like this you know what to do. Will you do it?

You don't get an opportunity every day to do something for others and for yourself at the same time.

Have you ever wondered why young people want to leave the farm home? Do you realize that The Western Home Monthly is the best investment you can possibly make if you want your children to stay with you after they reach adolescence? What is true of your family is true of your neighbor's, so you have a patriotic duty to perform. Keep all the young people happy in their homes. Then there will be no rush to the cities and no murmurings of discontent.



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PROFIT-SHARING

IN STRIKING contrast to the destructive policy of certain people, comes the statement of the president of one of the largest corporations in the United States—Sears, Roebuck & Co. of Chicago, in which he describes the result of profit-sharing as it applies to their establishment. The company has between 30,000 and 40,000 employees of both sexes, and though none can take advantage of profit-sharing until after three years' service, it is reported that over 92 per cent. of the workers hold stock in the company. Naturally there are no strikes and no lock-outs. Here is what the president says:—"We are very happy over the results of this profit-sharing, not only by reason of its obvious success, but because of the independent position which it gives to the employee. An employee earning \$25 a week would have accumulated after twenty years, on the basis of the last two and a half years' record, approximately \$20,000. An employee receiving \$50 a week would, at the end of twenty years, have about \$40,000 to his credit, and it is estimated that this is the minimum.

"Inasmuch as the fund is invested in the stock of the company and the fund has already acquired more than 20,000 shares out of the 750,000 shares outstanding of the common capital stock of the company, it is not unlikely that in the course of years a majority of the stock will belong to the employees, either to those who have withdrawn their earnings in the fund and have retained their shares which they receive when they withdraw, or to those who are still participants in the fund.

"A fair idea may be gained of the manner in which the plan works out in the case of an individual by taking an actual case of a member of the fund earning an average salary of \$20 weekly during the two and one-half years in which the fund has been in operation. Such an employee had to his credit Dec. 31, 1918, \$593.52, which was invested in 3 8-10 shares of the company's common capital stock, which, according to to-day's market value, would be worth about \$643. This employee contributed \$1 each week, or a total of \$130, and now has \$643 to his credit. In like manner, an employee who had deposited the maximum sum weekly permitted by the terms of the plan, namely, \$3 a week, or \$150 a year, and who since the plan has been in operation has deposited \$375 in the fund, found himself on Dec 31 last credited with almost eleven shares of the company's common stock, with a value of more than \$1,900.

"Employees, not including officers of the company, own outright 53,498 shares of the stock, in addition to the 20,000 shares now held by the profit-sharing fund, and 838 employees are buying on the monthly payment plan 5,731 shares, or a total of nearly 60,000 shares of the common stock. This makes a total of 80,000 shares of the common stock now held by employees.

OUR NEW WEALTH

IN MANY ways the Province of Manitoba is known to the world. She gave a name to the highest quality of wheat produced in the world — and because of that fact she was known by many as "the Land of Gold." Now she is on a fair way to deserve that title for another reason. The new mines in the unexplored territory will next year attract thousands. Cities will spring up where now the hunter sets his traps. The shack will succeed the teepee, the moccasin will give place to the hobnailed shoe. The great wilderness will begin to blossom as the rose. Nobody can conjecture what is in store for us. Should not the buried wealth be reserved almost wholly as a national bank? Let it be said that there is at least one of our natural resources which is not handed over for a song to private ownership and control.

SCHOOLS AND SALARIES

IT CAME as a shock to the people of Manitoba to learn that over two hundred schools were unable to get teachers, and that many of those in charge of schools had only permits or makeshift certificates. It was even more of a shock to learn that the reason for this was the unwillingness of school boards to pay as high salaries as are given to teachers in the other western provinces, or to young people engaged in other occupations. Yet it is a fact that the province which is wealthiest, man for man, is most niggardly in this matter. Is it not time we awakened? Can we afford to have our schools operated by people of low intelligence? Can we afford to have them closed altogether? The words of Mr. E. T. Bedford, president of the Corn Refining Co., are quite in order:—"If we do not take measures at once to improve the hard lot of these men in the present crisis, they will spread social discontent everywhere, and we shall hardly blame them. It was the same discontented intellectual class in Russia that created nihilism in that

Editorial

country, and if we allow our own intellectual workers to remain much longer dissatisfied, restless, anxious for their families, sore at heart through embarrassing poverty, there is no telling what atmosphere they will create in our country."

A gentleman who knows the situation in western Canada very aptly expresses himself in these words: "A really live girl is not likely to begin to teach school for \$60 a month and be obliged to take two months and a half holidays without being paid for them, even if teaching is only a means to an end with her and she expects to teach only two or three years.

"When a clerk or bookkeeper leaves the bank or office, and one less capable takes his place, it is a question that concerns only the employee and employer, more or less. But it is different when a capable teacher leaves the school or university and an inferior one takes his place; here everyone of us is concerned, for it involves the future citizenship of the country, and we must all eventually suffer the consequences.

"The average wage-earner is much better off now than the teacher or professor. He can spend or save more than he was able to do before. Thus we read of an Indiana blacksmith purchasing ten silk shirts at ten dollars each; whereas the intellectual workers, whose salaries are practically the same now as they were four or five years ago, are becoming poorer and poorer every day. Some of them are even obliged to dispose of certain valuables they had acquired in better days, and now they are in that uncertain condition that should anything happen to them or their family, they must either borrow or appeal to charity."

And so in this matter of educating the youth of the land, everybody is looking to the school boards, for everybody knows it is their move. It may be that school boards as we have them are a failure, and that the solution of the educational problem lies in increasing the area of the administrative unit. Why should we not have the municipal school board?

PAST AND PRESENT

THERE is an old story in circulation which may be made to suit anybody or any occasion. The last version of it is something like this:—"A renegade Grit, who for the time being, was a strong Tory, made an appeal to his hearers, urging them to use independence. "Any man," he said, "should be ashamed to belong to a party merely because his ancestors belonged to it." Finally, he made a personal appeal to a doubting listener. "What politics do you profess?" he asked. "Why, I am a good Grit," was the reply. "A good Grit? And why are you a good Grit?" pressed the speaker. "Because my father and grandfather were," said the listener. "Yes," said the speaker, "and if your father and grandfather were fools, what would you be?" "Oh," said the listener, "then of course, I'd be a good Tory."

Now, it is strange that in politics a majority of men inherit their political faith. In religion they do the same. For that matter, their opinions generally seem to be formed by other people—especially by their parents. This is only natural, and in one way it has a good side. It is a fine tribute to a father when a boy says: "His religion was good enough for me," and a poor tribute when he says: "I don't want religion like my father's."

Yet, if this policy of assuming the faith of ancestors, sometimes speaks well for the old people, it often says very little for the independence and sincerity of the younger generation. A man should espouse a cause from conviction and deliberate choice. He should not belong to a party—political or religious—merely by accident of birth or early environment. There is something wrong when in matters of conscience the dead rule the living? Was it not Lowell who said:—

"Each age must worship its own thought of God,
More or less earthly, clarifying still,
With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
Nor saint nor age could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought:
To-day's eternal truth, to-morrow proved
Faint as frost landscapes on a window pane.

Shall the soul live on other men's report
Herself a pleasing fable of herself?

I, that still pray at morning and at eve
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life, perhaps, have truly prayed.

Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God."

All of which is, of course, a plea for sincerity, coupled with a plea for reverence of all that has been deemed sacred by others.

If parents, then, have by their example and backing, such wonderful power over the lives of their children, as to make them willing to conform throughout life to the customs of childhood, why should they not use their power in other fields? Why not consciously cultivate an attitude to truth and beauty, personal and civic righteousness? It is just as easy to create and keep aflame in the mind of the child a passion for poetry and art, or for justice, honesty and democracy, as it is to develop a zeal for things of the sanctuary and the committee-room.

The word passion has been used designedly. It is the rarest thing in this world, and yet without it nothing great can be accomplished. Lowell said prayers every day, but he prayed only thrice in the course of his life. It was at these three times he saw God. So a man who loves truth and justice to the point of sacrifice and self-abnegation will accomplish miracles where others fail.

What is true of parents is equally true of schools and nations as a whole. The greatest opportunity and need is that of developing a passion for national honor, national greatness. Unfortunately the ideal has not yet clearly shaped itself. We are struggling along towards a doubtful goal. Is it not time that we had a clear and worthy objective? We are not meant to follow blindly the leadership of our ancestors. We are expected to have ideals and to realize them as the result of infinite labor and boundless devotion. If we fail in this we shall perish, and our failure will be deserved.

It will not be difficult for a people to break away from old ideals and to adopt those more in keeping with modern requirements. During these last years change has been the order of the day. Social-industrial changes are quite as necessary and as easily made as those we see in other fields. We must not be retarded in our progress by "the weight of the dead hand." It is not necessary for us to retain in this land the social nor the religious distinctions of the Motherland. It is not necessary to keep up the system of national defence that was considered so necessary to European peace. It is not necessary to preserve capitalism nor unionism, as they have developed during the war. But it is necessary that we advance towards freedom, righteousness and brotherhood. These underlie material prosperity and enduring national prosperity. They are ours for the seeking.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

IT IS a good thing to be wise afterward if one cannot be wise beforehand. This is suggested by a speech from the editor of the Bulletin of the O.B.U., who at a recent meeting said: "Canadians were both an agricultural and an industrial people, while the Russians were principally a peasant agricultural people. Consequently Canadians must work out their problems in ways different to those adopted by Russians so that they would be able to take charge of industries in the 'great crisis' which he predicted will come soon."

Canadians certainly intend to solve this problem in their own way, and they are not disposed to follow Lenin and Trotsky who openly avow they are in it for all they can make out of it. Canada is going to be a country for Canadians, and not for any one class. It will offer reward to all who work and will not stint any man in his work. It will certainly not encourage laziness, and it will not put a premium on ignorance. Above all, it will not permit men with European ideals to fasten their systems on this new country. Things have indeed reached a crisis when men proclaim it a virtue to work six hours a day. Isn't it time that good old Carlyle was heard again?

And so we are more concerned with getting in this land a good, hard-working, sober, earnest people than with anything else. Shorter hours, better salary, surely, but work, work, work, as the only way to emancipation. Work, and good work is the road to happiness and greatness. In idleness alone is there disintegration and despair.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. Work never so Mammish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work well done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

An endless significance lies in work. A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself ceases to be a jungle and a foul unwholesome desert thereby. . . . The blessed glow of labor in a man, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame.

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"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly."

The Gold Gown

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

By Grace Torrey

HETTY was looking uncommonly forlorn. Her hair, always too tightly drawn back from her wan little face, fringed it, now, in drab wisps. Her eyes, never of the strongest, were red behind their thick lenses. She had been up several nights lately with the twins. Grandmamma watched her with old eyes that saw everything. There was something especial, she was sure, on Hetty's mind. Waldo's insurance was paid. The twins' croup had rounded a turn. Howard was doing well in school.

"What is Elaine up to?" she asked, suddenly, twitching her knitted lavender cape about her shoulders. Hetty looked guilty at once.

"Elaine?" She was vague, grandmamma knew, because she was frightened. "Elaine is getting on beautifully. Her professors all say the kindest things. She has made herself the prettiest hat out of just nothing. She was asked to something at the Marshalls', and her hats were all impossible."

"The Marshalls ask her often," commented grandmamma. Hetty had started, blinked behind her glasses, turned red, considered, then abandoned her guns.

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

"So that is what ails you," her mother considered. "Elaine is obliged to have a new frock!"

"She does so wonderfully with her poor little frocks," Hetty besought. "She is the cleverest girl! You know how stupid I am with my needle. But Elaine! Out of ten dollars she evolves Parisian marvels."

"Well, I suppose Sheldon is worth a ten-dollar miracle," commented grandmamma, acidly. Sheldon was a precise young person, bred at the university that she most disliked, and infused with the poison of his father's money. Grandmamma, who was democratic, and the widow of a famous professor of Greek at the university to which she believed all young men should be sent, thought him a youthful example of all that menaces our country.

"But Elaine says she just can't wear a patched-up thing to the cotillon with Sheldon. There is to be a dinner, and she will go in a carriage, and—well, she is right. She ought to have a proper gown."

"How does she propose to pay for it?" asked grandmamma pointedly.

"Oh, Waldo and I will manage!" Hetty tried for dignity, and failed; for unconcern, and failed; and ended with simple tragedy.

Grandmamma refused to be touched. Years ago, when she had yielded Hetty to Waldo, she had jested about giving her over to the wolf. She had been secretly proud of the spirited folly of

the young people, who had refused to let her money aid in keeping the wolf at bay. From pride, she had gone to impatience, rage, and exasperated anguish, as the infatuated two steadily refused her. Waldo knew a great deal about chemistry, and his university counted him its most eminent man. He could not, however, transmute bills, babies, and breakdowns into coin of the realm, and the salary of eminent university men takes into account none of these things.

Grandmamma saw the arrival of Elaine, who was a very sickly and costly babe, with misgivings. Waldo's trouble with his eyes, that took him to Paris for a year, dismayed her utterly. Howard, baby number two, and Hetty's ensuing six months at the hospital brought her to spoken protest. The arrival of the twins was the signal for war. If they chose to be poor, at least they need not be pitiful before her eyes. They would either take her money, or stop having babies and tragic happenings. But Waldo was calmly recalcitrant. And Hetty, mute, but with the distressed pucker between her eyes steadily deeper, held her mother's pocketbook at arm's length.

The two did stop having babies. They managed their incredible finances somehow. When grandmamma inquired how Waldo had fared in the annual university budget, she always learned that there had been a little, a hundred or two more, but that there had been dentistry all around, or the house to be painted, or assessments on some of Waldo's absurd investments, that licked up the little hundreds. Of late years, she had heard frequently of little expenditures for Elaine.

"You are making that girl into a luxury that nobody could afford. You are ruining her. You are destroying your own morals. I wash my hands of you," she cried, as she had cried innumerable times before. Hetty was used to being washed from her mother's hands.

There was certainly storm in the air as Elaine opened the door upon the two on this wet afternoon. For an instant after her rosy fairness looked in upon them, the room was so still that the drip from the gutter outside and the subsiding of the wood fire within seemed uproarious.

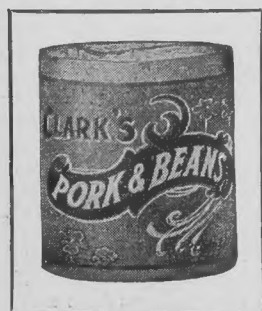
"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly. "Is my underskirt done?" Hetty trembled.

"I left Miss Bemis just finishing the ruffles."

"You have the dressmaker, already, have you?" grandmamma spoke sharply.

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Elaine. "I am really having a gown. It seems to me I deserve it. Here I am, twenty-one years old, and asked about, and

Continued on Page 5



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The Gold Gown

Continued from
Page 4

Grandmamma's sniff signified that Elaine's father had been shabby since before she was born, that her mother was a fright, and that she, Madame Bushnell, disapproved of everything and everybody in the vicinity.

"And a decent dressmaker to make it," pursued Elaine, sitting cavalierly on the edge of grandmamma's bed. "I just got after father myself, and told him he had to find the money somewhere. I can't disgrace the Marshalls, even if I do have to be a reproach to my eminent relatives."

She blew a kiss toward her wan mother, and looked so exquisitely pretty that grandmamma could have bitten her. Elaine was a rosy blond, slim, long, with wide brown eyes, and an air of delicate distinction that would set off very good frocks indeed.

"I'm having just what I want, too, grandmamma. Would you like to see it?" It appeared that Elaine could produce a parcel from below stairs if desired. Grandmamma vouchsafed that she supposed she would have to see it in the end, whether she approved of it or not.

Elaine explained the beauties of her material to a silent audience. Hetty blinked behind her glasses, and set her pale lips in an intensity of interest. Grandmamma folded her hands in her lap, and observed acutely. Elaine held up the golden shimmer of her silk, to catch the right light on its folds.

"You see," she showed vividly, "it has just the lights of my hair. And this net"—she flung out a mesh over the shining surface—"I shall embroider with gold thread. I have the pattern. And I have some new gold slippers, and yellow silk stockings, and mother will let me have her funny gold chain for my neck. I will have it very severely made—just wrinkled across, so." She held a sheaf of the radiant stuff across her bosom. "Then it will follow the lines of the figure right down. Oh-h-h!" She gave a heart-brimming, ecstatic sigh. "I never had just what I wanted before."

Grandmamma removed her glasses, and wiped them carefully. What was this poor, pretty granchild of hers but an embodiment of hunger? The lean, professorial life she had shared, the painful consideration of pennies she had witnessed all her life, had not drained her as it had drained anxious Hetty. She had been the beautiful, fungous growth on the whole situation, sending avid little rootlets down, she neither knew nor cared how far, into her shriveling host. All the caustic things grandmamma had perpetually on her tongue's end died within her at that long-drawn sigh.

Nor did she look at the blinking Hetty, with lean uncertain fingers on her white lips, to demand where Waldo meant to find the money for all this. She removed her glasses, wiped them and put them on, as Elaine, with the reverence of a high priestess, performed the rite of gathering up her sheaves. The old lady surveyed the process grimly before she said:

"You had better have Miss Bemis come down here to make it. Your mother has enough to bother her. And you had better stay until it is all over."

It did not modify her grimness that even Hetty showed a kind of joy at this. Nor did she unbend for Elaine, who rapturously acceded.

"Oh, dear grandmamma!" the girl cried. "How I shall love it! You know how I hate things at home. There are always pots to wash, and a twin to look after, and there's no room for anything. And I do so love a fire in my room!"

What seemed to grandmamma the unnaturalness of this outburst, was lost on both Elaine and Hetty.

"Poor child!" said the mother. "What a scramble it all is at home! I should think you would like it better here. You must be very sweet to grandmamma."

Elaine replied with impatience to the admonitions of her flat-bosomed little parent standing with appealing gaze, a nervous hand on the door knob. Hetty never seemed to her other than absurd.

obliged to make some sort of a showing, and I have never before had anything really decent to wear."

Why couldn't she stand up straight, and do her hair better and get over that way of winking? Other girl's mothers did not permit themselves these habits.

"Of course I shall be sweet to grandmamma. I'm never horrid except at home. Send Miss Bemis right down. We can begin this afternoon. Oh!" as the door closed upon the obedient Hetty, "you've no idea what it means to me to know that the twins won't burst in at any moment!"

"Do the twins annoy you?" asked grandmamma, watchful from her corner. Elaine made a frantic gesture.

"Annoy me? Annoy me, grandmamma? Why, I positively hate the twins. They use my things. They paw me. They make noises when I am trying to sleep late in the morning. They come into my room when I want to be alone. Or, if I lock my door, they cry so that I can hear them even when mother calls them away downstairs. You know you can hear everything in our house. Now, here," the girl shut her eyes and pressed her little fingers over them. "Oh, I wish you would adopt me! It's so quiet here, and you always have a cook. Mother is going to send away Jane, just because I am having this dress. And Jane is the first decent cook we have ever had."

Grandmamma pressed her lips tightly. This was horrible frankness. Yet, she wondered, was not frankness Elaine's redeeming characteristic? At least, one felt sure that there could be little worse in the girl's nature, when so much that was shocking displayed itself on the surface. And grandmamma believed that at the root of what, in some of her rhetorical flights, she termed the upas tree of Elaine's egotism, there must be a soil that could give some other growth nourishment, if only the right instincts could once be planted. Hetty and



"I can't marry a poor man. I can't endure it, grandmamma!"

Waldo had compelled, she believed, Elaine's egotism to take root and flourish.

To the doctrine that she had no right to interfere, even though its poisonous growth should mean destruction to her own child, grandmamma had tried to adhere at whatever cost of wrath or anguish. Yet, now, as Elaine bloomed, and Hetty faded, the heavy-hearted old woman felt herself preparing to lay aside all her principles. She was about, she admitted, to interfere. The days of Elaine's stay she meant to spend in planning how she might strike.

Those were absorbed, blissful days for that young lady. Her slender fingers flew as she made her mesh of net blossom into a golden fairyland. Miss Bemis, from the hauteur of the expensive seamstress, descended eventually to admiring pupilage. Miss Elaine's ideas, she confessed, were wonderful. However radical her innovations and however the seamstress shook her head in the beginning, the end was always Elaine's end, and the result triumphant.

"And so pretty herself," Miss Bemis assured grandmamma, "that she looks charming where another girl would be extinguished. And how she does love beautiful things!"

"She has a strong decorative instinct," grandmamma commented. To her, Elaine's decorative instinct was not a pretty quality. Grandmamma had a poor opinion of people who decked their bodies too thoughtfully. To her, they were not far from savages, and their preening she regarded as highly undeveloped. Yet, she watched appreciatively Elaine's unaffected happiness as

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Wheat Bubbles And How We Create Them

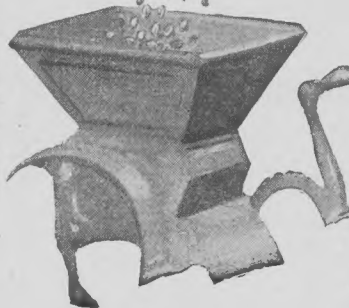
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The Matinee Idol

"Rosalie! Don't joke. It's serious. I get twenty a week now."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

ROSALIE Duprez leaned against the balcony-rail of the shabby little rooming-house and mischievously tossed a red rose—the mate of the one that nestled in her dark, curly hair—down to Pierre Latupe, who stood below. He caught it deftly, and then hesitated a bit before fastening it on his coat. He repeated his question.

"Who gave you it, Rosalie?"

"Are they not beauties, Pierre!" she countered. "I have half-a-dozen, each as large as a teacup."

The frowning Romeo frowned harder than ever. He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands in a characteristic gesture.

"Red roses like these cost five piastres a dozen," he remarked. "Some fool and his money must have kissed a long goodbye."

"Everybody doesn't squeeze the nickels till the king yells," said the girl, with or without malicious intent.

"But make haste and come down," Pierre pleaded.

"Are we going to the Jazzatorium?" asked Rosalie in a pretty, coaxing voice, as she descended the steps slowly, the better perhaps to display her dainty, silk-clad ankles.

"Let's go to the park. It's too nice to be inside anywhere to-day, Rosalie."

"You're not broke, Pierre!" chaffed the girl, taking his arm. "If you are, I'll stand for the tickets. I got my bonus to-day."

"It's not that. We could go to the lake if you like."

"Why not the Jazz—"

"On a day like this? The Bond Dieu doesn't often send such a Saturday afternoon. Such air, such sunshine! And the bird-songs—"

"What are bird-songs when you can listen to that melting tenor who sings to charm the heart of a stone? Ah, what a voiced!" and she sighed rapturously.

Pierre Latupe frowned again.

"That pig!" he growled.

"He's a gentleman and an artist!" retorted the girl. "An Italian aristocrat."

"He an Italian?" I'll wager he never saw Italy!"

"Oh, be contrary then! But I tell you he's a great star not yet discovered. And his figure—"

"Too much stomach!"

"His handsome coal black hair—"

"Dyed."

"His smile—"

"Rosalie, don't be buffaloed. His words, his voice—they are not the soft, Southern quality. His consonants are harsh. An ear for music, no doubt, he has, but he's often out of key and falsetto in the high notes. He couldn't carry a tune in a valise! A fifth-rate vaudeville actor. That's what Signor Whatyoucallum is."

"Signor Bertini, Pierre. And—there's no Signora Bertini they say," Rosalie added softly.

She sprang away from him, pirouetted along the pavement for a few steps humming a gay air, and then challenged Pierre to a race as far as the corner. Breathlessly they came to a halt further down, and the pretty vivacious French girl laughed with the sheer joy of living. She was always happy on Saturday afternoon, that short and fleeting breathing-space in the long week. It was like an oasis in the great desert of toil to her and so many others. To-day, released from the factory at noon, she had snatched a scrappy lunch and hastened to her room to dress in her very finest, and now chic, alluring, scented faintly with violet, she was wearing a new frock made by herself, a cheap and simple costume, but enhanced by many deft touches, the sort that only a daughter of the French knows how to impart.

"Here we are!" she announced as they approached the corner where gaudy posters set forth the attractions within the vaudeville theater.

Pierre, shrewd with the shrewdness of his race, knew that to oppose a woman

was wrong tactics and got you nowhere. But he made one more feeble protest.

"You seem to have developed a sudden passion for music, Rosalie," he complained. "I can't understand it. The Lyceum further up has a much better bill to-day. Let's go there."

"But look! The Signor stars to-day in Her Shattered Heart. Oh, we mustn't miss it!"

She seized his arm and impatiently steered him over to the waiting line in the near-marble foyer. The patrons were swarming in a dense mass about the entrances and Pierre shrugged with a distaste at the very thought of the heat and suffocation inside the house. The front rows had all been taken and they found themselves quite near the dead-line known as row N.

"And a good thing, I'll say!" said Pierre. "Now we won't see the make-up on the ballet like the last time."

But Rosalie pouted and kept craning her neck toward the stage.

"I can hardly wait," she whispered. "He sings six times I see by the program. Isn't he generous?"

"He ought to be arrested. Generous? He's hogging the limelight."

"You mean the spotlight. Well, and who better I'd like to know? There's the orchestra tuning up."

"That orchestra ought to be deported. It's crazy with the heat."

"Bah! But you are in a bad humor to-day!"

"Well, anyhow, I'm not mashed on a punk actor," said Pierre.

At last the curtain went up on Her Shattered Heart and a great volume of oh's attested to the beauty of the setting of the first act, a drawing-room scene with furniture rented from a nearby upholstery store. One could see a large price-ticket still hanging from the Morris chair. It was the usual type of melodrama, opening up with a monologue by a pert housemaid, who flicked dust, real or imaginary, from the furniture while she discoursed about her employer's affairs. The hero is wrongfully accused of murder in the second act, but cannot clear himself, for some obtuse reason, and so the lurid tale went on. Signor Bertini was the hero, of course. Rosalie's are not the only eyes that sparkle. Row upon row of adoring maidens gaze enraptured and half forget their bon-bons. Married women who have raised large families see in Bertini a soul-mate. What does he sing? Ah! He can sing almost everything that was ever set to music. Now it is an Italian love-song, then a Spanish serenade, again a French chanson, or an English lullaby. But chiefly he sings rag-time. Rosalie doesn't understand much of it, but she hears his liquid voice and thrills to the core of her being when he presses a hand upon his heart and trills on the highest register. He seems to be singing to her alone. That is sufficient. He has gay abandon, his arpeggios are like Caruso's, his staccato notes are like dainty trickles of water. Rosalie sighs happily and closes her eyes.

"A man his size ought to sing bass," growls Pierre.

Suddenly he sees the Signor's bold eyes searching the audience. Ciel! It is for Rosalie! Or can it be? No! Yes! He distributes a special smile or two, but reserves for Rosalie a kiss tossed lightly across the footlights.

Pain and anger grip Pierre.

"Rosalie! Do not notice him!" he whispers harshly.

He clutches her arm. She shakes off his hand.

"Don't be silly," she whispers back. "I know him slightly."

The sun has retired behind a bank of clouds when the matinee lets out. There is a bit of chill in the air. Rosalie and Pierre are silent as they walk homeward. But at last the boy breaks the silence.

"Rosalie, when shall we get married?"

The girl returns to earth, dazedly.

Continued on Page 7

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The Matinee Idol

Continued from
Page 3

was trying to keep it for a surprise, but any time will do now to publish the banns, eh?"

"I never said I'd marry you."

"But—it is understood!" cried Pierre, taken aback.

"Not by me. Besides I—I have other chances yet."

"Rosalie! Don't joke. It's serious. I get twenty a week now. It will be twenty-five in January next. A little flat—"

"And I can take in washing I suppose!"

Pierre says no more. They part half in anger and the girl will not tell him when he may next call round. As he returns to his own cheap abode he meditates sadly, profoundly. He sees a little habitant village nestling half in the "boosh" by a big lake, many little white-washed cottages, hundreds of children, ten or twelve (conservative estimate) to a family. Oh, why did he and Rosalie ever leave Ville Madame! He hated the big city. He loved the peace of the hills, the silence of the bush, the healthy life of the trapper. He hadn't wanted to leave, but had followed Rosalie to the city two years ago. Ah! The hearth-fire of the old home! The dog-sleds travelling across the snowy wastes! The genial welcome, winter or summer, of simple, kindly people! But Rosalie, eldest of fourteen children, hated the drudgery and monotony. The city beckoned irresistibly. She loved the whirl and bright lights, the clangour and the show. It intoxicated her. She loved her old home, too, but—a little life, Mon Dieu, a little taste of life! Rosalie was only 17.

It is three evenings later. In a de luxe cabaret we find Rosalie, prettier than before, in a dress of rose color. Across from her is seated—not faithful, humble Pierre, but the lion of the vaudeville house, Signor Bertini himself! He smiles to see her delight in her surroundings, the pretty air of gaucherie she cannot conceal. The smile is a bit patronizing, to be sure, but she doesn't realize it, and that look that comes and goes in his eyes, it frightens her just a little. Also, he keeps catching her hand, just in fun.

"Married!" she laughs, scornfully. "On what?"

"I am to get a raise next year," Pierre explains. I

She gazes about in rapture at the gay dresses and the sparkle of silver and glass, the rich velvet draperies of the windows and the obsequious, soft-shod Japanese waiters.

"Wine, little one?"

"Wine?" echoes Rosalie, withdrawing her eyes from the scene about her. "Wine, you say?"

"Sh! The real thing, little one. Very few others have it, but I have a locker downstairs. It has scarcely any kick, so don't fear. Pour her a glass, waiter."

"No, No! I—I only like red wine."

"But champagne, little one! Come! Here's to the blackest eyes in the city."

The waiter fills her glass and Bertini's from a napkin-wrapped bottle taken from an ice-pail nearby. He keeps a furtive eye on Bertini.

Rosalie laughs. She raises the slender goblet and leans forward to touch it against her companion's. But at that instant Fate or her patron saint, or just sheer accident causes the girl's goblet to slip, and the delicate glass crashed into fragments among the dishes and shining napery.

"No matter," says Bertini, soothingly, and he beckoned to the waiter. "Here! Fill the lady another goblet."

Rosalie, pale and shaking, refuses any now.

"No, no! It's a sign, an omen. I dare not. See, I will drink your health and mine in coffee, Signor."

He assents to this, but very glumly. "You are so cold to me, little one," he complains. "And when I saw you with those other girls at the stage-door I picked you out for a live one."

"When you spoke to me that time I shouldn't have answered," the girl said slowly. "It was wrong."

"But why did you come to the stage-door, then?"

"We wanted—I wanted to see a great actor close up."

"Well, here he is," and Bertini smiled complacently at the compliment. "And now shall we dance a little?"

The orchestra plays a soft, seductive waltz. A comic singer has just left the platform and a Salome dancer now glides about and up and down, the violins accompanying her weird motions with rich and slumbrously soft cadences. The diners laugh at Salome doing a waltz. It is humorous. But wait. She speeds

Continued on Page 64



Film on Teeth

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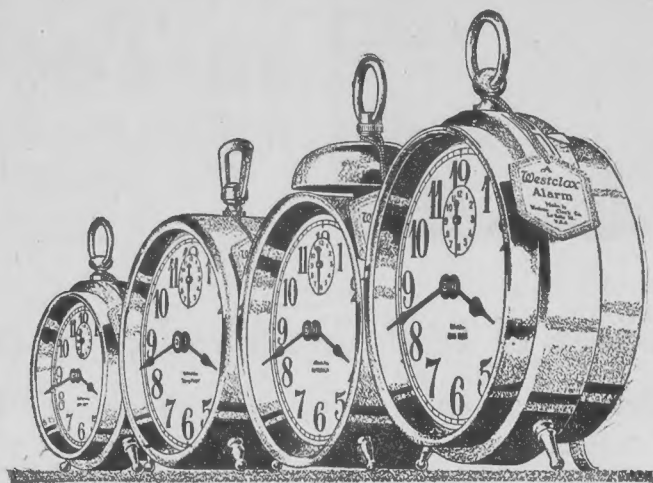
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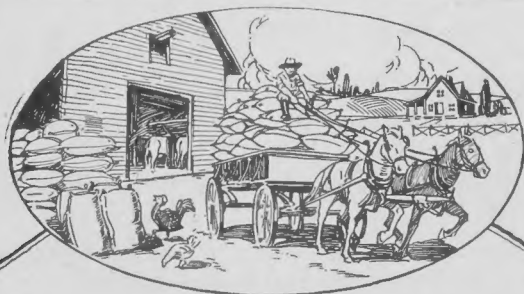
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The Making of a Champion

"You'd better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction, "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

By Gene MacLean

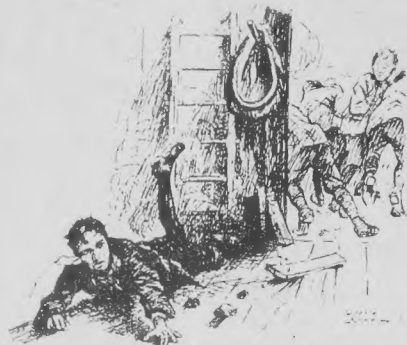
SCHOOL had been dismissed. A whooping horde of small boys and a decorous group of small girls poured from opposite doors of the old brick building and moved toward the gate.

It was a warm day in December, of the sort that comes sometimes to break the course of central Ohio winters. A breath from the south stirred the withered leaves upon the trees into factitious dancings, and filled the children with longings for marbles, jumping ropes, scrub ball and wood tag.

"You're it!" shrieked a little boy, slapping one of his seniors of the sixth-year grade upon the back. "You're it! Can't catch me!"

But the boys of the Sixth ignored his sally. They were solemnly converging at the gate. Outside the fence the girls were standing in a silent group, and gazing intently at a boy and girl who stood together on the sidewalk. The boy was shifting awkwardly from one leg to the other and making vain endeavors to gracefully dispose of his hands while he made bashful return to the laughing chatter of the girl. She was a dainty little creature, with long, curling braids

would enable him to enter the house puffing beneath the weight of a bucket of coal, and thereby evade explanations



The manœuvre demoralized the enemy

as to why he was late from school. The alley had been lately coated with gravel and he scuffed up a mass of sand and small stones as he neared the barn-door.

"I better get out my sling-shot," he reflected. "I——"

He came to a dead stop before the door. Facing him, printed in scrawling characters, were the outrageous words:

"Phillip and Queenie."



He saw a contingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young —

and rosy cheeks that glowed brighter as she talked.

The small boy who had attempted to institute the game of tag, grasped the situation and burst into explosive demonstration of the fact.

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl," he chanted. "Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl!"

The children paid no attention to him, but watched the boy and girl move slowly away toward home. Two youngsters from the feminine cluster outside the gate even followed after, making verbal note of the fact that Lola, mounting the high curb across the street, touched Philip for a moment on the sleeve by way of assisting herself. This same pair viewed the parting at Lola's front steps, and saw the boy kicking confusedly at a tuft of belated grass as he said good-by, and writhing with embarrassment as he backed away. Later, when he came past, whistling shrilly they stood aside and delivered a singsong:

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl."

The boy was secretly pleased. This recognition of his status was not ungratifying, for the chant they rendered had been true only since yesterday.

But he flung back a casual, "You're a liar!" as he continued his melody and his march.

He executed an elaborate detour around the block in which he lived, and approached his home from the rear. This

He drew a long breath. It was not hard to trace the insult. Queenie Bowser, a little sloven who lived at the far edge of the town, was a butt for schoolyard quips and sallies, and was deemed utterly beneath the notice of the small aristocracy of Crayville. Some contemptible trifter, jealous of his new-found favor with Lola Cameron, had conceived this slander and plotted to make a mock and a byword of him in the Sixth. Bitterly he saw it all.

At this moment, Petey Martin, Philip's comrade in school, made a fortuitous appearance at the end of the alley. Philip picked up a stone and bounced it off Petey's head. He was sure the assault would not be wasted. He did not pause to inquire if the Martin boy was responsible for the legend on the barn. In his profound knowledge of Crayville methods he was aware that even if Petey had not actually written it, he would shortly become one of the jeering crowd that would exploit the jest.

He listened to Petey's howls of pain as the stricken youth fled up the street. When they had died away, he made preparations for the inevitable battle. Reinforcements for the enemy would shortly be on hand, he was quite sure, armed and with full knowledge of the hateful legend that Petey had found him reading on the barn door. Hastily

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The Making of a Champion

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Page 8

He had not long to wait. Even as he was proceeding to add some lumps of coal to his store of missiles, Scrubby Willifer's head was cautiously thrust around the corner. A stone from the vigilant Philip whistled by.

"You better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction. "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

The redoubtable Bruiser verified this intelligence by showing himself at the entrance to the alley. He immediately retired in recognition of a volley from Philip, but the latter perceived that the Bruiser's coming meant serious trouble. The title of champion fighter of the sixth-year grade would not be lightly given up by William Young. He had won it in arduous battle, and Philip knew that the other boys would follow in the daring footsteps of the Bruiser for the mere honor of being on his side, if for nothing else.

"Philip and Que-e-e-nie!" called a tantalizing voice from the opposite direction.

A stone smote Philip in the back. He turned, and saw Petey Martin, Louie Born and three or four other boys dancing about and preparing to launch a fusillade upon him.

There was clearly a heavy force in movement. A shower of stones came over the low cowshed that opposed the barn, and rattled harmlessly above Philip's head. He delivered a missile at the group where Petey stood, and struck Louie Born beneath the eye. Philip was loudly jeering when a cinder struck him, knocking off his cap, a heavy stone flew past his ear and his left leg sharply contracted from the effect of a smart impact on his calf. He turned, and saw a con-

gathering the largest of the stones under his feet, he filled his pockets and built a heap of ammunition inside the door.

corner. Here he was safe from the stones, but in peril of invasion.

He gasped when Scrubby Willifer displayed an auburn poll at the top of the ladder.

"Get out!" cried Philip. "You get out!"

Fate, at this moment, made Scrubby a victim of his friends. A stone sailing through the open window from without hit him on the head and he dropped, howling.

"Philip, he's back there with more'n a million rocks," he wept, "and he hit me with one of 'em!"

This version of the injury impressed the crowd and Philip, huddled in his corner, heard the murmur of a council of war. Then the voice of the Bruiser arose.

"Hey, you!" called the bruiser. "If you don't come down we'll come up and half kill you."

The beleagured made no response.

"We'll give you three minutes to come down," resumed the voice from below. "If you don't come, we'll come up and bang your head off."

Plainly the situation was desperate. Philip did not know that the injuries of Petey, of Louie and of Scrubby, and the inglorious tumble of the Bruiser had filled the others with respect for his prowess. He did know that he was alone in the loft, with every boy's hand against him.

"You comin' down?" demanded the Bruiser.

"Ya, ya, 'fraid to come down," sang two or three voices.

Louie Born joined in the taunts.

"Philip and Queenie," he sang, "Philip and Queenie! Philip'd like to go with a sheeny!"

A flow of wrath crimsoned the cheeks of the boy upstairs.

"I'll fix you," he cried. "I—I'll show you!"

He clattered about, gathering the stones deposited there by the foe.

I'll bust somebody's head," he shrieked.



He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived.

tingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young.

He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived. He thrust a splinter of wood through the staple, to secure the door, and climbed into the loft to reconnoiter. Up there a big window looked out upon the alley. Bundles of hay had once been tossed into the mow through this aperture, and it was large enough to afford room for battery practice on the enemy. Selecting a heavy lump of coal from his pocket, Philip leaned far out, poised to hurl the projectile at the besiegers.

But the alley was vacant! the barn door, loosening traitorously, had come open, and even now a clamor from the boys below announced their possession of his citadel.

Bruiser Young came clambering up the ladder.

"You get away from here!" screamed Philip. "You get away!"

He made a wild sweep at the champion's head. The Bruiser, dodging, lost his hold and tumbled to the floor below. And now, swiftly following after, came a new assault. The boys had discovered the open window, and going into the alley, commenced a bombardment through the portal. The stones thumped and rattled about the now thoroughly alarmed garrison of the loft, who promptly retreated into a sheltered

His eye fell upon the "punching bag," which he had once mistakenly constructed out of canvas and sawdust. It weighed nearly one hundred pounds. He seized upon this and dragged it toward the opening in the floor.

That fighter moved toward the door.

The boys downstairs shifted uneasily. "What's he doin'?" asked the Bruiser.

"I'll fix you," puffed Philip, as he arrived with his burden at the ladder. "F any of you try to come up here—"



"You get away from here," screamed Philip.

He leaned over to get a view of the besiegers.

"I'll bust— Oof!"

He had lost his balance. Wildly scratching for a hold upon the flooring, the

Continued on Page 64

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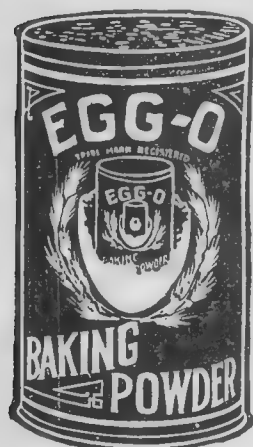
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Those Borrowing Borwicks

A good story about Borrowing Neighbours

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Miss S. G. Mosher.

YOUNG Mrs. Gibson was late for the meeting of the Red Cross Auxiliary, and when she did arrive there was a sparkle in her eyes, and a flush on her cheeks that spoke of inward agitation.

"We were wondering if you were coming," Helen Farrar said. "Now we are all here but the Borwick girls."

"Those borrowing Borwicks," Mrs. Gibson exploded. "But for them I should have been here an hour ago."

Mrs. Connors tossed the angry speaker a bandage. "You can be sewing while you tell us your troubles," she said.

"It is a small thing, but exasperating. I was out in the back yard when Beatrice Borwick called from the kitchen door that she had just run in to borrow some bread, and was taking the loaf she found on the kitchen table. She was gone before I could say a word, and it happened to be all the bread I had in the house. My mother-in-law was coming to lunch, and I had to make biscuits. I wonder why Beatrice is not here."

"Perhaps she can't find her shoes, or her hat, or some other part of her attire," Louise Kenny suggested.

"She needn't stop to look for her own shoes—she can wear mine," Helen Farrar said. "She borrowed my skating boots three weeks ago. I never thought of them again until last evening, when the Nelsons stopped to get me to go with them. After spending ten minutes looking for the boots I remembered that Beatrice had them. Mr. Nelson said we could drive past the Borwick house and get them. There was nobody home but Beatrice. She said she was very sorry, but she had let Polly take my shoes to go skating. I walked home, getting angrier every step of the way."

"I should have gone to the lake and demanded them," Mrs. Gibson snapped. "Oh, no, you wouldn't, Mary, any more than you would have followed Beatrice and demanded your bread back."

"They made ice cream last week," Louis Kenny took up the tale. "Perhaps you won't believe me, but they borrowed cream, sugar, freezer, salt and flavoring from us. I wonder where they got the ice?"

"I let them have that," Mrs. Connors admitted. "They sent the little Burgess boy for it, and he borrowed our wheelbarrow to take the ice over in. He forgot to bring the wheelbarrow back, and Mr. Connors had to go for it yesterday."

"They've had our alarm clock for nearly a month," Mrs. Gibson resumed. "John says things about it nearly every morning, especially when we oversleep. He declares he is going to ask Will to bring it back."

"Will isn't much like his sisters. I never knew him to borrow anything."

"An uncomfortable time he must have of it in that hit-or-miss household," Mrs. Duncan remarked. "I've been rolling out my biscuits with the vinegar bottle for nearly two weeks now. Polly Borwick borrowed by rolling pin because theirs was mislaid."

"I move," said Mrs. Gibson, with determination, "that we all agree not to lend anything more to the Borwicks. They are as able to buy things as we are."

There was a chorus of assent, but Mrs. Connors murmured gently, "Lend to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

"Here are the Borwicks now," Louis broke in.

The two girls hurried in, flushed, breathless, and looking as if their clothes had been flung at their heads.

"We were almost ashamed to come so late," Polly explained breathlessly, "but I promised to leave my skirt pattern at Mrs. Brown's, and at the last moment I couldn't find it. We had to turn the house upside down before it turned up."

The talk passed to other things, but Mrs. Gibson's eyes still glowed. She con-

sidered that the borrowing nuisance was growing intolerable, and turned over various schemes for putting an end to it. At last she hit on a plan she thought would do. She outlined it to Louise Kenny as they walked home together.

"It's a perfect plan, Mary, if we get enough people to agree to it. You do have an original mind."

"We had better not say anything to Mrs. Connors; she is too soft-hearted," Mrs. Gibson said. "Everything depends on secrecy, and on doing the thing to a minute. Everyone interested had better meet at my house tomorrow afternoon, and we will plan things."

Two days later Mrs. Duncan, accompanied by one of her boys, drove up to the Borwick house in a market wagon. There was no one at home but Polly. Mrs. Duncan explained that she wanted to paint her kitchen table, and had come over to borrow theirs for a few days.

"There are so many of us that I simply must have a kitchen table, but I am sure you can get along very well without one," she said.

Polly assented cheerfully, and helped to put the table in the wagon. Her good nature almost caused Mrs. Duncan to relent.

A few minutes later Louise Kenny ran in. "Oh, Polly, could you lend us your dining-room chairs? Two of ours are broken, and we expect company to supper this evening."

Polly hesitated only a moment; she had that morning enamelled all the sitting room chairs, and they were drying in the attic. Both kitchen chairs were broken. But she reflected that they could sit on boxes if necessary.

"Why, of course," she said cheerfully. "Shall I help you to carry them over?"

"No, I'll send the boys. Can you lend us a pot as well?"

Polly fetched the pot, and it was not until later that she remembered that it was their only one, the others having worn out, and never been replaced by careless Beatrice. As there was beef-steak for dinner, she told herself it would not matter; she could bake the potatoes in the oven.

It seemed to Polly that all her acquaintances ran in to borrow something that afternoon. Towards three o'clock, however, there was a lull in the stream of borrowers, and she ran down to the post office with a letter, leaving the door unfastened after the trusting fashion of the community. She was hardly out of sight when a wagon drove up to the door. Helen Farrar, who was sitting beside the driver, descended and knocked. When no one responded, she opened the door and went in.

"Nobody is home," she told the driver a moment later, "but I know where everything is, and my friends won't mind, I know."

In a few moments the dining table was loaded into the wagon, followed by the Borwick's dinner set and silverware. Helen left a note on the sideboard, now the only article left in the dining-room.

Soon Beatrice came in. She was overtaken at the gate by Mrs. Gibson. "Oh, Beatrice," she exclaimed breathlessly, "do you happen to have more meat in the house than you need? John has just telephoned that he is bringing a friend home to dinner, and I don't know what to do. Men are so thoughtless."

"We have some nice steak, which you are welcome to," Beatrice said. "Here is a lemon pie, too, and do you need any bread?"

For a moment Mrs. Gibson felt ashamed of her plot in view of this neighborliness, but she told herself the girls needed a lesson. Besides, they owed her a loaf of bread. Beatrice helped her to carry the things over. On her way home she remembered that she had forgotten to order bread that day, and that

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Those Borrowing Borwicks

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Page 10

boil some corned beef in place of the beefsteak. She was looking for the pot when Polly came in.

"I think you put things in a new place each time," she said, rather crossly. "Wherever is the big pot?"

"The big pot—the only pot—is now in Mrs. Kenny's kitchen. I lent it to Louise."

"Then what am I going to cook the corned beef in?"

"I thought there was steak for dinner."

"I lent the steak to Mrs. Gibson. Where is the kitchen table?"

"Mrs. Duncan borrowed it; she painted hers."

"Then I shall have to mix the biscuits on the dining-room table."

"Let me help you to bring the table out here; Louise borrowed all the chairs, so we may as well dine in the kitchen this evening."

"It seems to me this is borrowing day," Beatrice said, as she followed Polly to the dining-room.

There was a gasp of amazement when they saw the empty room. Beatrice darted to the letter on the sideboard. "Helen Farrar has borrowed the extension table and all our dishes and cutlery," she said. "She says they expect company and she knows we won't mind. Really, this is a little too much."

"I—I believe it is a plot," Polly said slowly. "Things don't happen like that, and you know, Beatrice, we are awful borrowers. Perhaps people are getting tired of it."

"I'm going to return every borrowed thing in the house this very day," the angry Beatrice said. But when the borrowed articles were piled in the dismantled dining-room both girls were appalled at their number and variety.

"The Gibson's clock—I promised to take that back next day; Mrs. Connor's ice-cream freezer; Mrs. Duncan's rolling pin; Mrs. Brown's napkins; Louise Kenny's skating boots—I've had them for a month; Alma Stevens' kitchen apron—I borrowed that in October when I was putting up pickles; Helen Farrar's scissors; Mrs. Connor's egg-beater; Eva Kenny's blouse pattern; Mary Brown's fountain pen; Edna Stevens' umbrella; and books—"

She was interrupted by the opening of the front door. Will Borwick came in, accompanied by two strange young men.

"You've heard me speak of the Pierson twins," he said. "I've brought them home to dinner. My sisters, boys. I told the boys I was sure at least of beefsteak and lemon pie. But what has happened to this room?" he asked, suddenly realizing that it seemed even more disordered than usual.

Beatrice looked as if she wanted to cry, but Polly giggled. "It's a joke," she said. "I'll tell you about it later. And there isn't steak and lemon pie for dinner. There is canned tomato soup and hot

biscuits. You will have to drink the soup from cups without handles, and I can't make the biscuits until Will brings down the stand from his room."

It was a very jolly, if somewhat picnicy meal. The girls had the only seats left, two rocking chairs, while the young men reclined on cushions on the floor.

"I'm afraid Will brought us out at an inconvenient time," Tom Pierson ventured, helping himself to his sixth biscuit. "He did not mention that you were housecleaning."

"I didn't know it myself," Will retorted.

"Neither did we," Polly laughed. "You see, this isn't housecleaning, but just a little practical joke on the part of our neighbors."

"I do not think it a very kind one," Will said, flushing.

"It may be only a coincidence that so many people borrowed things to-day," Beatrice said. "Let us talk of something more interesting."

Mrs. Gibson came over before breakfast next morning. "Can you ever forgive me" she cried. "John never mentioned until he was going away this morning that Will brought company home with him last night. If I had known, I should have asked you all over to my house. I feel very guilty, for I planned the whole thing. But we never intended it to go so far. You see—"

"It is all right," Beatrice exclaimed. "We deserved the lesson. Polly and I will be busy all day returning things we have borrowed in the past. I hope, though, that the neighbors will not keep our furniture and dishes as long as we have kept some of their things; it would be rather inconvenient."

"You are angels to take it like this," Mrs. Gibson said. "I shall see that everything is brought back to-day, you may be sure."

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A traveller through a dusty road
Strew'd acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vow
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its bough;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood, a glory in its place.
A joy for evermore.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
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But mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

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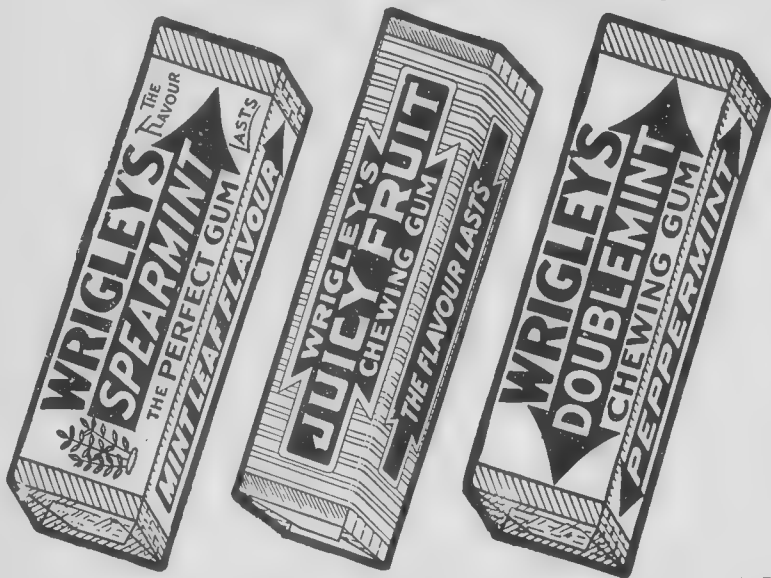
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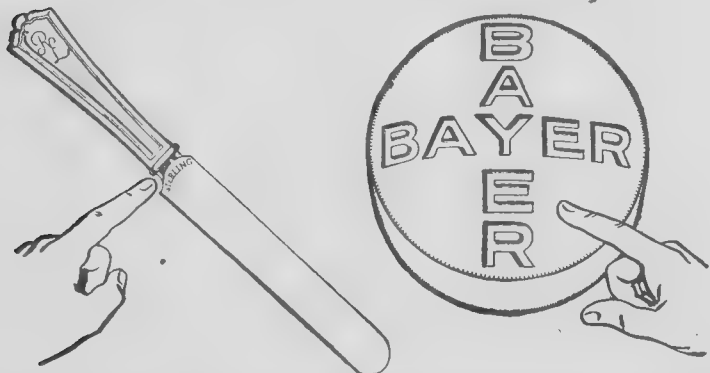
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A Good Name

"A Good Name is Rather to be Chosen than Great Riches"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Theodora Horton



YOU'D better come back along with me now," said Silas Guildford to his nephew as they left the cemetery. Mark said nothing; he walked beside his uncle unable to realize for the present at least anything that had happened around him. The overwhelming grief and loss seemed to have stunned him.

His father and mother had gone out a few evenings before in their car and there had been an accident. His father was picked up dead, and his mother had never regained consciousness, but had died in a few hours. How the next few days had passed he never knew. His father's brother, Silas Guildford, had taken control of everything, and had told him that there would be very little left when his father's business was wound up, and that he would give him a job in his store.

Mark had stared at him in a dazed manner and answered: "Father wished me to be a doctor."

"Fiddlesticks!" his uncle had answered. "I have no money to waste on such ideas. That was one of your mother's notions; she always did think herself a sight better than us folks, but as I told you there will be precious little coming to you, not enough to keep you in boots, but I dare say you can help a bit at the store and run errands for your keep."

To a studious boy of sixteen, who had been brought up to look forward to a professional career, it was no easy thing to give up all his ideas and hopes for a position of errand boy at a store, but it is a merciful thing that sudden and overwhelming trouble sometimes so stuns us that for the time we are unable to realize all that it means, and by the time that realization comes there comes gradually with it the strength to bear and endure. To Mark in the first agony of his sorrow it seemed of small importance what became of him. Who was there now to take any interest in his success or failure? Everything had been swept from him at one blow. He had spent the days before the funeral at a kindly neighbors, and now he was to go to his new home. His uncle lived in a small neighboring town, and he had never been there since he was a little boy, too small to remember anything of the visit. The two families had nothing in common, and Mark's father, Dermot Guildford, had been a very different man from his brother Silas. He had married a doctor's daughter, and it had been her great wish that Mark should follow his grandfather's profession.

Silas Guildford did not talk much with his nephew during the journey home. He was not at all pleased with the prospect of having to provide for the boy, though if he had been honest enough to own it he knew Mark would be very useful to him in the store. Neither he nor his wife had wished to have the boy, and so Mark was not likely to receive a warm welcome at his new home.

Aunt Martha met them at the door. "So this is Mark, is it?" she said, looking him up and down. "Takes after his mother," she added with a sniff, as much as to say it was a regrettable misfortune. "Well, come on in, supper's waiting, and I've left Kate to mind the store."

Mark never knew how he got through that supper. For one thing he was thankful: his uncle and aunt took no notice of him whatever. At last it was over and his aunt told him to follow her up to his room. "You needn't come into the store this evening," said his Uncle; "but to-morrow you'll have to try and make yourself useful; I'm not going to keep you here for nothing."

Mark did not answer. He followed his aunt upstairs to a small attic at the top of the house. The sole articles of furniture were a low camp bed and a broken backed chair, and under the window was his suit case and the box of books he had packed before he left his home.

"I don't know what you've got in that box," said his aunt, "but Kate and I could hardly get it upstairs."

"Oh, it's my books," said Mark. "I'm sorry you bothered to carry it up."

"Books, humph!" replied his aunt. "You won't want 'em here; there'll be plenty to keep you amused in the store."

Mark felt tired and dusty after his journey. He turned to his aunt who was just leaving the room. "Can I have a wash?" he asked.

"You'll find a basin and towel in the kitchen," she said. "I suppose you've been used to all sorts of fine things at home, but I'm not going to carry water up and downstairs for anybody."

Mark followed her downstairs and when he returned to his room he knelt down and began to unstrap his suit case. "I'm glad I've got a place to myself anyhow," he thought, "though it's not much to look at." The first thing he took out of his suit case was the Bible his mother had given him a few months before on his sixteenth birthday. His eyes filled with tears, the first tears he had shed that day as he opened it and turned to the fly leaf. There was the dear familiar writing: "To my son Mark from his loving mother" ran the inscription, and underneath she had written, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"A good name." It was a well-known verse to Mark, but somehow it had never struck him as it did at this moment. Here he was alone, poor, and friendless, for he felt that he could not look upon his uncle and aunt with their cold, unsympathetic manner as friends, and yet he had one thing left—his good name. For his fathers and his mother's sake he would strive to keep that, no matter what hard blows life should deal him. It was with this resolution that he lay down on the hard, little bed and, worn out with all the emotions of the day, he fell asleep, and for a time forgot his troubles.

"Now then, you good-for-nothing lout, hurry up, there." His uncle's voice sounded loud and angry at the top of the cellar stairs. It was just a week since the day of the funeral, and what a week it had been! Mark had honestly done his best though the work had been most uncongenial and tiring. Not a moment's rest did he get through each long day, and this perhaps was a good thing for him, for he had little time to brood over his troubles. But hard as he might work, appreciation and thanks there were none. He was now busy filling sacks of potatoes, and he smiled grimly to himself in the dimly-lit cellar. "Good-for-nothing lout," he murmured; "one could hardly call that 'a good name.' It seems I have lost what I thought was my one possession." It was like that all the time; hard words and fault finding. "The boy's not worth his salt," his uncle said to his aunt many times a day, and it was some time before Mark found out that he was taking the place of an assistant who had left a few days before he had arrived. His uncle had told him that he could pay him nothing until he was worth it; he should have his keep and must be thankful for that, and so not even to his wife would Mr. Guildford own that the boy was of any use.

Mark had been at his new occupation for about three weeks when, to his intense surprise, his uncle handed him a letter, addressed in a handwriting that reminded him of his mother's. "For me?" he asked, so surprised that he seemed unable to open it. "Looks like it," said his uncle gruffly. "Mark Guildford, that's your name, isn't it?" Mark cut open the letter and read:

Glenorme Ranch,
Vancouver Island, B.C.

Dear Mark: I think you will have heard your mother speak of her little sister Bessie. I am that sister, your Aunt Bessie. It is a long time since I heard from your mother, and I was

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A Good Name

Continued from Page 12

shocked beyond measure to see in the paper an account of the sad accident by which you have lost both father and mother. I wrote at once to the minister of your town to hear what had become of you. He tells me that he thinks that there will not be very much coming to you after your father's business is settled, and that you have a position in your Uncle Silas' store, so perhaps the offer I am about to make to you will come too late.

Your uncle and I have a cattle ranch here, and we would give you a most loving welcome to our home, for your mother's sake, if you would care to come. We have, alas, no children of our own, and if you decide to come you would take the place of a son in our home. Your uncle would be glad of your help on the ranch, or if you find that you do not care for the work we would do our best to get you into something more congenial. Your uncle joins me in this invitation for he knew your mother in the old days, and your father also.

In case you should decide to come I enclose a money order to pay expenses, etc. I do not know exactly how you are left in regard to means, and if you should prefer to remain where you are you must accept it as a little gift from your uncle and aunt. We are much hoping that you will feel that you like to come to us, and if that is the case do not wait to write about it, but come as soon as your uncle can spare you.

Ever Your Loving Aunt Bessie.

Mark could hardly believe his eyes as he read this letter. He had to struggle to keep back the tears at the loving tone of it. At last he laid the letter down and rested his head in his hands. His uncle and aunt stared at him across the breakfast table, and at last his uncle spoke: "Well, what's up now?"

"You can read it, Uncle Silas," said Mark, raising his head and passing the letter to his uncle. His uncle read it in silence and, passing it to his wife, went on with his breakfast. When Aunt Martha had finished it she passed it back to Mark with the words: "Well, I suppose you'll be off to your fine friends?"

"Yes, I shall certainly go," said Mark. "I am no good to you here, and there is no prospect of my getting on."

"You're a nice one," remarked his uncle, after all I have taught you in the store to go off like this just when you are beginning to be useful. But I didn't expect any gratitude."

"I am grateful to you and Aunt Martha for taking me in," said Mark quietly. "But this is the first I have heard of my being any use to you."

"Well, anyhow, you must wait a week or two until I get a new assistant," his uncle remarked.

"As you have so often told me that I am of no use at all, I will not burden you another minute," said Mark, rising from the table. "I shall go to-day."

Mark enjoyed every bit of that long journey. After the hateful drudgery at the store, it was a delightful holiday, and his aunt's liberality made it possible for him to travel with every comfort.

The loving welcome he received in his new home almost overwhelmed him. He delighted in noticing some of Aunt Bessie's little ways that reminded him of his mother. His uncle treated him as a welcome guest, and was pleased to find him interested in the ranch and the work connected with it.

"You will find me an awful duffer, uncle," he said, when the day after his arrival they were talking things over. "You will be calling me a good-for-nothing lout like Uncle Silas did. I am quite unused to country life and have never been on horseback in my life."

"No fear of that my boy," said his uncle kindly. "I had never ridden a horse either when I was your age, but I feel as much at home on one now as I do in my armchair. I only wonder if you will like the life. What did you intend to do if your father had lived?"

"Father and mother—more especially mother—wanted me to be a doctor like grandfather, and I should have liked it, too, but I expect I shall get into this life and enjoy it."

Continued on Page 63

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Retrospection

Written for The Western Home Monthly by T. C. C. Beamish

UPON THE MARNE.—Dawn. Slowly the torn and outraged bosom of France is bared to the breaking day; coldly the wintry sun reveals her once fair face; harshly it gleams upon her piteously wan and desolate brow, and lights the hushed awfulness of her bloody couch—then, from the black shadows of the fleeing night, there steps into the glimmering Dawn, with swift and dreaded strides—Vengeance! a fierce exultation in his remorseless, chilling eyes. Stay! His time is not yet; his course, even, is arrested by the drear silence. A dead silence! Dead yet pregnant with the shaping thoughts and living presence of countless armed men, motionless and watchful, tensely alert for the Sign.

A silence, dead, yet alive with the awful power of death, as the hot, still heart of the desert in the summer, as the stealthy fumes of gas, insidiously killing; not the soothing calm of the deep forest glades or the majestic silence of the summer seas; no, not this—but an utter absence of sound, a horrid void, a vacuity, loathsome in its intensity, chilling in its expectancy, numbing in its force.

Back of those lines of watching men—the Guns! waiting, waiting; cold, cruel and implacable, with Death flitting phantomlike along their serried ranks, kissing with snarling lips their willing mouths—grisly, avid kisses, ghastly welcoming kisses.

The essence of death—in the air, below, o'er all-pre-eminent, all pervading in that fateful hour; and the foul savor of it on the lips—in the nostrils! and 'fore the drugged eye—contorted heaps of blackened, riven corpses; snarls of rusted wire; shell-holes, their lips hoarfrosted, significant as the gaping, pursed mouths of lepers; here, a limb—there, a head, a boy's perhaps; who knows? A handsome, jolly boy—a mother's idol—once! and now! Only a blackened head, a hideous travesty of "God, made man"; a slimy, greeny-black, it is! Ah!

Thut! a tiny hole in a sandbag—a trickle of dirt.

Thut! a gasp, a trickle of blood, twitching hands—a life! death! Silence again—nerve tautening.

Crash! Zoom! Crr-r-ash! The silence rushes into oblivion. The great guns are roaring for their prey, the mines burst in fury from the affrighted earth, spewing forth their carcassed vomit—the pride of youth, the loved of anxious homes; the shrapnel bursts and sprays it's dreaded hail of lead and bursting steel, its horrid cantination marking its

envenomed flight to it's living targets below! From the remorseless, sullen sky speed, like thunderbolts of hate, the aerial bombs—nerve shattering in their suddenness and inconceivable; innumerable machine guns chatter; Ah! the writhing, screaming boys—the fiercely groaning men; the harsh cries of triumph, the snarls of hate, and the deep sobs of despair.

A frantic, smothering vortex of sound; a raving, racking, cataclysmic uproar, annihilating every sense save a gnawing, despairing, craving for a moment's respite—just a second to draw a free breath to adjust the faculties. How it presses, presses the very soul into a mad stupor; how it bears down and thuds—thuds, into the very fibre of the brain! Only a second's respite! No! A shell explodes in a heap of the dead out there in No Man's Land—one rises to his feet! His arms wave, how angularly! Is he beckoning? Hah! He's down again.

One glimpse of madman's brain, seething and twisting, is revealed—the soul recoils in horror.

See! The arc of heaven shrinks and closes inwards and downwards, re-echoing a hundredfold the savage tumult. Then, in that hour, when the Queen of Hell, gnashing and clawing the attendant furies in her travail, brings forth her accursed child, Chaos, shrieking to life; God, with a face full of sorrow and pain, turns to the wall—the sky—and dies! And the pall of death envelops all; and the mouth of Hell yawns wide—ravenously.

Four Years! Five!

A shadow deep and awful blots from our sickened eyes the light of hope.

It lifts; by Vengeance' side Justice appears; in her left hand she gently holds the broken, bleeding heart of Womanhood; her scales are at her feet, no need for them now; with her right she points at the Lust of Awfulness, Germania—Vengeance strides forward and strikes!

Peace Day; happy throngs crowd the streets; flags are flying; strangers laugh and are friends; and as I look upon them all my heart leaps, and those years seem like a bad and mocking dream of mediaeval ignorance and lust.

One lesson it, at least, has taught us—the power of comradeship and Right; and what infinite possibilities the future holds for all in these young and virgin lands, who have conned the lesson aright, and who will not allow themselves to be led astray by the 'isms of fractious and vicious sects.

Hedges of Box

By Martha Haskell Clark

Hedges of box, lined green and dim against a twilight sea,
Where breath of rose and lavender comes drifting, ocean-blent.

Mid all the fragrant garden-bloom there sweeter steals to me
Along the shadowed garden path your pungent-brooding scent.

Within your guarding arms tonight old footsteps softly pace,
Old voices wake your quiet aisles and echo to and fro,
And neath your close-clipped archways pass the laughing, wilful face,

Of one who loved your small green leaves so many years ago.

The little, wistful dreams I thought had wandered with the years,

They met me at the wicket-gate amid the shadows dim.
They tore my fresh-awakened heart twixt tenderness and tears.

Beside the chiselled dial-stone and by the fountain's brim.

Oh memory-fragrant box that broods in silence cool and green,
The little pan is crumbling now, and wreathed with lichens gray,

Yet fairer with each passing year, with mounting walls serene,
You stand in living guard upon a vanished Yesterday.

The Wizard of The West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. W. Higgins



BABY HUTT.

"Owes his life to Virol."

Ottawa,
Nov. 23, 1916.

I should like to testify the benefit of VIROL. Our baby boy when born and up till he was one month old was healthy, then he began to fail, nothing would agree with stomach or bowels. We did everything possible, but he kept getting worse, till at last we were advised to try Virol. He was then 8½ months old and only weighed 9½ lbs., we could scarcely handle him. In 10 days we saw a vast improvement, and in 3 months he sat up alone. He is now 18 months old, has 12 teeth, weighs 32 lbs., and never has been sick for one hour since we gave him Virol. I am sure we owe little Jack's life to Virol only.

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SOMEONE is tired, worn and harassed with the transient cares of a business or professional life. Someone feels the need of something which somehow cannot be expressed in cold and unsympathetic language. Someone is compelled to acknowledge at last that the incessant strain of the "Trivial round, the common task," is at last telling its inevitable tale of an enfeebled physical condition and, unable to recuperate with the same old-time alacrity, threatens to collapse altogether. Someone is compelled to acknowledge that the "accumulation of days" spent on the tip-toe of financial or commercial excitement, days spent in the pursuit of the "fitting ephemeral," are rapidly telling, if they have not already told their eloquent and unmistakable tale. Someone is determined at last to fly from scenes of excitement wherein the heart and mind



Barcees Squaws

are under incessant strain, and indulge in a much-needed holiday; a complete abstinence from all the cares, anxieties and excitements of life. City life and its endless worries, its relentless demands and its inevitable exactions has played ducks and drakes with that which used to be considered, and rightly so, an iron constitution; with nerves of steel and a mind possessed with all the characteristics of judgment and lucidity. But city life can never hope to repair the ravages of her cruel artificiality.

When artificiality fails, Nature steps in. When the contaminations of the crowded city are endeavoring to prove that the span of man's life is two score and ten, instead of three score and ten, Nature is to be found urgently becoming with a pleading hand to her havens of rest, refuge and recuperation, where she whispers strange tales of four and even five score years as man's allotted time.

The hardest thing of which to convince a man is the truth. The veriest romance he will embrace and hold fast like the simplest child; but the truth he seems to want to disbelieve. So constantly are we reminded of this fact that we have endeavored to solve the reason. We think that man has a natural repugnance to the truth because it shows him up in his true colors, without flattery, without commendation. Truth is the basis of everything worth while, and so long as we shut our eyes to truth, its virtues and its blessings, so long will we deprive ourselves of the best that the world has to offer.

The race of life is getting faster and more arduous every day. Commerce and finance are exacting greater toll every hour, and the toll taken is human lives, human constitutions and human energy. Human wrecks are to be found to-day as never before. We are told, in some of the big cities of this continent, that a man is old at forty and worthy of little else than a back seat at fifty. In a measure, there is a lot of truth in the assertion, for we have seen men enfeebled in mind and broken in body at an age when they should be at their very best. The greed for gold, the lust of ambition, the desire to excel and surpass their fellows have undermined an iron

constitution and, to-day, they are physical as well as mental wrecks.

When artificiality fails, Nature steps in, and nowhere in the whole world is Nature so prodigally generous to her creatures as right here in Western Canada. Artificiality impairs and pulls down the human edifice; Nature repairs and re-builds it. The big city with its teeming throng of self-seekers warps the character and distorts the mental vision, but Nature, in Canada's Western Wonderland, straightens out the tangled skein and returns the human derelicts, strengthened in mind, body — yes, and estate.

The Canadian National Railways—we do not propose to enlarge upon the creature-comfort provided by this most enterprising and highly popular system, as all this will be delightfully revealed to the intending traveller—has the proud and unique distinction of burrowing its way through some of the most forbidding fastnesses and gorgeous valley-lands that the mind of man can conceive. As the girdle of steel passes westward from the almost unending prairie-lands of the productive West, change after change takes place, revelation after revelation. It is here that Nature is at her best. It is here that Nature dispenses her miraculous cures, without the aid of either quack or professional physician. Nature is her own physician, and has the happiest knack of accomplishing the most phenomenal results, in the most pleasing and desirable manner possible.

The silent bush, through which the Indian or blazed trail turns; the tranquil tree-fringed lake teeming with fish that would gladden the heart of the sportive angler; the serenity and impressiveness, the glory and the beauty of it all, the fascination of the camp-fire at night, are some of the features connected with this gorgeous land which, hard to portray in print, nevertheless, in reality, possess such an overpowering influence on the mind and body as to send the sojourner back fortified in mind and body and equipped with renewed strength for the demands of the city.

Dwellers on this continent, especially those who acknowledge Canada to be



Mediang Lake

their home, are indeed fortunate beyond words in the possession of such a rendezvous as this illimitable stretch of incomparable land, with the "Wizard of the West" ever in attendance. This Western Wizard has the happiest knack of diagnosing the ailments of humanity, and with one touch of his magic wand, effecting the most magical cures.

There is no life, no holiday, no recreation, so delightful as that which is possessed of a romany flavor. The freedom, the laxity from restraint, and the unconventionality of life in this Western Wonderland, bound, circumvented and influenced by the majesty of the towering mountains, will perform more effective and permanent cures on jaded humanity than all the physic ever dispensed.

Who can ever forget, or ever desire to forget, the incomparable delights of a

Continued on Page 16

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The Wizard of The West

Continued from Page 15

few weeks spent in this wonderland; wherein the restraint and trammels of society are non-existent; where each succeeding day reveals some fresh charm scenery and environment; wherein a profusion of natural attractions abound as will for countless ages inspire and impress posterity. The ear is not the only entrance to the soul, and inspiration is drawn momentarily and unconsciously from the pine-laden air, the unsullied beauties of Nature, undisturbed by the hand of man, the vast solitudes and the unmistakable evidence of antiquity which pervades and stalks both mountain and valley.

Someone knew nothing about this Western Wonderland or the Wizard of the West. Someone from force of habit—and a mighty bad habit, too—was convinced that it was the correct thing to ignore the pretensions of their own country. Someone was convinced that the fashionable way was the best and that the intrinsic merits of a country should be gauged by that country's remoteness. So, reasoning in this ridiculous and illogical manner, someone audaciously concluded that Western Canada was not remote enough to possess the attractions they deemed so necessary for their self-gratification—and glorification. It did not represent sufficient mileage nor so much ostentation and, what was more convincing with them: "A prophet could not have honor in his own country."

Someone was accustomed to paying his tribute together with the additional price, for the attractions presented by far less favored climes. Someone has contracted ennui in its worse and most insidious form, and was despondent, worn-out and demoralized. Individually, these ailments are to be feared, but combined, they are to be dreaded with the utmost apprehension.

Canada's Western Wonderland was suggested and, strange to relate, there was something in the sound of the words that appealed to him. He might have been "caught napping," but there was something in the simplicity of the suggestion with which he was quite unfamiliar, something in the sound of the words that drew his tired-out soul as far as the shimmering lakes of this West Country, just as the far-off glassy river draws the thirsty deer. Someone packed his grip, a deep sigh was the legacy he vouchsafed to leave behind him, and he went. Two weeks elapsed, but never a word arrived; another and another slipped into the mysterious river of years, and word came that he was returning.

The friend who met him on his arrival had some difficulty in recognizing him: he looked like his own youngest son. "What have you been doing?" asked the friend. "Visiting that Wizard of yours, and I wish I hadn't," he replied, "for I shall always be wanting to go back again," concluded the rejuvenated one somewhat ungratefully. And this is true, for the price of a journey into this delightful country is not always covered by railway fares and hotel bills. To these, the delighted visitor must be prepared to add a little heartache, a little longing paid down on the counter of life

for long months and perhaps years afterwards, when his visit has become but a happy memory of the past. And there are no spots in America's wide domains that hold the heart so strongly; no beauties in the whole continent that haunt and return and call again, like this wonderful Western Wonderland, this Paradise of the West.

It would be interesting to learn just exactly what proportion of the visitors to this charming country come from other lands, and the distance they have to travel in order to glory in the attractions she offers. For it must be reluctantly admitted that the greatest tributes paid to this enchanting West Country are paid by those who travel furthest. Against this, it would be interesting, even if it might be sadly disappointing, to learn exactly how many of those who have the unquestionable privilege of calling themselves shareholders in the scenic charms and the infinity of other attractions of this glorious playground, know anything whatever about it, and why it is left to strangers in far too many cases to popularize and worship at Canada's shrines of beauty.

If the scenic attractions of a country must be deemed one of that country's financial assets, who can attempt to compute the wealth of that vast stretch of mammoth mountains and impressive valley-lands; of foaming rivers and placid lakes through which the Canadian National Railways passes on its way to the Pacific Coast? Yet one is compelled to leave this alluring land impressed that Canadians—the owners and inheritors of it all—do not believe one half of that which is told and written about it.

Night-time in this Western Wonderland appealed to the writer with unusual force and impressiveness. The day had been a glorious one, the sun had shone brilliantly all day, and the air had just that bracing touch that whets one's appetite and speaks of health and vigor. The lingering afternoon sun had at last touched the mountain tops and the golden glory of twilight presaged a clear and star-lit night. Trembling on the verge of one particular white-capped giant, and diffusing the whole with a blend of violet, orange and crimson, the god of day silently and reluctantly dropped over the seeming chasm beyond. Sombre, secretive shadows began to stalk the valley land, and the giant crevasses of the shadowy mountains deepened and darkened in the waning light. The first star rose radiant in the East, and speedily his understudies and myrmidons peeped through the purple vault beyond. Silence and mystery seemed to have suddenly overspread the valley, and the outlines of the sturdy fir trees assumed the most ghostly forms. Turning toward the glowing camp-fire to throw another log into the brilliant blaze, darkness seemed to have suddenly enveloped the entire world, and the mountains, distant before, seemed to have crept closer and closer as though desirous of imparting some of their secrets of ages or partaking in the sociability of our little camp. The cry of an owl in the bush hard by, contributed an air of weirdness to the impressiveness of the scene, and recalled many a long-forgotten memory of childhood's days, when, in some obscure picture-book, we had witnessed just such

Continued on Page 63

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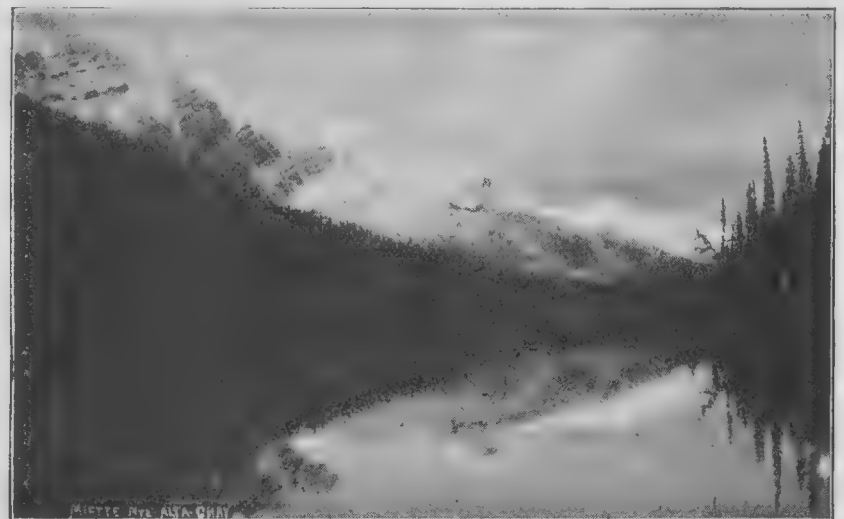
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Spuds and Experience

"It's in the hands of capable men," corrected Trevor. "There's no crookedness; it's a misfortune."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Elizabeth C. Hazellon

SEEMS to me this is the clearinghouse for all the kicks and rumors of the—what shall I call it?—the Potatoe Syndicate, eh," remarked Herbert Trevor, the Controller's clerk. Tying with a paper cutter, he smilingly contemplated the man who stood, papers in hand, on the opposite side of his desk.

"As long as you keep that 'second and last call' in plain sight you must expect us to relieve our feelings," rejoined John Burgis, who side-stepped towards the glass partition to peep through an opening in the curtain, then slipped into Comptroller Leighton's office with his per diem sheets.

Dipping his pen into the inkwell, Trevor shook the surplus ink on the dark felt floor covering, but evinced no inclination to resume his grapple with "Cost of Living" statistics. Instead, he gazed steadily through the glass panelled door at the men, girls and desks in the main office beyond. He saw none of them, however.

For months Trevor had been so absorbed in the study of "back to the land" literature, and the choice of a homestead location, that nothing else seemed to him important. Although he had never planted a seed nor a bulb, yet he was determined that the following spring he would start on a homestead with his family and the fifteen hundred dollars he had saved. In fact, already he had mentioned his plans to Comptroller Leighton, with whom he was on a somewhat friendly footing, having been the Comptroller's office boy long before he became his clerk. Comptroller Leighton had recommended him to stay with the company, and supported the advice by information that a substantial raise was scheduled for him in the spring, and that promotion and further salary increase would develop in time. All that had looked quite ordinary to Trevor compared with the prospect of independence on a homestead, still he was careful never to mention to his wife anything the Comptroller had said. Nobody took seriously Trevor's homestead idea. Comptroller Leighton expected he would forget it; his wife, Edith Trevor, hoped he would, and his office comrades—especially "Farmer Durant" (so-called because he owned and cultivated three lots)—were sure he would. Reference to that "second and last call" had set Trevor thinking. He glanced at the calendar. October 10th! Yes, it was time to think about potatoes. He recalled the meeting of the office employees' association on the evening of May 23rd. Of course, the quarterly meeting of the association should have been held early in April, according to the by-laws. But those meetings never had been called regularly nor attended largely; the subsidiary clubs seemed to capture the interest. It had been a bumper meeting. Lots of the girls there, too. The general manager had urged them to combat the high cost of living by raising potatoes. Not only had he recognized the scarcity of suitable land near the city, but had offered the association free use of the corporation's land—six acres beside the race track and two acres adjoining the suburban freight sheds. Further, he had guaranteed delivery of the potatoes at a nominal rate.

Once more Trevor's pen dipped into the inkwell, and again the ink dashed on to the floor. How convincing had been the blackboard figures by which shareholders were assured of two sacks of potatoes for each share.

Trevor's meditations halted, for into his office came a woman. As the accredited representative of Clifford Seymour Orphanage, she sailed into the Comptroller's sanctum and out again. She bore away a donation from the Comptroller and a promise from the Comptroller's clerk. The promise was an impulse arising from thoughts of two

kiddies at home, and was almost regretted when the "cost of living" statistics obtruded themselves.

Return to reverie was easy for Trevor. What a scramble there had been for the six hundred potatoe shares at one dollar! Gripping his pen, the young man pressed each hand on the edge of the desk and

stiffened his back. He was more than fortunate to have secured six shares. Edith had commended his foresight. The assessment notice caught his eye. He drew it from under the leather corner of his desk blotter, and re-read the last call for fifty cents per share on his six shares, due on October 15th.

Trevor replaced the notice contentedly. Some of the boys were bringing in disquieting reports. Nothing but rumors. So, with a final dip and a final shake, he concentrated on the "cost of living" problem as applied to employees of a transportation company.

"The shareholders are dubious about the potatoe situation," advised Ned Palmer, strolling into Trevor's room one

morning to get stamps for the Superintendent's office.

"Don't worry, it'll be all right, bound to," Trevor checked off an imaginary list, "See—there's elimination of wholesalers' profits, retailers' profits, taxes, overhead expenses—and—" He leaned back, and between bites at his penholder he expressed himself confidently, "we're bound, simply bound, to come out the way—"

Fred Nowell, who was waiting to show the Comptroller some drafted earnings and expenses, piped up "I hope so," whereupon Palmer twitted him of being a big shareholder.

"Worse luck! I bought six shares, then Jim Wright wanted to sell me his

Continued on Page 18

Ganong's GB Chocolates

"THE FINEST IN THE LAND"

When Everything is To Be Especially Nice

make sure that the "sweets" are "DELECTO" Chocolates. These are the finest of all G.B. Chocolates—a delectable assortment of rich chocolate coated Creams, Nuts, Fruits, Hard Centers, Nugatines and Marshmallows.

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Spuds and Experience

Continued from
Page 17

five shares, I jumped at the chance—and now—” Nowell shot a glance into the Comptroller's room then resumed, even more seriously, “I've been thinking, our potatoes won't be graded like those in the store,” with an emphatic movement of earnings and expenses, “some of our potatoes will be so small we'll have to throw them out to the chickens—if we have any to—”

Palmer folded his stamp sheets leisurely while he spoke of gross mismanagement. Nowell declared that the syndicate was a hold-up. Burgis, working outside among per diem sheets, perceived the group, and hurried in to add his condemnation.

“It's in the hands of capable men,” corrected Trevor. “There's no crookedness; it's a misfortune.”

“Gross miscalculation,” drawled Palmer.

“Look here,” cried Nowell, stepping close to Trevor's desk and tapping it with his index finger, “in the first place, when the committee handed to the purchasing department the requisition for potato seed, prices had gone up—then the purchasing department referred it back,” speaking rapidly and raising his voice, “by the time the order was placed—”

“Prices had gone up again, of course,” chipped in Durant (disburser of the company's finances seven hours daily, and city farmer the rest of the time), who managed to slide invoices to the Comptroller while other men were waiting to see him.

A vote of censure on the potato syndicate was suggested by Palmer. Information was volunteered by Burgis that the contract had been left to a Chink who had sublet it, to which Palmer submitted that the Chink was working in legitimate style.

“Some of the boys went out and hoed. By the way, Trevor,” and Nowell stared at him accusingly, “I never saw you out there hoeing.” He paused, then resumed, “Don't you remember at the meeting it was said that we'd have to go out Saturday afternoons in the summer and hoe—you remember?” glancing around, “said what good exercise—”

“I didn't know till after,” argued Trevor. Disdainfully, Nowell scanned the slender hands and manicured fingernails of the Comptroller's clerk.

Then a grumble came from Nowell because he had not seen any of the committee out hoeing. It was explained, however, that they all belonged to the tennis and rowing clubs.

Suddenly, Burgis, who lived near the race track, recollected his wife had been buying potatoes every week from a Chink, who told her that he dug them off a patch near the race track.

That reminded Palmer of something. One of the boys, not a shareholder, had seen someone digging spuds close to the race track one Saturday and mentioned it when he heard Palmer talking about potatoes. Upon being questioned, he said: “Come to think of it, the man looked like a Chink.”

October almost gone! Trevor was getting interested in the potato crop on account of Mrs. Trevor's frequent inquiries.

Pat Scolly, of the Audit department, had been asked to call upon a certain widow living in the vicinity of the race track. She was reputed to be holding a stock of potatoes, an abnormal stock considering that never before had she been known to have a stock of anything. Just as Trevor was wondering if Scolly had seen her, Scolly passed the door. Trevor beckoned to him.

“What about the widow and the potatoes?” eagerly, “Did you call on her?”

“Yes, I saw thirty or forty sacks of potatoes in her one-room shack.” Intuition guided Nowell into the room in time to hear the last words. “Of course, I wasn't ungallant enough to count them.”

Nowell demanded to know where she got the potatoes. Scolly shrugged his shoulders, saying, there was not a potato patch near except theirs.

“Of course, we wouldn't mind her taking say ten sacks,” commented Trevor, “but thirty, or forty—that's—that's too much.”

Meanwhile Palmer entered, and shoving his hands into his pockets, found a leaning place against a file cabinet.

In view of the widow's circumstances, Scolly hinted that it might be considered unchivalrous to bother the old girl. His attitude toward the poor and simple widow was endorsed by Palmer, but not by Nowell, who objected that when they went into the potato business they did not know it was a philanthropic scheme. “I hope she'll choke if she eats any of my potatoes,” Nowell concluded viciously. Looking enquiringly from one to the other, Trevor intimated that he understood the committee had given a Chink ten sacks of potatoes to watch the patch. This was confirmed by Scolly, who believed that the quantity bargained for was twenty sacks.

Nowell forced a laugh and admitted that he had planned to sell potatoes to some of the employees not fortunate enough to be shareholders. Scolly advised that his wife had offered potatoes to all her neighbors. Palmer merely hoped that they were not trying to take away the land, in case the head office should hear of it.

“By the way, I looked in at our city freight sheds,” said Scolly, dipping into his pocket. “I counted two hundred, no—” consulting a memorandum book, “two hundred and five sacks from the race track. They say sixty or seventy sacks coming in from the other patch.”

“Well, it's all experience,” remarked Trevor, “we only get what's coming to us, including experience.”



Beauty spot near Arden, Manitoba

Burgis tossed a sheet on to Trevor's desk a few days later. “Say, Herb,” he cried, “what do you know about that?”

Aloud Trevor read a note dated November 6th, advising that the committee had decided to refund the money to those who had made the first payment only on their potato shares. Trevor stared at Burgis, who asked him if he had made his last payment, and he nodded affirmatively.

“Gee! I'm glad I didn't. Several of the boys got a refund, and,” with a chuckle, “now we're going to buy Bellevue potatoes at a dollar seventy-five cents a sack delivered.” With this, Burgis threw a beaming glance at the Comptroller's clerk and pranced out.

To the mailing boy waiting for stamps, Trevor observed good naturedly, “Well, if we're not making money, we're getting experience.”

Hands in pockets, Palmer sauntered into the room. “First of November. Ought to be getting our potatoes pretty soon, eh, Herb?”

Trevor replied that he would be glad to see his. Palmer thought they ought to be good, they had been in the earth long enough.

Comptroller Leighton passed through. Closely following him was Nowell, who stopped at Trevor's desk to whisper, “Quarterly meeting of the association was to have been held next Saturday, but it's postponed until the potatoes are delivered. Social club going to give a dance instead.”

Asked by Trevor if any official information had been given out at the recent committee meeting, Nowell frowned and said that in reply to a question as to how many potatoes there should be, the chairman had stated frankly he was not prepared with figures.

“Talking about those spuds?” queried Durant, bursting in with a bunch of invoices and stepping up to the peephole.

“Why didn't they ask somebody who knew something about farming?” demanded Durant unexpectedly, for he seldom had time to join in the potato conferences. “I could have told them that that land should have been worked six months before it was planted,” he continued. “The two acre patch was sour, anyway,” striding to the Comptroller's door, then stopping short.

“The six acres is in the midst of a well known Chink neighborhood,” resumed Durant. “Another thing, the potatoes are being turned up—turned up with a plow instead of being dug—” flourishing “Rush” invoices, “think of it—turned up with a plow—that's only done when there's shortage of labor. Worse yet,” with a wise look, “the potatoes are being put right in the sacks, not laid on the ground to dry—they'll all rot if you don't spread”.

Nowell interrupted to tell how the boys in the payroll department had gone to a farm at Trentville on Saturday and dug potatoes for two hours, had the sacks tagged and loaded before five o'clock, and the company charged a minimum freight of thirty-five cents or fifteen cents a sack.

Straightway, Durant reported that the Purchasing department had bought for

three sacks,” tittered Nowell, “and,” exploding into laughter, “his wife got after the man—”

Scolly finished the sentence. “She asked the fellow who took them in how many potatoes he was getting for his shares, and he said ‘Thank God, madam, I haven't any shares.’”

It seemed impossible to settle down to the afternoon's work before comparing notes about the latest potato deliveries.

Palmer poked his head into Trevor's room, and indicating a two-pound package of rice bought for Mrs. Trevor, inquired: “Are those your potatoes, Herb?” Upon seeing that Nowell and Burgis were there, he came inside, and reported that he had received two sacks of potato tops and dirt for his six shares.

Immediately, Nowell told how he had dumped into the garbage can the only sack of so-called potatoes that had yet been left at his house. He intimated that he did not care if they never left any more.

For the seventh time Burgis repeated a rumour that Scolly was afraid to go home since the potatoes had been delivered. Trevor phoned to the city freight yards, and inquired when his potatoes would be delivered. Needham advised that his men could not reach the “T” deliveries till the next day.

“It's a gamble,” declared Trevor, stretching his legs underneath the desk. “If potatoes were selling for four dollars a sack, you fellows would be tickled to death. But,” he added, with a glow of enthusiasm, “we're getting experience.”

Next morning, Trevor left home early. “To see about the potatoes,” he explained to his wife. At the company's freight yards, he interviewed Needham, who had charge of the potato deliveries; thence he hurried to Smith's market.

Mrs. Trevor was more animated than usual when she welcomed her husband that evening.

“The potatoes have just come, Herb,” she exclaimed delightedly. “Six sacks—they're just fine—big and smooth. Come and look!”

After dinner, Trevor repeated to his wife a conversation he had had with Comptroller Leighton before leaving the office. As a result, the couple spent the evening planning for the future.

The following morning Palmer wandered into Trevor's office from force of habit. “Got your potatoes, Herb?” he asked.

“His potatoes!” blurted out Nowell, who followed close on Palmer's heels. “Say, Scolly was down to the freight yards—came across a couple of sacks labeled ‘Clifford Seymore Orphanage,’ and,” slowly and emphatically, “he found they were Trevor's potatoes.”

“Well, Herb, how about the potato situation?” inquired Durant, bustling out from the Comptroller's office.

Mechanically, Trevor's pen dipped into the inkwell, and mechanically the superfluity of ink spattered on the floor. Leaning back, Trevor smilingly surveyed the men, and answered, “Oh, it's cured me—anyway for a while—of back to the land.”

Bubbling over, Durant could wait no longer. “I've just asked for the rest of my holidays—I'm going to move on to my new place,” he announced with unmistakable pride, “I've traded my lots for two acres on the interurban line.”

“Well, you must admit we're all getting experience,” contended the Comptroller's clerk still smiling.

SHE WAS SHOPPING

A lady had been sitting in a furniture shop for nearly two hours inspecting the stock of linoleums, says the Chicago Journal. Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed dissatisfied. From her dress he judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely that she would have a good order to give. When at last he had shown her the last roll, he paused in despair.

“I'm very sorry, madam,” he said apologetically, “but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Can you call again?”

The prospective customer gathered her belongings together and rose from the chair.

“Yes, do,” she said, with a gracious smile, “and ask them to send you some with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage.”

the company's camps selected potatoes wholesale at twenty-four dollars a ton delivered.

“Could have got them for a dollar a sack delivered if they'd bought of the farmers,” snapped Nowell.

Trevor stopped any quibbling by his quiet remark, “We're getting experience.”

On the morning of November seventh interest in the potato situation was feverish. In alphabetical order, delivery of the potatoes had begun.

Trevor took from the Comptroller's stenographer a typewritten statement headed “Cost of living” while he asked if she had got her potatoes.

“Potatoes! she exclaimed scornfully, “We got two sacks for five shares. Sacks tied in the middle, the bottoms filled with dirt. One of the sacks gave way when the man was taking it in the back yard.” Reaching the door, she turned and cried, “Rotten—absolutely rotten.”

At noon Trevor waited for a car. Across the street, in front of Smith's market, stood a bulletin board. Ponderingly, Trevor followed the words, which seemed needlessly conspicuous, “Choice Bellevue Potatoes, \$1.75 a sack, delivered.”

Outside the Comptroller's office stood a group of men returned from lunch.

“Needham's men won't deliver any more potatoes, they're getting so much abuse from the women,” snickered Burgis, slapping his knee.

Trevor stuck his hands behind his back and looked thoughtful.

“One of the boys who had eight shares—they delivered him a sack and a half for

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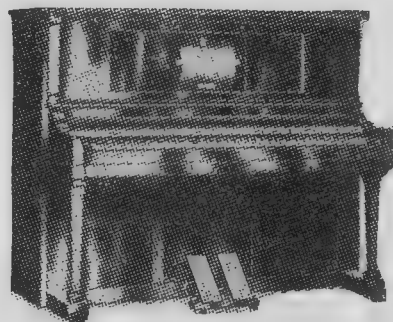
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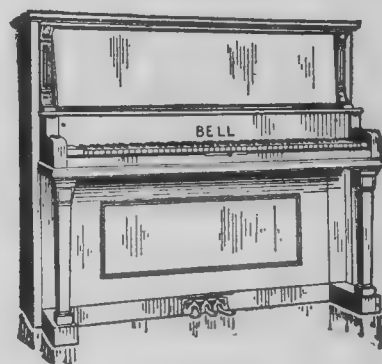
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29039	Smilin' Through—Baritone	Thomas Chalmers
3843	Foot Warmer—Fox Trot—for Dancing	Louisiana Five
3844	Col. Stuart March	Conway's Band
3845	Uncle Josh In a Cafeteria—Rural Story	Cal Stewart
3846	Sipping Cider Thru a Straw	Collins & Harlan
3847	You're Making a Miser of Me—Soprano	Rachael Grant
3848	Song That Reached My Heart "Home, Sweet Home"—Tenor	Lewis James
3849	Kilauea—Hawaiian Patrol	Conway's Band
3850	The Vamp—One-Step	Green Bros. Orchestra
3851	Twenty Third Psalm and "He Leadeth Me"—Scripture Lesson with Hymn	Rev. W. H. Morgan, D. D. and Calvary Choir
3852	Today, Tomorrow and Forever—Baritone	Edward Allen
3853	Peter Gink—One-Step	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3854	Shake, Rattle and Roll	Al Bernard
3855	I'm True to Them All—Baritone	Arthur Fields
3856	Auld Lang Syne—Mixed Voices	Old Home Singers
3857	Race for a Wife—a Racetrack Sketch	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
3858	I'm Sorry I Ain't Got It, You Could Have It If I Had It—Blues	Vernon Dalhart
3859	Echo—Flute and Cornet	Moor & Capodiferro
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Music and the Home

SOLVING A PROBLEM

One of the problems which present themselves to the music lover is the question of continuing practice even when he or she is engaged the greater part of the day in business.

It is scarcely to be expected, after working hard all day that one should sit down to practice scales by the hour. It is, on the other hand, unnecessary to give up musical study entirely as is too frequently the case. A happy medium may be struck by devoting about fifteen (more if possible) minutes to one's instrument each day. A surprising amount of work can be done in this musical moment if it is done systematically. A short period of music will fill in admirably after the evening meal, and will not only be a happy mode of relaxation, but will help the digestion of the dinner as well.

OVERTUNES FROM OVERSEAS

The Afghans have a penchant for musical instruments, and the wealthier classes import some costly makes, though occasionally their manner of using them is somewhat startling. An Afghan nobleman sent for a grand piano, and had all the lower part cut off, as he found it most convenient to play it squatting on the floor.

Birmingham, England, is to have a symphony orchestra composed entirely of English musicians, and if possible, every one born in Birmingham. Still further, if possible, each one is to be a graduate of that city's great Institute of Music. The orchestra is to have not only private support but the support of the corporation of Birmingham, and it is expected within five years to be on a self-supporting basis.

ADVOCATES ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN CHURCH SERVICE

English Writer Points Out New Field of Usefulness for Army Musicians

Reviewing the great strides that band and orchestral music has taken during the war, how the number of players has increased, and how these war activities should be turned into the right channels now, Ulic Daubeny presents in the London Musical Times a strong argument for the Church's use of bands and orchestras for the praise part of the services. "In these enlightened times," he says, "it seems unlikely that any widespread objection could be offered to such use of bands and orchestras. Any doubts on the ground of religious authority would soon be dispelled by reference to the Bible or any history of the early Church.

"For instance, the Mosaic Codes are rich in reference to music in connection with religious observance, and it remains an article of Christian faith that the Jewish religious ceremonies were influenced by divine direction, and not merely instituted at the personal caprice of the priests. To offer but a single example, 2 Chron. V. 12 describes 'The Levites which were the singers . . . being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounded with trumpets.'

"To turn to comparatively modern times, even in that excessively strait-laced period which followed upon the Reformation, we read of 'cornetts and sackbuts' being used in Worcester Cathedral on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1575, while in the time of James I the same instruments were included among the choir of Westminster Abbey.

"Purcell included trumpet parts in his famous Te Deum, and Boyce, in 1755, Continued on Page 21

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATIONS RECOGNIZE POWER OF MUSIC

Numerous industrial organizations are developing splendid bands as a means of fostering community spirit among their employees. A number of motor companies maintain large bands. Liberati, the famous bandmaster, has been engaged by one of these companies. Herbert L. Clarke is now bandmaster with the Anglo Canadian Leather Company at Huntsville, Ont. (population 2,000) and has a well-balanced band of more than fifty. A considerable number of our prominent violinists, pianists, organists and composers who entered the service have taken up the study of band instruments and conducting and have been commissioned as bandmasters. The work which has been done in the army will give impetus to the advancement of bands and band music throughout the country, since the majority of these musicians are being returned to civil life. There are in this country a number of widely circulated journals devoted to the promotion of bands and band music.



Jerusalem, from Bethlehem Road, looking toward Jaffa Gate. The view shows a street scene at one of the busy corners. The Tower of David on Mt. Zion is at the right. New Jaffa Gate or "Breach in the Wall," made in 1893 for the Kaiser to pass through is seen between the incongruous new German clock tower and David's Tower. To the left of the clock tower was the original Jaffa Gate which was walled up.

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Music and the Home

Continued from Page 20

added to this work parts for oboes, bassoons and drums. Handel's Chandos Anthems, in addition to the organ, demanded for their performance strings, oboes, flutes, bassoons, and often trumpets.

"Surely all this is but carrying out the exhortation of the Psalmist: 'Sing unto the Lord with the Harp: with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.'"

The inclusion of orchestral instruments in church choirs, Mr. Daubeny concludes, would thus accord with the fullest and most worthy precedent. He points out that any such revival could not be regarded wholly in the light of an experiment, for in the instances where it was tried before the war nothing but success resulted.

crous and diverse combinations of instruments possible. There is no organization exactly like it, for all combinations of instruments are open to it, and it is equipped to cover all.

The small number of players and the variety of instruments in this group makes possible the performance of what one might call miniatures in musical art, having all the beauties of orchestral music together with the additional fineness and accuracy of development unobtainable from larger groups. In bringing before the public masses of new musical literature, the New York Chamber Music Society fulfills an educational function outside its purely musical purpose.

THOUSAND ARTISTS VOLUNTEER IN FREE CONCERT SERIES

Enterprise of New York Globe Brings Music to the Masses and Increases Concert Audiences

A splendid record of public service through music and of material aid to the spread of the art itself, is that of Charles D. Isaacson, noted equally as editor of the New York Globe's "Family Music Page" and as manager for his paper of a unique series of first class free concerts in schools, camps and factories. The close of the third season of the work has just been celebrated by a gala concert, the 800th since the establishment of the series.

Nearly a thousand musicians have contributed their services to these concerts without remuneration, their assistance making the whole undertaking possible. The list includes artists of the first rank, artists of the second rank, and artists of no rank at all but of proven ability.

Among the well-known names that have appeared on the programs are Rosa Raisa, Rimini, Florence Macbeth, Paul Althouse, and Mischa Elman. Had the artists been paid at their regular engagement rates, the expense of the concerts together with rent of halls, printing, etc., would have been over a million dollars.

Asked to explain why this great body of gifted people have given so liberally of their time and strength to promote the movement, Mr. Isaacson pointed out that the artists appreciated the importance of getting the highest type of music to the masses of the people and of cutting away all expense barriers, so that it would be impossible for the world and his wife to refuse to come. As musicians, they realize what music can do to advance individual and social well-being. They also know that once the desire is awakened and the taste cultivated, a life-long loyalty to music is the inevitable result. In this way the ranks of the regular concert-goers are augmented, the artists build up those precious "followings," and the whole cause of music is advanced.

The chief center of the Globe free concerts is in one of New York's largest High School Auditoriums. Admission is open to members of the Globe Music Club, which requires no dues and which numbers at present some 13,000 signed adherents. Not only do the members have the privilege of the Globe concerts, but their identification cards are honored at many of the paid concerts at Carnegie Hall and other places.

The Globe's enterprise is a significant commentary on the place of music as a factor in the present-day life. A newspaper working at high pressure and with endless calls upon its time and attention, can afford to give space only to matters indisputably in the public eye. When it not only devotes a weekly page to music in its democratic aspect, but goes out of the beaten track of its work to engage in activities of the kind described, it means there is something tremendously important about music and that the paper wants to spread a realization of the fact.

The far-reaching effect of the Globe Special Music Page and Music Club activities and the deep impress these have made on the general public will undoubtedly lead to the undertaking of similar work probably on a somewhat smaller scale by papers in many other cities.

Photo Contest

To encourage rural photography and enable us to present to our readers some of the countless beauty spots of the West, we offer the following prizes for the best Western views submitted us.

- 1st photo prize - \$10.00
- 2nd " " - 8.00
- 3rd " " - 6.00

Photos must reach us before Nov. 15th. All will be returned except those retained for publication, and they will be paid for at our usual rate. The Western Home Monthly has for years been the best illustrated magazine in the West, and all who enter this competition will be helping to make the great Western Provinces better known.

In sending in photos for this contest, kindly write name and address of sender, together with title, on back of same. Address

PHOTO CONTEST EDITOR

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, CANADA

MINIATURES IN MUSICAL ART PROMISED

New York Chamber Music Society
Covers Unique Field in Ensemble Music

The coming musical concert will witness the fifth series of concerts to be given by the New York Chamber Music Society. Practically alone in this rather neglected but highly interesting field, the organization is winning a constantly growing coterie of enthusiastic listeners.

This chamber music society stands today as the culmination of an ideal conceived by Miss Carolyn Beebe, who as the pianist of the ensemble, directs its activities. Realizing the untapped beauties in the field of chamber music, she has built up an organization of soloists qualified to give them to the public. In the harmonious unity of this group of players, there is readily discernible the individuality of each artist's expression. And that is, after all, the secret of the beauty of chamber music—the revelation of the special design each instrument is weaving, compatible with the larger, bolder design of the whole.

The ensemble, including as it does violins, viola, cello, double bass, clarinet, flute, oboe, bassoon, and French horn, is well equipped to give programs of great variety and interest, because of the num-

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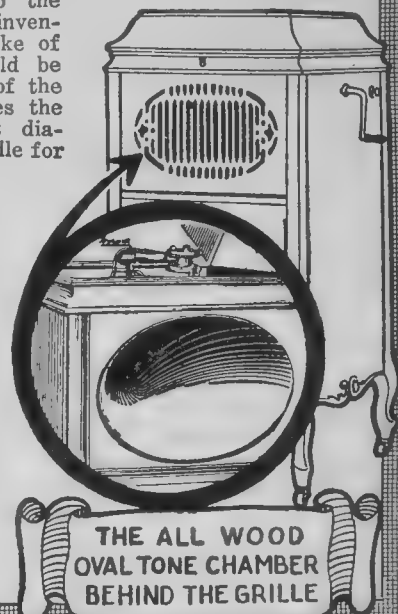
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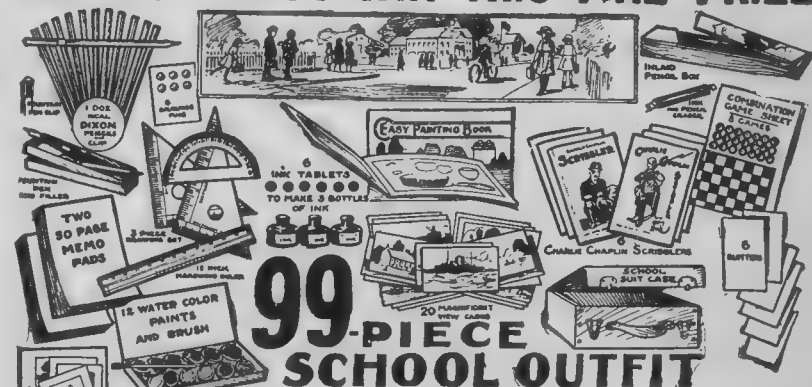
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Side Lights on the Foreign Farmer

Written for The Western Home Monthly by D. B. Bogle

Continued from October

IHAD been to town one day this spring and was returning home as evening was drawing on, pretty tired and feeling the cold wind. Half a mile from home, as I passed Mike's place, I saw him hurrying down to meet me.

"Anything new in town?" he said, as he came at earshot, in a quite excited way.

"No," I said, "I did not hear a single thing that could be called news to-day."

"No battles, or riots or murders?" he asked.

"Not that I heard of. Why?"

"Well there is something new here," he said. "A naked man came here out of the bush. He says he is being pursued as a spy by returned soldiers, and if they catch him they'll kill him."

"He's crazy," I replied.

"That's what I think," said Mike. "Spells. But we wonder something might have happened. Sometimes I think he might have done something and got away and hid his prison clothes, and be putting this on. I take him in. I lose half a day, I cannot leave him with my wife and children."

I must here explain. There was some sort of riot in Winnipeg last winter, and it happened that a most substantial citizen of the nearest foreign town had been set upon and beaten and robbed of his money, fortunately only some \$26. He had been bundled off to the hospital, and it had been quite some time before he was even listened to. Eventually he managed to communicate by long distance, and ask for money, of which he had abundance. Naturally he was asked what had happened. He just reached the word "riot" when the 'phone was shut off. Nor was he permitted to communicate with his home again. This was very stupid, because what he was not allowed to say made a story a thousand times worse than anything he could have invented. For 50 miles around terror and anxiety spread. Many were secretly preparing to pack up and go. "O" said one of them to me, "Do you never feel a longing for your own country, a place where you will not feel a stranger?"

I turned my horse into Mike's yard, and said I would have a look at the wanderer.

"He was huddled in the bog under blankets and robes. A very strained and anxious looking individual he looked indeed. He spoke cultivated English. His story was a highly remarkable one and slightly incoherent. What I made out of it was this. He was a school teacher, and had been in Winnipeg at the teachers' convention. He had been on the train returning with his friend, Mr. B—ski, also a school teacher, and they were talking over their schools when he saw a man, who had been listening from behind, point him out to a lot of returned soldiers in the car as a spy. His tone was anguished with horror at

the thought of his being taken for a spy. If his condition had not been so tragical I would have burst out laughing. He then heard much loud talking, "many cross words," and the breath of the soldiers was heavy with whisky. How potent is truth. Here was a small fragment of objective reality. He saw that he was going to be killed so he unobtrusively got off the train, leaving some \$60 worth of purchases behind him. He took refuge with a farmer some distance from the line and worked with him a day or two, but a stranger came and pointed out to the farmer that he was a dangerous spy and must be killed. Quite naturally he left that locality at once.

He boarded another train, and there were the returned soldiers again, seeking his life. He shammed sick, and went out on the car platform, but the conductor drove him in, so he finally barricaded himself in the lavatory and journeyed with returned soldiers banging at the door at intervals—seeking his blood of course.

When the train began to slow down for the town, where he personally knew the mayor and some well-known citizens, he slung his boots round his neck and escaped through the lavatory window. How he performed this acrobatic feat I know not. I never tried to leave a train by that route. I should not have thought it possible.

I asked him why, if he knew the mayor and other responsible citizens, he did not go to them for protection. He said he was doing so, but as he neared the depot, he saw it was crowded with returned soldiers, so he took to his heels and ran.

Some trip he had made, 15 miles across the roughest kind of bush, and across three rivers. At the first river he came to the returned soldiers were very close behind him, so he stripped off his clothes and swam for it. Having crossed he kept on going. He first appeared in this Adamic simplicity of costume to a farmer's wife, whom he scared into fits. She gave him, however, an old pair of overalls and a chunk of bread. He was in dire need of both, especially the overalls. This, of course, I discovered afterwards. The wanderings of this Ukrainian Odysseus ceased at Mike's farm where he now was.

Mike and I went outside, and walked over towards his brother, who was bringing in the horses.

"Mike," I said. "The man is bugs." "I think so, spells, yet sometimes he might be putting it on," he said.

"This is no case for us," I went on. "We cannot take the responsibility. We must hand him over to King George."

"What do you mean, King George?" I would not want to see him go to prison," he said.

"He won't go to prison," I said. "Don't you know that that is what we first

Continued on Page 23



Being buried is expensive business in China. Photo shows a Chinese funeral in the of the big cities of China. Huge figures all dolled up in fancy Oriental regalia head the cortege.

Sidelights on the Foreign Farmer

Continued from Page 22

paid for." Mike thought I was joking, but I was merely putting into ordinary talk an absolutely fundamental principle of the English constitutional law by which the king holds his crown.

"We'll have some supper," said Mike. My way of putting things puzzles Mike sometimes. In any case the idea of the king as a protector is new to one whose experience of kings has been governed by Hapsburgs and Romanoffs. It is an idea that has never worked very well anywhere. It is very different from the modern notion that the poor and ignorant and miserable have no protector at all, but by virtue of a sacred principle called democracy, are able to protect themselves.

We had supper of boiled eggs and tea and bread, and the guest crawled out and ate a little, and crawled back again in silence. He reminded one of a hungry and frightened dog.

After supper Mike's brother put a horse in his buggy, and he and I drove four miles to the nearest telephone, Mike lending me a heavy wolf-skin coat, for which I was very thankful. It had become very sharp. When the folks there were routed out of bed there was much more routing out to be done over the phone. Finally I got in touch with the provincial police. The word I got was, "I'll be there as soon as I can get a car; been looking for him all afternoon."

"All right," I said, "I'll wait for you here."

Then I sent Mike's brother home and settled down to wait. They made some tea and it helped a little, but what I really needed was a couple of pieces of bent straw inserted between my upper and lower eyelids. It seemed an interminable time before the purring of the car broke the stillness of the night. At length, however, the policeman arrived, and I bundled into the car with apologies to the good people I had disturbed.

The policeman immediately confided to me that he suspected the wanderer of being a man who had broken jail at Prince Albert I think it was, and whose description he had.

He then sprang on me a description which would fit anybody who hadn't a hare lip or a club foot, and asked me if his hair was cropped. I replied that I had not noticed his hair and that this was proof enough that it was not cropped. Being excessively tired, and having besides a deep-rooted hatred of these police prepossessions which are the root of half the miscarriages of justice that occur, I continued, "Look here! If he is your man you will know it in a second and you can get him. He's all in. But you will use not a little, but a whole lot of tact, because if he's what I think he is, and you don't, you'll drive out all the wits he has left forever, and have a singularly uncomfortable memory in your official career."

I don't remember my exact words. These are pretty close. I am trying to give my tone of voice in words.

The journey only took about a minute and a half. After overcoming a momentary confusion about east, west, north and south, I gave them the right turning and we drew up in Mike's yard.

The policeman was a large, impressive person, with a rich fruity voice, a returned soldier. So was the chauffeur a returned soldier. Fate had laid its icy hand on the poor lunatic.

"Oh!" he said, cowering in the bed, "I know you've come to get me. There is a hole for me."

"We have not come to get you. You have not done anything wrong. We've come to help you home. How are you feeling?"

No articulate answer.

"Had the flu?"

"Yes, very bad, last winter."

"That's the whole trouble. You want to be home, with your wife taking care of you."

elected a king for When a man is in distress and has no body to turn to he is a king's man. That is the king's job to look after him, that is what he is

My opinion of this policeman was steadily rising. It rose still further when I found he had brought an extra overcoat with him.

The story had all to be gone over again substantially the same as I already had it but less incoherent. The man's terror was gone. We finally bundled him into the car and drove round to my place where I found him some old foot-wear. The car sung off into the night, and before its tune had died away I was under the blankets and asleep myself.

As I discovered afterwards the wanderer had slept all the way to town, what was left of the night when they got there, and most of the next day. When he woke up he was quite rational. His story was verified in every particular except, of course, as to the spy and returned soldier pursuers part of it, which was pure delusion. His clothes were recovered and restored to him, and, for fear the train might excite him again, he was taken home in a motor car.

Whether he got his money back or not I do not know. When he stripped on the river bank he had \$290 in bills on him. This he hid separately in the bush. He told Mike about this money, and Mike told me. He never mentioned it to me nor to the police. I advised Mike to forget about it, that he would go back and get it himself, and it was best nobody should know.

Next day I said to Mike: "That policeman was all right. He acted pretty near human, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Mike, "very different from Russian police."

"How?" said I.

"Oh," he answered, "they would have pulled him out rough and thrown him about."

"Our police have more sense," I said, and added to myself, "sometimes."

"About these spells, Mike," I said. "What are spells?"

He had used the word as if it expressed in English something with which he was familiar. I couldn't get anything out of him. He had not sufficient command of English to explain. What I wished to discover was whether the phenomenon was common among his people. I called the man's condition waking nightmare. He was exhibiting the phenomena of nightmare exactly only he was awake, and his observation and memory of what was actually around him was quite accurate. If a state of this kind was common enough in South Eastern Europe to be referred to by a specialized term, and especially if epidemics of it occurred in times of public unrest and disturbance, it would throw some light upon the curious historical enigma of demoniac possession. The poor creature was undoubtedly possessed with devils, and the moment the actual, real policeman (than whom anything less apostolic could hardly be imagined, though to accuse him of evoking Beelzebub would be equally stupid) came in contact with him, the devils disappeared. Actual touch with the authority of the law dispelled the delusion he was under, and he knew nothing but overmastering physical fatigue. There is one speculation for the curious. Another is whether different races show typically different forms of hysteria. Upon observation of one case no theory can be established, and so far as I am concerned, I sincerely trust that, at whatever detriment to science, it will never fall to my lot to come into similar observational contact with another.

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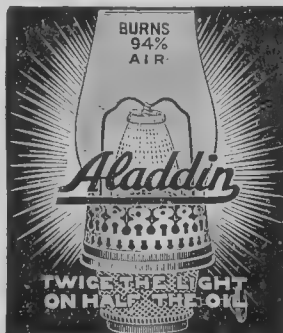
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A Right Which Needs No Pickling

Personal liberty doesn't require to be preserved in alcohol.—St. John Telegraph.

It Wasn't O.K.

The Omsk Government began with o and ended with k, but it wasn't.—Saskatoon Star.

The Ax-wielding ex-Kaiser

At this writing the Wood-chopper of Amerongen is still at the wrong end of the axe.—Toronto Telegram.

And Still Our National Debt Grows

Canada's national debt increased \$65,000,000 last month. This is a leap, but not forward.—Financial Chronicle.

Long Overdue

The campaign against extravagant expenditure is long overdue in Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

A Thing Unheard Of

It is never recorded against reckless drivers or disorderly persons that they were "under the influence of prohibition."—Peterboro Review.

Full Reparation is Impossible

It will take Bulgaria thirty-seven years to pay for the wounds inflicted when she stabbed Serbia in the back.—London Daily Mail.

A Question

The former German Crown Prince has asked for a warmer place of abode than Wieringen. Does anyone know of one that he deserves?—Duluth Herald.

The Bolshevik Ink-Slingers

A school in Moscow is to give a six weeks' training course for Bolshevik journalists. The opinion has been general that they needed no training.—Buffalo Courier.

For Political Purposes

The fear that the Germans have been cruelly treated is being expressed by a number of gentlemen who have an interest in the elections to be held a year from this fall.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

As to Cork Examining

The "Cork Examiner" was suppressed for a few days recently. The cork examiners in this part of the country have not been able to do it openly for quite a spell.—Calgary Herald.

The Bar is Barred

Two years' experience of the absence of the saloon in this province proves one thing beyond peradventure. That is that there is no considerable body of people who want the saloon back again.—Vancouver World.

Blaming it on the Press

A Western pork king blames the general unrest in the country on the Press. Apparently he thinks the public would not have discovered the high cost of living if the Press hadn't given away the secret.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Who, Indeed?

Commander Read, a famous United States aviator, says it will soon be possible to drive an airplane at a speed of 1,000 miles an hour. But who wants to travel that fast?—Regina Leader.

What They Lacked

Prince von Bulow says the German statesman "lacked political art." Perhaps that was one trouble but a more serious one was their lack of political honesty.—Victoria Colonist.

Potash

The discovery of large deposits of potash on Vancouver Island is announced by Premier Oliver. If it turns out as expected, Canada, instead of Germany, may supply the world with potash.—Edmonton Bulletin.

But the Heir Apparent Wasn't Thrown

The Prince of Wales rode a bucking broncho in Saskatoon. If the horse had bucked him off, there were twenty thousand people present, ready to come to the aid of the thrown.—Turner's Weekly.

Quality Better Than Size

Toronto's population is within a few hundred of 500,000. A decade ago it was only 350,000, a quarter century ago, 168,000; a half century ago, 50,000. Nevertheless, "How much better is Toronto?" is a more important question than "How much bigger is Toronto?"—Toronto Star.

What the World is Saying

The Senate and the Liquor Interests

The Senate appears to be the hope of the Canadian liquor interests. But the Senate does not desire to have its life prematurely ended in a fight to the finish against public opinion.—Toronto Globe.

Aviators with British Brides

A fourth of the nine hundred Canadian airmen who returned recently from overseas brought with them British brides. Did the young ladies think that men with wings must of necessity make angelic husbands?—Vancouver Province.

Or the Monday Nearest Nov. 11

There is a very general opinion that the day on which the great war ended—Armistice day, November 11th—should hereafter be chosen as Thanksgiving Day in Canada. Thanksgiving Day in early October comes too soon after Labor Day.—Halifax Herald.

Typically Teutonic

What is most comical about the present revelations of the former German army and navy chiefs is that with one consent they are paying tributes to the prowess of the enemies for whom they used to express nothing but condescending contempt.—New York Herald.

Boston's Baked Beans for King Albert

Boston served baked beans to King Albert. A king's dish. But we read that they were served in a golden pot, which is a humiliation to all who know that beans are not beans unless baked and served in an earthenware pot with codfish balls on the side.—Kansas City Star.

Smuts the Statesman

"The things uniting are far greater than those dividing us" is just the kind of thing General Smuts would say in his appeal for co-operation between Dutch and British in South Africa. He himself says and does the right thing with marvellous consistency.—London Times.

Whale Steak and Bone

Whale steak is being advertised in Canada, but the promoters are not making the best of their case. They should point out that the bones, instead of being thrown away, can be made into corsets.—Minneapolis Journal.

Prospecting Now for a Peerage

A "sourdough" of long Klondyke experience has gone to Ireland to claim an earldom. One must need the brawn and perpetual optimism of a prospector to undertake to fill any office or position in Ireland at the present time.—Edmonton Journal.

Almost Looks Like It

A bull was sold in the United States the other day for sixty-five thousand dollars. It must be from the hide of gentlemen like this that the boots are being made these expensive days.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

Turning Bars into Coffins

In California, old mahogany bar-fittings and brass ornaments are being sold to casket makers, who are making coffins out of the wood and handles out of the brass. It has long been the contention of prohibitionists that the contents of bar-rooms filled coffins, so it is, perhaps, appropriate that the present use be made of the furnishings.—Calgary Albertan.

The Riders of the Plains

There was not only tradition but romance weaved round the letters R. N. W. M. P. There was the romance of achievements which brought a halo round the force with which they were associated. These were achievements which built up traditions which were inherited by those who followed as wearers of the scarlet, and, in the endeavor to live up to the same, made the name of the Royal North West Mounted Police an illustrious one.—Lethbridge Herald.

Income Tax Returns

How many millionaires in Canada? In the whole country only 40 persons paid income tax on incomes of over \$100,000 during the last year. In the Dominion only 47,000 paid income tax at all. Surely such figures, on their face, demonstrate that something is wrong. Is it possible that prevarication is more widespread than patriotism?—Ottawa Citizen.

They Need Watching

The Turks are closely watching the sittings of the Allied commission, says a Constantinople report, and it may be taken for granted that, on the other hand, the Allied agents are watching the Turks.—Regina Post.

Tragedies of the Hunting Season

Application of the Saskatchewan Game Act, under which a man has been fined \$500 for accidentally killing another while hunting, should make for a reduction in the number of such tragedies in at least one province. The knowledge that such a penalty hangs, over them, should make even the wildest-eyed of the huntsmen look twice before opening fire at fluttering leaves or moving branches.—Montreal Gazette.

"Porkless Cans and Punk Beans"

"Cans of pork and beans were not up to the standard, inasmuch as they contained no pork, while sometimes the beans were rotten." That's what Mr. D. D. McKenzie says about some of the supplies sent the soldiers at the front. Porkless cans and punk beans would surely not be up to standard, usually. But the standard of alleged profiteering concerns may not have been very high.—Moose Jaw Times.

To Keep Out Undesirables

From the point of view of the Russian Bolsheviks the United States is the land of opportunity in more senses than one. The fact that Trotsky found an asylum here appeals to their imagination. It probably accounts for the swarming of these enemies of society in ports of Europe and Asia to await revocation of the war passport requirement, which, unless continued by supplementary legislation, would be announced soon after ratification of the peace treaty. A proposal to keep the gates shut against these "undesirables" has been made.—New York Times.

Germany and the Bolsheviks

Germany is always ready to change sides, to repudiate a pledge, and to betray a friend; but amid all her infidelities she is constant to the purpose of her unalterable ambition. If Germany cannot actually rule Russia, and possess the vast potential riches of the Slav dominions, Germany intends to rule the rulers of Russia, whoever they may be. Therefore it was first of all necessary to weaken Russia; and as no solvent more effectually destroys the national fibre than the vitrol of anarchy, so Germany inspired, encouraged and bribed Bolshevik leaders in Russia.—London Morning Post.

A Society Event

Elstow witnessed a real reception last week; not a party or a tea or a social gathering, but a real honest-to-goodness reception, given to introduce Elstow to a newcomer in their midst. Only some of the ladies of the village were invited, others obviously being left out. It is inferred from this that Elstow consists of the few who were present, the others evidently being beneath consideration. Thus, Bill, we have the mournful spectacle of a little village being split into two factions or social sets—the creme de la creme and the skim milk. Fortunately for Elstow there is no snobbery among the men, and the husbands of the cream and the skim milk continue to fraternize in the lodge-room, the pool room and other rooms.—Allan (Sask.) Tribune.

Wonders of Natural History

Why go into the far north for fiction about timber wolves, when so much better material abounds nearer home? Instead of telling the love story of a Rocky Mountain grizzly, or recording the emotional sensations of a sentimental rabbit, why should not our fiction writers turn to the exciting adventures of our railroad hounds, timber tigers, profiteer panthers, and analyze the emotions of the ratepaying rabbits as they dodge furtively through life pleased if they escape being devoured and arrive, at last, solvent at the cemetery? There is a great field here for the novelist, and why it should so long have been neglected we cannot see, except that so many of us have been writing newspaper articles instead of books.—Toronto World.

Would be a Backward Step

It is nothing less than shocking, at this time, and in the present state of affairs in the United States, to hear talk about reopening the saloons. With liquor shops for the most part closed, and with Congress and executive officials arranging for the enforcement of constitutional national prohibition, to begin next January, as well as of war-time prohibition, now in effect, the people have turned to other pressing problems. When one thinks of the questions before the nation which ought to be decided right, and decided without a moment's needless delay, a proposition to revive the saloon, with all that it stands for, socially, economically, and politically, seems about the last one that should be entertained.—Topeka Capitol.



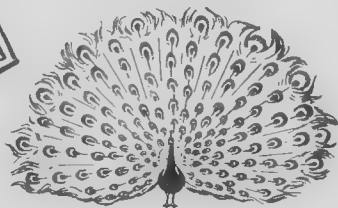
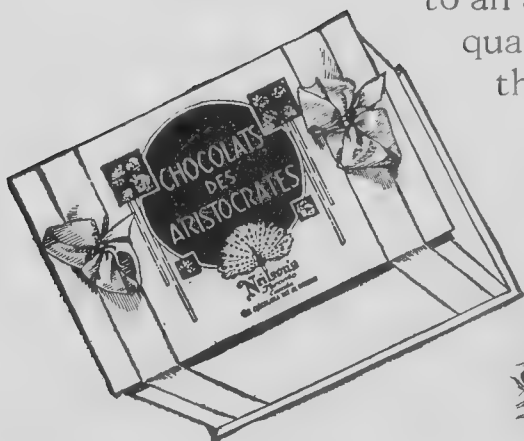
"**A**ND he came bearing gifts."

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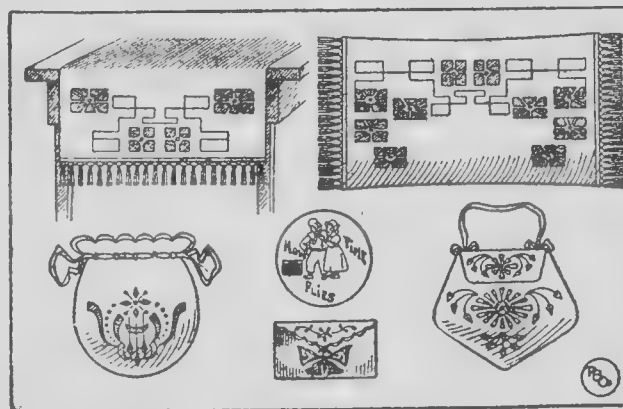
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QU'IMPORTE?

The French have an exclamation, "Qu'importe?" which, translated freely, means "What does it matter?" In English, we might be inclined to say "What does it signify?" while the man on the street would probably say "What's the use?"

Just now, in the period of reconstruction, so many schemes are advanced, so many plans are launched, that, with a tinge of impatience, many of us may be inclined to utter with the French, "Qu'importe?" But, before we falter in our after the war efforts, it would be well to examine the true function of the many projects which almost daily are presented for our inspection.

To guide us in this critical examination, I do not know of a better classification than Spencer's arrangement of the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. It is as follows:

- 1.—Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation.
- 2.—Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation.
- 3.—Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring.
- 4.—Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations.
- 5.—Those miscellaneous activities which fill up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

Whether we agree that this is a complete statement of the case or not, we cannot fail to notice that in each of the items of Herbert Spencer's list, the prominent word is "activities." Therefore, whatever your part in the great work of nation building, you will at least be active.

A Suggestion

I wrote, in the preceding lines, of the numerous plans presented for our inspection. Well, here is one more—not perhaps a plan, but merely a suggestion. Young men should do some thinking, not overmuch, but enough to enable them to play more efficiently their part in the duties of the day. So, whatever of your attention the sundry items on this page may merit, will you study critically at least one of the paragraphs each month?

The plan should work simply as follows:— Each month under the heading "Study Paragraph" I will print a series of statements in the nature of assertions and I want you to indicate your agreement or disagreement with these statements by pacing against them one of four symbols—Yes, No, a Check Mark, or a Question Mark. Try this, therefore, on the paragraph that follows.

STUDY PARAGRAPH

The following is from a recent bulletin of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Examine each statement. If you agree with it, write Yes, or a check mark after it; if you disagree with it, write No after it; if you are doubtful concerning it, place a question mark (?) after the statement.

- What business teaches:
- How to meet people in business.
- How to attend efficiently to one's daily tasks.
- How to bring system and order into the home.
- That good business habits are good living habits.
- That good morals and good manners are as important as good merchandise.
- That business grows with the development of its workers.
- That business is closed to the worker who is not at his post.
- That increased usefulness is the key to increased earning power.
- That results are the final argument for advancement.
- That success comes with live interest and constant effort.
- That complete living consists of occupation, education and recreation; the three bring happiness.

What is Education?

A writer, by name W. H. Smith, says that if the average man or woman one meets in the street should be stopped and asked "Whom do you consider an educated person?" the answer would be practically this:

"An educated person is one who has a large and extended acquaintance with, and memory knowledge of books."

This, of course, is a very narrow definition indeed, and the writer proceeds to answer his own question by saying that "All persons are educated who have so developed the powers and abilities that are within them, individually, that they can each do well the things they undertake to do."

Another quotation—I cannot give its source—says that "Education is the acquirement of the ability to meet the emergency when it arises."

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

Herbert Spencer writes:—"To compare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge."

An old Irishman says:—"Don't you know that any man is an educated man when he's on to his job?"

W. C. Bagley says:—"Education, like civilization, is an artificial process—a compromise between the brutal and the human, a readjustment from primitive to social conditions."

C. A. Herriek writes:—"Sound education must produce men; in doing so, it may give to them a preparation for professional, industrial, or commercial careers."

A Winnipeg newspaper writes:—"It is true that the only cure for discontent is more education directed along constructive lines."

From the writings of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, I quote:—"These five characteristics, then, I offer as evidence of an education:—

- "1.—Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
- "2.—Refinement and gentle manners, which are the expressions of fixed habits of thought and action.
- "3.—The power and habit of reflection.
- "4.—The power of growth.
- "5.—Efficiency, or power to do."

Then, too, we might mention the farmer who said that once a farmer could get along without an education, but that now he needed a first-class education in order to determine which of the experiments recommended by agricultural experts would do him the least harm!

So you may take your choice.

IDEALS

Our old friend, the dictionary, informs us that an ideal is "an imaginary model of perfection; a standard of perfection or beauty," and, it is characteristic of civilized man that he is striving constantly to realize an ideal, individually and by nations. The young man who lacks an ideal is like a ship without a compass—he may get to port or he may drift. But, the quest for the ideal should not take the form of dreaming, for then we are in danger of losing the substance for the shadow.

Of ideals, Goldsmith writes:—

Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

It is good to have an ideal, but perhaps it is even better to idealize that which is real. Many men and women are not happy in their daily work, not because they are not fitted for it, but because they have failed to perceive its possibilities.

This condition, to some extent, is responsible for many a dispute between employer and employee. The employer who sees his business as a whole should, whenever possible, take his employees into his confidence and so instruct and inspire them that they, too, may see something of the purpose and fruition of their work.

THE INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATE

In the United States there is a man who occupies a position as director on the boards of over one hundred companies, and he has a miniature counterpart in Canada in those men who occupy similar positions in connection with half a dozen incorporated companies or more. Directors may meet once, twice, or a dozen times a year and in most cases they are credited with a fee for their attendance.

The question is—Is it in the best interests of the country that a comparatively small number of men should have almost a monopoly of such important positions, or would it be better if the positions of the directors were distributed among a larger number?

Remember this. Duty never requires a man to be in two places at once, so what is the position of the ultra-busy director who finds that he has two or three board meetings coming on the same afternoon, and sometimes in cities widely separated?

The same is true of committees. There are men of my own acquaintance in Winnipeg who act upon at least twenty committees and they are frequently telephoning to one committee with apologies because they have to attend the meeting of another committee. This lends an air of great importance, but it is not efficient, and perhaps it is not quite just. Give the other man a chance.

THE COMMUNITY

Many a man nowadays who, figuratively speaking, would like to wander at his pleasure, is held up by an intangible policeman who says that "You must respect the rights of the community," and so he is apt to exclaim what is this community which is so constantly asserting itself, and which denies my right to do as I please? And, to this question, one might give a score of answers but a simple one is that "a community is a society of people having common rights and privileges."

If, after this, you should wish to study certain of the aspects of community life, you would find yourself confronted by such problems as:

- Better community health.
- A more attractive countryside or city.
- Better opportunities for education.
- Better recreational facilities.
- The difficulty of working for one's self in the old sense.
- The dependence of man on man.
- The need of capital in industry.
- The uses and abuses of organizations of capitalists and laborers.
- An analysis of the service rendered to the community by certain vocations.

THE GREAT WEST

The West is still the promised land. Winnipeg from the date of incorporation is not yet fifty years old, and agriculturally the West is practically as young as Winnipeg. You cannot develop half a continent in half a century and so there is a great work yet to be done. If a young man cannot get on in the West, the trouble is not with his environment, but with himself.

I remember a man in business who complained so frequently concerning conditions in Manitoba, that his grumblings reached the ear of his superior officer. His work, therefore, was watched, and in due time a report went to his employer "that Mr. D. should remember that it was himself who was on trial and not the Province of Manitoba." This is a good thing to remember—Western Canada is all right; it is the workers who are on trial and, of course, the term "workers" is used in its broadest sense.

LEGAL MAXIMS

It is but natural that in their close scrutiny of contentious matters, extending over many, many years lawyers should have developed a certain fundamental set of maxims or rules that have a general application to many of the affairs of life.

Among some of the most frequently quoted of these maxims are those that follow, and they are well worth a little consideration by the young man who is about to shoulder some of the responsibilities of life:—

- Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
- The proof lies on him who affirms.
- The acts of one partner bind all the rest.
- The intention of the parties is the soul of the instrument.
- Let the purchaser beware. (Caveat emptor.)
- What I cannot do in person, I cannot do through the agency of another.
- A contract made with a minor is void in law.
- Time runs against the slothful and those who neglect their rights.
- Principals are held responsible for the acts of their agents.
- A person ought not to be judge in his own cause.

EXCUSES

As a rule, excuses are not satisfactory. The habit of making excuses begins early in life, but excuses can never be a substitute for performances. Students of mine are occasionally quite affronted when I tell them that, "I don't want excuses, I want the work."

Rightly or wrongly, I base this attitude on an experience I once had with an executive traffic official of a great Canadian railway company. This gentleman wrote to the general freight of a western division urging that a supply of empty cars be sent eastward without delay. The agent wrote saying that he would be unable to send the cars for an indefinite length of time because of strike conditions in his division. The reply of his superior officer was, "I do not want excuses, I want the cars." There is, perhaps, an element of the extreme in such an attitude but sometimes some such method seems to be the only way of developing the state of mind that "will tackle the job that cannot be done and—do it."

A REMINDER

Correspondents are taking advantage of the Service Bureau for readers of this page. One of our readers has written concerning the value of correspondence schools, and this matter will be discussed fully in an early issue. Send your inquiry now.

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Viscount Grey at Washington

The direct, frank and unaffected manner in which Viscount Grey talked to the newspaper representatives on arriving in the United States to take up his duties as ambassador appears both to have surprised them and to have greatly impressed them. The New York World said that a man, so unassuming would not be taken on the street for one whose utterances in 1914 had made world history. Disclaiming any intention of proposing treaties or alliances, he declared that without a good understanding between the British Empire and the United States international progress would be impossible, and even international security doubtful, he added significantly: "There are some things that do not exist in common between any two other countries—a common language is one of them—which make strongly for friendship between the American and British peoples. On the other hand, there are some things which cut across this happy tendency and make for misunderstanding, arising partly out of old, historical memories, and partly out of British political problems which do, as a matter of fact, excite a special interest in America." His reference was, of course, to the Irish question. It is a fortunate advantage at this time that the British ambassador at Washington should be one of the greatest Englishmen of modern times, a man whose nobility of character and flawless record as Foreign Minister all the world respects, and a true and proved democrat.

"Only a Small Potato, or Cabbage"

A subscriber of The Western Home Monthly, who writes from Saskatoon asks that The Philosopher shall give a decision upon a question in Canadian history. The question is: "Which one of the Fathers of Confederation originated the idea of having the great area between the Red River and the Pacific Ocean become part of Canada?" In answer to this question it is to be stated that so far as the records show, the honor must be awarded to George Brown, who as early as 1847 advocated that "the North-West" be opened up for settlement, and that with that end in view means of transportation be provided between the Canada of that time, which extended no farther westward than Ontario, and the Western Canada of the future, and that first of all, the Hudson's Bay Company's charter rights to exclusive trade in the whole region between the Red River and the Rockies be disposed of by purchase. He declared that "it is the duty of the legislature and executive of Canada to open negotiations with the Imperial Government for the incorporation of the said territory as Canadian soil." In his newspaper, the Toronto Globe, Brown maintained the advocacy of that idea until at last it was carried into action. But for years the idea met with little or no encouragement. It was ridiculed by not a few. In the life of George Brown by Lewis some of the expressions of ridicule are quoted. For example, the Niagara Mail said in January, 1857, in an editorial on "the talk of annexing the frozen regions of the Hudson's Bay Territory to Canada, said: 'Lord have mercy on us! Canada has already a stiff reputation for cold in the world, but it is unfeeling in the Globe to want to make it deserve that reproach.'" And the Montreal Transcript said: "The fertile spots in that territory are small and separated by immense distances. The Red River region is an oasis in the midst of a desert, a vast treeless prairie on which scarcely a shrub is to be seen. The climate is unfavorable to the growth of grain. The summer though warm enough, is too short in duration, so that even the few fertile spots can with difficulty mature only a small potato, or cabbage." To the present generation it may well seem incredible that such words were written in regard to the vast expanse of fertile soil that stretches away westward from the valley of the Red River across the continent to the foothills of the Rockies and northward to the valley of the Peace River—a vast expanse on which, under the wide-arching heavens, is being written in these years the Epic of the Plough.

An Indirect Admission

At last the world has from an authoritative source an admission, indirect but unmistakable in its meaning, that Germany "made war" in 1914. In his recently published memoirs, von Bethmann-Hollweg, who was Imperial Chancellor when the war began, says that Austria's decision to crush Serbia was necessary for Austria's safety, and that Germany stood by Austria in that decision "for reasons of self-preservation and the realization of German national aims." The ex-Chancellor makes a great deal, of course, out of the German pretense of Russian mobilization to strike at Germany. But his admission in regard to the decision at Berlin respecting Austria's arbitrary action towards Serbia does away with the elaborate German arguments which have heretofore been advanced in massed formation, so to speak, in the attempt to make it appear that Germany was the innocent victim of aggression, not the aggressor. But the ex-Chancellor does not appear to realize this; he holds that the attitude of Russia cleared Germany

The Philosopher

of all blame. That the German people will ever come to believe that it was not a war in defence of the Fatherland is hard to believe. The greatest obstacle to their believing it is the fact that Germany suffered defeat in the war. If Germany had been victorious, the German people would not care a straw about how the war was brought about. As general von Bissing, the German military governor of Belgium, said arrogantly to Brand Whitlock, the United States ambassador in Belgium, who asked him how Germany would face the indictment of history for her violation of Belgium, "We will write the history of this war!" The German people have never troubled themselves in the least over the German treachery, perfidy and falsification by which under Bismarck's crafty management the war against France was prepared for and suddenly begun in 1870. That war has always been regarded in Germany as the chief glory of the Fatherland. This must be borne in mind in considering the endless "explanations" and attempted justifications, military and diplomatic, which are now coming out of Germany.

The Way of Advance is Plain

Some attention is being given in the newspapers to a book recently published in Toronto with the title "Before the Bar." It is written by John A. Stevenson, formerly of Winnipeg, and now of Ottawa, who in his preface describes the purpose of the book as being "to sift the chaff from the grain and examine the evidence adduced in support of both sides of the prohibition question, never forgetting the environment from whence they came or the circumstances under which they were produced, and to offer its readers an opportunity of forming an independent and satisfactory judgment." In alternate chapters are set forth the arguments and considerations pro and con. Though there are many pages in the book which serious-minded readers will condemn for their flippancy, it is undeniable that the writer of the book has made an effort towards the assumption of judicial fairness. Plainly he had to do that, after stating in his preface that his purpose was to set forth both sides of the case. As he chooses to express it in his preface: "Neither the windy meanderings of the ruby-nosed tippler or the anaemic ipse dixits of poverty-stricken rural clerics whose congregations pay them salaries too scant ever to leave them the price of a glass of beer, should be accepted as evidence in the case." Surely this is not the tone in which the gravest moral question which presents itself in the whole range of problems of public policy should be discussed. But there is to be said in regard to this book, "Before the Bar," which The Philosopher has read through carefully from cover to cover, that the case for restriction of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is so overwhelming that even a partial statement of it cannot fail to carry weight. Mr. Stevenson might have made his book still more interesting by developing more fully the historic aspect of the question. Viewed over long periods, the tendency of public thinking in regard to intoxicating liquors is so unmistakable that there cannot be to any fair and candid mind a question as to whether restriction is not in accord with the advance of intelligence and morality and recognition of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Seventy years ago in a pamphlet circulated in Great Britain by the Canada Company for the encouragement of emigration to the Canada of that time, the cheapness of whiskey in Canada was dwelt on. It was sold at a shilling a gallon; the pamphlet described it as "a cheap and wholesome beverage, its cheapness and abundance, causing it to be used in somewhat the same way as the small beer of Old England." The Philosopher in his youth heard elderly people in Ontario tell of how it used to be a common practice to order a jug of it from the grocer along with the other groceries.

The Telephone

In March, 1916, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who was born in Edinburgh, was presented with a medal of honor for distinguished public service, by the New York Civic Forum. On that occasion, the poet, Edwin Markham, wrote of the telephone that it

Dispels the distances, shrinks up the spaces,
Brings back the voices and the vanished faces,
Holds men together though the feet may roam,
Makes of each land a little friendly home!
The wires are everywhere,
The tingling nerves of the air,
Be-netting cities, speaking for all hearts,
From floor to floor their whispered lightning darts.
Looping the prairies, leaping hills and lakes,
Over the world their whispered lightning shakes.
They stitch the farms and link the battle-line:
They tread the Alps and down the Congo twine;
They throb among the pyramids, and speak
Where Fujiyama lifts her perfect peak.

Predictions Disposed of by Progress

To a correspondent in Minneapolis, who is one of The Western Home Monthly's oldest subscribers, The Philosopher is indebted for a copy of the once-celebrated report published in 1857 by the Ohio State Board of Agriculture. That report, which attracted widespread attention, was written by the Secretary of the Board, John H. Klippart, who was a member of many learned societies, and an authority on the subject of wheat. He declared that the tide of population then moving westward "must soon return eastward to the wheat-producing region." He was confident that wheat-growing could not be made successful west of Ohio; just as it was declared confidently in later years that wheat-growing could not be made successful north of the international boundary, and in still later years that it could not be made successful north of Winnipeg. And still, as the years have gone on, the wheat has sprung up in the wake of the indomitable conquerors of the soil ever pressing on, as it sprang up in the wake of their fathers who moved westward adventurously. And now wheat crops are produced some two thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg.

After-war Education

The declaration by one of Canada's leading educational authorities that there is a decided stimulus to technical education as a result of the war, particularly in the field of mechanical engineering, is a manifestation of the tendency of history to repeat itself. The decade following the Civil War saw the first great growth of engineering education in the United States. The records of enrollment in all the universities this year are beyond the highest of all the records before the war. It is to be hoped that the encouraging reports are not confined only to technical pursuits as these have in the past been far too commonly understood. The study of agricultural science is a branch of Canadian national education which should rank foremost. Agriculture is Canada's basic industry, the main source of Canadian production of wealth. It presents great possibilities, and is not exceeded in interest by any other branch of technical education. Of no class has Canada greater need than of scientifically educated agriculturists. Canadian educationists cannot do the country a greater service than by devoting their most earnest thought and effort to ways and means of impressing this fundamentally important truth upon the minds of the rising generation. Agricultural education is the sure road to individual prosperity and national well-being.

Town-planning the Holy City

As a matter of course, a new era has begun in Jerusalem. The beginning of that new era was the entry of the British troops under General Allenby on December 11, 1917, when the Union Jack was raised over the Holy City, in place of the Star and Crescent of the Unspeakable Turk, who so long had held the Holy Land under his sway. William Hohenzollern had made all his plans for a triumphal entry into Jerusalem as Emperor of Europe; but his plans came to naught. General Allenby entered Jerusalem on foot by the Jaffa Gate, without any of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war"; and there are many who regard his entry as the fulfilling of the prophecy that "he who shall exalt Jerusalem among the cities of the earth will come to her unmounted, humbling himself before God." Order and peace are now established in Jerusalem and throughout all the Holy Land on a solid foundation. Soon after the occupation the need for some control over the building operations both within and without the walls of Jerusalem impressed itself on the minds of the British authorities. They foresaw that there would be building activity with the coming of settled conditions; and their interest fixed itself on the adequate preservation of the old, in connection with the congruous development of the new. Repair work on old buildings had been suspended in many cases for ages; they realized that all such work must be done without incongruity. A complete town-planning scheme has been prepared for the Holy City, with reverent regard to the sacred places and the ancient traditions, but with regard also to the health, education and well-being of the inhabitants. Professor Patrick Geddes, of St. Andrew's University, Scotland town-planner of the ancient city of Delhi, in India, and W. H. McLean, Engineer-in-chief to the Municipal Council of Alexandria, who was associated with General Kitchener in devising the town-planning project which has been carried out at Khartoum, and who has done similar work in the interior of Egypt and at Alexandria, are in charge of the work for Jerusalem. If the German dream of world-dominion had been realized, Jerusalem would have become a vassal city of the Hun, instead of the Turk. From that the Holy City has been saved. The only conquest made of it has been the conquest of the forces of civilization and freedom and true progress and the betterment of the conditions of human life.

A Human Interest Story

"—The young widow suddenly made homeless and poor by a disastrous accident—"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Michael Williams

THE story was a good one, as even the managing editor said, written as only Blake knew how; builded of little, common, everyday words, but in such fashion that the pathos and tragedy of the whole thing—the young widow suddenly made husbandless and poor by a disastrous accident, and now half starving with the child whose every other Thanksgiving day had been so happy—went straight to one's heart, and made a score of readers of the "Daily Star" reach for their pocketbooks.

Blake was the best writer on the paper, although not so good a news-gatherer as some other men on the staff. He was rarely sent out of the office except on special occasions where descriptive writing was wanted. His special task was to shape other men's work into the form demanded by the Star, which was a bit "yellow" in its tone, but a readable, well written paper with a decided preference for "human interest stories"—records of a great city's daily tragedies, comedies, love affairs, not to forget its scandals.

Blake's real ideals clustered about certain other work—which he filed and polished and groaned over in loving, honest labor—at his table in his up town boarding house, and there were whispers of a Book among his fellows. He never talked about it himself. He was a silent man, well liked by the other reporters because he had always money to lend a chap, and would lend it, too, having no expensive habits himself except for books; and he gave that up when he started work on his own.

It puzzled those that knew him to know why he who really seemed made for joviality—with his open, good humored face that always seemed ready to break into the smile that so rarely illuminated it—was so serious and at times so somber. Blake never gave answer to the question, he never told about—ah, how could he tell about that love romance of his in the South, among the pines of his native North Carolina, of the girl whom he had loved, and who, he had thought, loved him, but who disappeared, so far as he was concerned, into wedlock with another man that time when he lay in the unconsciousness of fever in Cuba with his regiment? No, he could never tell of that. Now he was writing "human interest" stories for the "Daily Star", and stories and verses which the magazine editors returned to him—because, said they, of the uncheerfulness of their tone. Lost love does not sing in the key of laughter.

Blake had been at his desk but a little while when a messenger boy staggered into the office carrying a turkey nearly as big as himself, with a card dangling from one of its claws inscribed: "For Mrs. Mitchell, care of the 'Daily Star'." and bearing the name of its donor, who evidently wished to see a printed mention of his generosity. Four others followed it in rapid succession. The city editor swore irritably at first as the legendary birds of Thanksgiving cheer, accompanied soon by other things—little dresses, a pair of shoes, a hat with a gigantic red plume, and the like—were heaped in more or less picturesque profusion upon his desk; but, as might be expected, an idea soon struck him for turning the situation to advantage for the "Daily Star".

He called Blake over to his desk. "Get a cab," he told him, "and take this truck over to that woman and her kid. I'll send a photographer with you. Get a good story from the widow and the little girl, with pictures of 'em, and of the tenement. It'll make a good second day story, and we'll play it up

for tomorrow. You know what we want."

"All right, sir," said Blake, but he looked a bit embarrassed. He telephoned for the cab and then called up Brock, the man who had brought in the "tip" for the story. Brock was a police headquarters man.

"Brock," he said, "I owe you five dollars on that widow woman story of yours."

"Mighty glad to hear it!" Brock called back cheerily.

"But see here," Blake continued. "The story is straight goods, isn't it? I played it up pretty stiff, you know, and now I have to cart a lot of turkeys over to the woman and her little Elsie."

Brock's laughter buzzed in Blake's ear.

"Why, there is no little blue eyed, golden haired Elsie. At least, I don't know of any."

"Do you mean the story is a fake?" Blake demanded.

"Oh," said Brock cheerfully, "I guess not—not altogether. A cop told me about the woman and when I tried to tell you about it over the 'phone last night either I or you got things mixed up. The old negro woman, the aunty who lives with the woman—they are from the sunny South, you know—is Elsie, Aunt Elsie, and the baby is a boy. The woman did lose her husband in a train wreck; but say, that was over a year ago, not two weeks ago. It's all straight enough about the widow taking in sewing, but not washing—oh, weren't you pathetic about the tub! But I guess it's all right. The widow ought to be glad to get the turkeys and things, and shouldn't have any kick coming."

"Well, but who is going to stand for the story if she does kick—if she gets a lawyer to kick up a libel suit for her?"

"Blessed if I know," said Brock. "You certainly did write an awful sob about her and little Elsie—poor little Elsie!" Brock chuckled. "Send over that five, will you? I need it."

"Humph!" said Blake, and went for his overcoat.

Just then a stout and flurried old negro woman was bundled out of the elevator into the editorial reception room volubly inquiring for "de editor." She was followed by a tall young woman dressed in black and veiled. An office boy came forward.

"We want to see de editor man, you boy," said the first in an angry grumble. "We want to know why such doggone mean lies are printed about folks in de papers. You done march right off and tell dat editor—"

Her companion interposed. "Take my card to the editor, please," she said to the boy, after writing a line on the card, and that young man at once obeyed, anxious to go somewhere to grin in safety.

The editor read below the neatly written card "Mrs. R. H. Mitchell," the words: "in reference to a false article in this morning's paper."

"Phew!" he whistled in annoyance. He called Blake and handed him the card.

"It's up to you, I guess," he said drily. "Please see this lady. She seems to be your poor widow. See what she has to say—if it is the preface to a libel suit, for instance."

Blake walked slowly to the reception room. His appetite for interviews with angry females was very slight. Besides, a possible libel suit looming ahead—that bugbear of newspaper men! He entered the room softly, closing the door behind him—for which he was very glad afterwards.

Continued on Page 48

How to Develop Ability as a Public Speaker

DURING the coming winter, you may desire to express an opinion at a church gathering, your local farm club, in lodge or at some other public meeting. Will you hesitate for want of confidence? Have there not been many occasions when you wished you could dare speak in public? It's not too late to make the attempt and by a little spare time study you can gain the necessary confidence.

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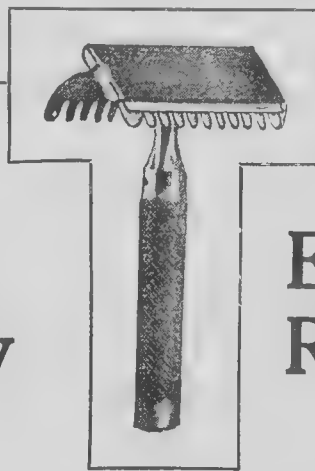
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Delights of the Western Cow-Boy

*"He rides the earth with hoof of might,
His is the song the eagle sings;
Strong as the eagle his delight,
For like his rope, his heart hath wings."*

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max. McD.

WITH the passing of the western cow-boy, a type becomes extinct. He was not all that writers of fiction and romance would have him. Not always was he picturesque in hairy schapps and wide sombrero; chivalrous in all his deeds; courteous in all his actions. He was not always vicious and dissipated, ever ready to shoot up a town or to stake his last cent on the high card. He was ever ready and rough, with some of the graces of an angel, and many of the attributes of a devil. He could run a brand on a steer or steal a maverick with a clean conscience, and the next moment give his last dollar to the "sky pilot."

Owen Winstler has appended to one of Remington's cow-boy pictures this couplet:

*"He rides the earth with hoof of might,
His is the song the eagle sings;
Strong as the eagle his delight,
For like his rope, his heart hath wings."*

The cow-boy stood in a class by himself always. Whatever may have been his winter ways and recklessness, when the snow melted from the hills and the green grass began to start, he buckled on his belt to a hard summer's work. The range was systematically ridden and the round-up began. The "chuck wagon" was loaded with a "grub stake" and followed after the punchers as they cleaned up miles of country for branding. In Southern Alberta the spring round-up is a beef round-up as well, for the mild winters and abundant pastures make beef on the range, while the stall-feds in eastern Canada are munching their corn and roots.

Round-up is Year's Climax

Beef driving to the railway is, however, the climax of the cow-boy year. This, of course, comes in the fall, and while interesting, is physically wearing. Many of the steers are wild and a whole beef herd has been stampeded by the fright of one animal, surprised by a bird flying suddenly from a bush. From six to ten miles a day is a good drive. Before dark the cattle will have satisfied the desire for grass and water. They are then bunched and night-herded. The men are grouped in shifts, each to spend half the night, slowly riding round and round the herd. Corraling the saddle horses each morning is an interesting part of cow-boy

experience on the round-up. A corral is made of ropes tied to the wagons, and into this the horses are driven. Each "buckaroo" picks out his string of four or five, one or two of which are usually broncos fresh from the bunch-grass. The well-known Remington picture "The Chuck Wagon" illustrates what often happens when the brone is saddled at the round-up camp.

Col. Roosevelt Once a Cow-boy

The late Col. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States, knew a good deal about cow-boys. He had lived their life on the western plains and wrote much from his personal knowledge and experience. Of the cow-boy he says:—

"Cow-boys resemble each other much more and much less than is the case with their employers or ranch-men. A town in the cattle country where it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about it, presents a picturesque sight. Here are assembled men, who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence, who lead lonely lives, except when occasion causes their visit to the camp. All the various classes—louggers, hunters, teamsters, stage-drivers, trappers, shepherds, sutlers, and men drawn from all classes, plainsmen and mountaineers are here to be found. Most prominent of all is the cow-boy. Singly or in twos or threes, they gallop the wild little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect, or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; their stirrups are so long that their knees are scarcely bent and their bridles not taut enough to keep chains from clinking."

Bright-hued Handkerchief a Delight to Cow-boy

As picturesque as is the get-up of the cow-boy, there is not an article entering into his outfit that has not a practical and essential application to the comfort of the man of the plains. His extravagance would seem to be shown in the number and variety of big silk handkerchiefs which he wears knotted around his neck. And yet the handkerchief is an important part of his outfit, covering his mouth and nose when riding the range behind a herd of cattle. Three thousand cattle make at a terrible lot of dust, and the alkali dust of the western ranges is not pleasant to get into the lungs. He likes a fancy saddle,

an ornate bridle, good pistols and fine spurs, but the handkerchief is his chief delight, its bit of color cheering his eyes and making him forget the miles of waste land, and the endless procession of grazing range. The heavy leather cuffs are usually most ornamental, but their decorative effect is only incidental, for when the cow-puncher throws his rope to lasso a cow, if his arm should be bare, and that whirling line should run over it, the flesh would be cut to the bone.

The sombrero is another of the plainsman's pet articles of apparel. It is extremely picturesque and it lends the man a romantic air. But he doesn't wear it for these reasons. He uses the big brimmed hat because it is the only sensible thing for him to wear. The broad brim keeps the sun out of his face on his long rides and shelters him from rain when he runs into stormy weather. The hat is held on by the "g" string. That's what it is called. Without it the hat would be off the head as much as on it, and once under the hoofs of the herd there wouldn't be even a ribbon left of it.

The high heels on his boots are essential to his comfort, as without them his feet would be constantly slipping through the stirrups. There is the little whip which the boy has tied to his left wrist. It isn't meant to be used on the horses. It's for the steers and is called a bull-whip. In a herd there will be one or two ring-leaders in mischief that will start a stampede on slight provocation. One end of the whip is loaded, and when the rider sees trouble brewing he spots the bad steer and riding up to him whacks him over the head with the butt end of the whip. Frequently it is sufficient to fell the beast, and then the cowpuncher is off his horse in a jiffy, ties the animal's feet and so stops the mischief.

But the picturesque cow-boy is now a thing of the past. He has dropped the lariat to guide the plow. The "puncher" of romance and story is no more. With the passing of the cattle industry has gone the cow-boy.

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Second Poet: "How?"

First Poet (in a hoarse whisper): "I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the gum on the return envelope."

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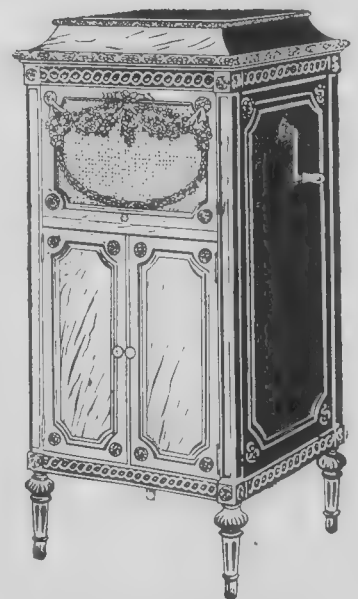
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"He asked her for a little while the next day, to tell her—to ask her—"

The Gold Gown

Continued from
Page 5

the gold gown reached its completion. Elaine, after some days of undisputed self-consideration, bloomed into a very flower of sweetness. She did not, in her new softness, have a word for Bob and Jacky, the annoying twins. She showed the vaguest interest in her mother's visits of admiring inspection. She did not speak once of Waldo. Grandmamma looked savagely at her, reflecting that if tall, stooped-shouldered Waldo, or little drab Hetty, or grandmamma herself, should all dissolve out of existence, only leaving Elaine with gold gowns enough, and a fire in her room, the girl would feel, not bereavement, but a sense of life beautifully amplified.

When Elaine leaned over the back of the old lady's chair, to put a soft cheek against the wrinkled pallor of her face, grandmamma steeled her heart. The girl was caressing ease, quiet, freedom from the twins, the luxury of a cook, not the rheumatic old woman apparent to her physical touch. Then Elaine sat down and sang all the songs that grandmamma most liked. She had a fresh voice, very little trained, but with Elaine's unvarying good taste, imitative of the best the girl had heard. Instinctively, her doing of anything was nice. Her pretty person was not merely adorned, it was carefully exquisite. Her playing was intelligent, her singing knew its own limitations, and tried after only what it could compass. In the leaping uncertainty of grandmamma's fire, she looked a delicate and charming spirit, all graceful lines and pretty gestures, the fit source of the melody swelling from her throat.

Grandmamma looked into the leaping flame, and sighed. It is not easy, at seventy, to be uncertain. Perhaps there was a parallel, she was thinking, between Elaine's nature, and some other balanced solutions of which Waldo had told her. Perhaps like sea water, holding in balance ingredients each in itself individually poisonous but as combined a harmless medium in which countless forms might live and thrive, so Elaine's combination of egotism, vanity, cruel forgetfulness of others, but formed a balanced whole in which her own personality might safely swim. Perhaps grandmamma's contemplated assault upon this balance of Elaine's nature might so change the relation of its elements as to destroy the girl. Perhaps Elaine, if she lived at all, must live as she was, in her own medium.

As grandmamma speculated, the telephone called the girl from her singing. There was a brief conference at the receiver, while grandmamma pursued her worried thoughts. When Elaine came in, all her brightness had fallen from her. She was angular, moved abruptly about, stirred the furniture around the room, gave an annoyed twitch to this picture and that rug. Finally, she dropped at grandmamma's feet and laid her fair head on the old lady's knee.

"O dear!" she said. It was the vexed, unhappy voice of five days back.

"What is it?" asked grandmamma. "I've just told Tod Sloane I couldn't see him. I know perfectly what he wants. I've seen it coming for ages. And I can't do it. I can't marry a poor man. I can't endure it, grandmamma! I suppose the cotillon and Sheldon and all, have—excited him."

She worked her fingers nervously, and rearranged the various bracelets that she wore in the belief that they set off her round white arms. Grandmamma caught in her breath. Now was the time for her mortal blow, for her readjusting of the balanced solution. Then she spoke, slowly.

"No, you can't marry a poor man. You would lose all the things that make life seem worth while to you. I let your mother do it. I thought it was right. But you mustn't do it."

She heard herself say these final words with a kind of despair.

"Did mother have any other chances?" she asked, with almost scornful disbelief in little, drab Hetty.

"Why yes," the old woman wondered. "Doesn't every girl? Waldo had less money than any of the others, but I thought she loved him, and I thought happiness lay that way. Yet I don't know." She shook her unhappy old head. Then her lips set, and she went on.

"It doesn't lie that way for you. You must have what you want—" in her heart, she finished, "or wreck everyone else." But she did not speak the words.

They parted early for the night. Grandmamma was tired and sad. She was surprised at her own worldliness, yet after all she had done what she could to save a little, sinking Hetty, and to insure the girl's contentment. Contentment, she told herself bitterly, was really the highest gift life had to offer. To be warmed, fed, and decorated, this was the essence of living, especially for a creature like Elaine. She spent an unhappy, wakeful night.

Elaine slept dreamlessly. The gold gown was finished and lay in metallic splendor over a chair at her bedside. The next night would see her in it at the cotillon, like a slim, wavering shaft of sunlight, playing in and out among the dancers. She would be with Sheldon Marshall, a dark foil for her brightness. They would look extremely well together. She fell asleep, her eyes seeing to the last the enchanting shimmer of her gown.

She left, in a carriage, the next night, Hetty in a breathless ecstasy in her wake. Bob and Jacky had begged so hard that Elaine had consented to let them see her, if they stood outside the door and did not put so much as one of their messy fingers within. She swept from their sight, and the snap of the carriage door cut her from their vision.

Elaine, in the Marshall's carriage, had no thoughts for the family. She sat languorously back against the tufted cushions with the reflection that a very

Continued on Page 33



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POWDERS

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The Gold Gown

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things to her. She thought of adoring Hetty, of grave, gentle-voiced Waldo, the large-eyed twins, surveying her from around the doorpost. They all thought she was perfect. Grandmamma, of course, had always had her sarcasms. But, then, grandmamma was old and rheumatic, and Elaine had always disregarded her as quite out of the sphere of rational consideration. Then there was the prince, and his mother. These people, lovely people, quite of the big world's best, as Elaine viewed it, admired her. What did this rude boy mean? He had taken her from her

gown, was just a commodity, something to be had by the highest bidder. No one had ever dared to say such

pedestal as princess and put her rudely down, underfoot, with the vulgar. She had a price that he couldn't—of course he meant wouldn't—pay. Wrath, vanity, insult, grief, all shook her slim body, in a spasm of distress.

If Tod Sloane could call himself unhappy, what had he not made her? She had thought she cherished no illusions. She had not pretended to herself that she loved Sheldon Marshall. She had been rather proud of her frankness with herself, and of her openness of mind to the practical aspects of living. But she had not meant this. She had not meant to be discarded by Tod Sloane. She had meant that her world should consist then, as now, of admirers. Only, she had meant, then, to dress the part of the Admired as it should be dressed, and to sit perhaps a little higher above her

court. Always, in the humble circle about the throne, she had seen Tod Sloane. She had not meant that he should go away, and go away thus. She had conceived of his anger, but not of his scorn. In the dark, she pressed her hands over her mouth to keep herself from crying out loud, she twisted the counterpane, and beat her palms together. After long hours she fell asleep, her golden draperies crushed beneath her.

It was as the sun broke through the vines over her window that a vision, or perhaps only her first waking thought, hovered at her dreaming eyelids. Vision of sleep or waking, as it may have been, it seemed to her that Love, on wing through the quiet room, had stooped and kissed her. Full, warm, and sweet, the kiss lay on her lips and invaded her being, arousing her. She lay, face up-

ward, the half smile of her dream fading as she fully awoke. Love had stooped, from every human being she had ever from every human being she had craved known! All her adornings, all her displays of plumage, had been to ensnare that admiring gaze from the whole world that should tell her she sat enthroned in all hearts. On what low terms had she accepted homage! She had dressed her charming body that the world might fall at her feet. The morning cold struck on her bare arms, outside her cloak, and her awakened eyes saw the morning sun gleaming on her gown.

The girl sprang from her bed, and began tearing at hooks and buttons. Hateful, hateful gold gown! She slipped free of it, and flung it on a chair. Then she stretched her white arms high, and laughed. She was free. Love had kissed her, and she was free to give herself to him on the highest terms he might exact. Love had kissed her. And his face, as her dreaming eyes beheld it, had not been the face of the prince.

She sought in the closet, and drew out a certain blue gown that she had made herself, one of the detested economies of a detested life. She slipped into it now, and brushed her hair schoolgirl fashion, with a hand that trembled in its haste. She was going out, away, to see—of all people—Hetty! Hetty, she knew, would understand. Out of the quiet room she slipped, with a last backward look at the gleaming thing on the chair.

"Think of that in an engineering camp," she laughed. Then, as she passed her door, "Poor grandmamma," she whispered.

It was hours later that grandmamma opened the girl's door, quietly, only to find the room deserted. She stepped stiffly about, setting its disorder to rights. The gold gown across a chair gave her pause. She examined it critically, grimly. It was very lovely, quite worth the price of Jane, or any other cook. It was almost worth the price of freedom as it lay. The old lady fingered it distastefully. She was very unhappy. Then, across her distress there struck, fresh and full of song, a girl's laugh from the garden.

"I'm glad she can laugh," said grandmamma. "I can't."

She was thinking, as she went to the window, that the gold gown represented alike the price of Elaine's laugh and of her own sorrow. Then she looked out through the vines. Elaine, in a little blue thing, stood under a flowering peach, her gaze turned up, to meet the gaze of the Love that had kissed her in her dream. Grandmamma, amazed, surveyed the tableau long enough to see that Love had the aspect of a tall young fellow with light hair and burning blue eyes.

Then, quietly, but with a little tumultuous joy singing in her heart, grandmamma went out of the room. The gold gown shimmered on a chair, a snare for all the morning sun. But, grandmamma, quite oblivious, went away, shutting the door upon its unregarded splendors.

IT WASN'T THE "FLU"

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a small laundry establishment in a Massachusetts town. It was printed in large letters, on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the door of the shop. It ran thus: "Closed on account of sickness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any case."

CAUGHT OFF GUARD

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?"

"Nothing but a post-card, ma'am."

"Who is it from, Mary?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not. But anyone who sends me a message on a post-card is either stupid or impertinent."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl loftily; "but that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother."

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With the New Edison in your home you can entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until your sides ache at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, the duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-struck at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. It is always ready for you when you have Mr. Edison's wonderful new phonograph in your home. Send the coupon now and find out all about our splendid offer. Don't wait.

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Thanksgiving

"You're a better man to-day than ever your daddy was; and, sonny boy, I'll milk that cow or bust."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Harry W. Laughy

CHAPTER I.

A COYOTE'S cry rang through the far flung stillness, where the prairie lay bathed in the light of the soaring moon. Swinging along down the deep worn trail, a four-horse team and a heavy grain tank jogged ahead through a cloud of dust, and the man on the seat, with his foot on the brake, hummed a tune as he bumped along. Winding away through the mystic light the trail topped a rise ahead, and the light that he had seen where the trail disappeared, he knew was the light of home.

A few years ago, poor and in broken health, he mapped out with a cayuse team, the trail that he followed along to-night. The time seemed short as he slipped back in fancy through the departed years, to the day when he landed from a settler's train at a station fifty miles away, and followed a string of land seekers out across the prairie to the homestead that had been filed for him by an eastern neighbor, to furnish him a home where he could die in peace. Eastern doctors had done their best, then shipped him to Alberta and washed their hands of him. It all came back to him to-night—that first night out upon the trail; the songs the coyotes sang; the leaping firelight dancing on the shelter by his bed, where the gentle hands of his watchful wife draped sheets and coverlets to guard him from the wind. He smiled to-night to think of it, and of her watchful care, and how he woke next morning with the sunlight pouring down upon his face, and the warmth of health renewing in his veins. Prairie roses, drenched with their bath of dew, were laid upon the box beside his breakfast, and the strong black coffee, boiled on the camp fire by the wagon tongue was the sweetest draught he had drank for many years.

Then came the homestead, a sloping slab of green beside a creek, bathed in the golden glory of the sunset, and the days that followed rambled through his mind a changing scene of oxen hauling logs, of horses hauling sods, and laughing neighbors vying with each other to make the time pass quickly as they built the prairie home. A rude sod hut and a pole corral, it stood upon the knoll above the creek, and then the neighbors left them to themselves. Day after day he lay beneath an awning made of gunny sacks and watched the sunlight dancing on the plains. Day after day the wife who watched his fight for life picked prairie flowers to strew around his bed, and watched for any change that might mean health.

In the meantime, Billie, the mainstay of the family, had taken the cayuse team and gone to work for Houcher, a nearby rancher. Before going, he had hauled them up some wood and sunk a box in a boiling spring beside the creek. Then one morning the rancher appeared with a heavy plow team and turned a strip of breaking around the cabin; this was to serve as a fire guard, and as he plowed, the business-like little Billie, a lad who had just turned sixteen years, followed the team and dropped potatoes along the freshly turned furrows. The rancher fetched the potatoes, for he said he had seed to burn, and this patch of spuds in the fire guard constituted their first year's crop.

Lying at rest beneath the canopy of gunny sacks, he watched the small shoots show above the ground; watched the effect of each summer shower as they grew to tiny trees; and then one day he watched a tiny vandal dig up a plant and gnaw away the seed. Rage burned in his heart against the rodent, and from that day the gopher's doom was sealed. His lusty yell brought his wife around the house and sent the gopher scuttling to its hole, and wifely anxiety was quickly changed to mirth at his rage for the ruined potato.

That very afternoon she was compelled to walk two miles to the nearest neighbor and borrow a rifle to be used against the miscreants, and from that day forward he had a studied aim in life; he lay from early morning until latest dusk, the little .22 gun at his side, or pecked away at the ever-appearing gophers. Soon, when they failed to appear as fast as usual, he would venture around the house, and within

a week was cruising around the fire guard, his conquests marked by the spat of the tiny rifle. From shooting gophers it was but a step to the creek bank, where he yelled like a Cree when he landed a three-pound jackfish. New potatoes and jackfish, and he got them both himself. The table was spread beneath the awning to celebrate the event, and the feast was a spread well worthy of the gods.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after the catching of the first jackfish they were sitting on the bench outside the door one evening, he and mother, when the team of ponies appeared, coming down the trail.

"Here comes Billie, Dad!" mother exclaimed, the first to see the team.

"Good, by heck; have we any jackfish?"

A ready laugh came welling to her lips, as she replied: "You crazy man, your mind is a pool of jackfish. You've got the pantry overstocked already. But what is that he has behind the wagon?"

"A saddle horse, by all that's holy," Dad replied. "I'll bet a button he's come home to do that discing," for the ranchers had each one sent a team to do a day of breaking, and a little field for next year's crop had been opened beside the creek.

"No, Dad, it isn't a saddle horse," mother said, after a moment, as she watched him drawing nearer. "And what is that behind him in the wagon?"

"Oh, leave it to him; a piano as like as not. But, say, mother, that's a cow he's got behind."

No more was said until the laughing boy drew up before the cabin, but there

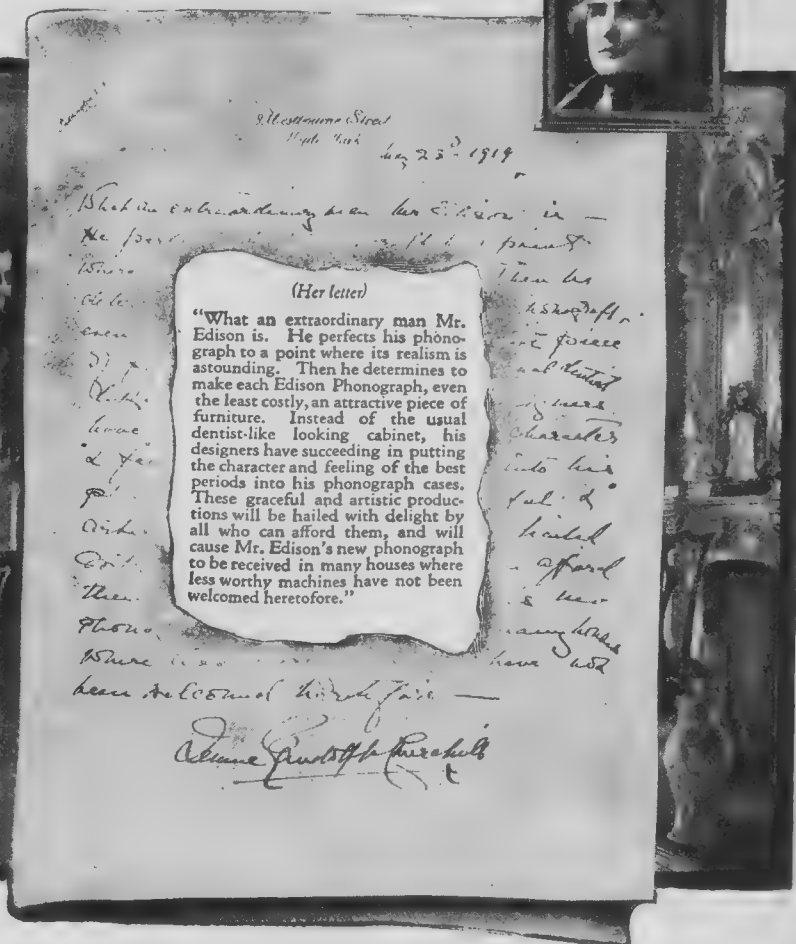
Continued on Page 36

A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill

Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.



This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs.



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natural conclusion that they can be afforded by only the fortunate few. This is absolutely contrary to the fact. Mr. Edison has placed authentic period cabinets within the reach of every one. He has required that a period cabinet be developed for each New Edison, even the lowest-priced models.

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EDISON, COLUMBIA, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, PHONOLA AND CECILIAN PHONOGRAPHS

Thanks-giving

Continued from
Page 35

brought for mother, son?" she asked, with her arm about him.

"Don't ask, jest look," he said, as he lifted out a box, when a couple of big white hens and a flock of chickens were revealed to her wondering gaze.

"Well, of all the boys on earth," she exclaimed in wonder. "But what about the cow, Billie boy?"

"Oh, she's for dad," he answered airily. "Then it'll be up to him to do the milking."

"But you don't mean to say, laddie, that you've bought us that cow and calf?" his mother asked.

"Well, I sure have," he answered; then as his mother bent her head for a moment above the big, fat hen in her arms he said, in self defence, "I said I would make a cow puncher out of Dad if he'd come west, didn't I, and how could I train him unless I could get him a cow?"

"You're a better man to-day than ever your daddy was; and, sonny boy, I'll milk that cow or bust."

They all laughed at this boastful break, and their happy laughter quickly cleared the atmosphere. The hens were placed beneath a box, and a minute examination made of the cow—a Short-horn, and a beauty. She had been fresh about a month, the young conspirator informed them, but he had been handling her, and gentling her, to make her safe for Dad. One by one her good points were gone over, and then the question arose of how to get the calf out of the wagon. It had been crated into a box, with slats across the top; then a rope around its neck had been taken through the front end of the box and tied. This rope was first unfastened as a step toward sliding the box down a plank, but the calf solved the problem with a flying leap, shed its shell with a crash and went galloping through the potatoes with blats of joy. For a moment there was consternation around the wagon, then the young stockman ordered quietness, drove the team with the cow in lead into the corral and tied her there; then drove the team outside and awaited results. There followed a quick exchange of anxious and exultant bleats, a last wild charge through the potato tops, then the runaway raced to its mother and grabbed a teat.

This marked the arrival of the first live stock upon the farm, and never was such a cow and calf, or hens and chickens. Half the night was spent in getting them settled; getting the cow milked, the chickens covered, and the calf secured beyond a chance of escape; then they remembered the jackfish and potatoes, and it was a happy family that gathered around the meal.

CHAPTER III.

With the coming of the cow a new order of affairs was started upon the homestead. True to his resolve, dad rose with the dawn to do the milking. Down by the creek he kept "Bossie" picketed, and, clad in rubber boots, he would journey forth and lead her to the cabin to be milked, since he was still too weak to carry the milk back home. Then another tramp through the dew-drenched grass, with prairie flowers blooming on every side, while he and Bossie chose a new feeding ground. Then the picket must be changed, and then the calf fed, and so from one simple task to another, he was kept alive with interest, until every bone in his body ached in protest.

But the new tasks brought their compensation. A glass of milk, cold as the spring itself and with a fresh egg beaten into it, was always waiting at the bedside when he got up; real porridge and real cream formed the bulk of his early breakfast. Buttermilk, or sweet milk met him at every turn of the road, and the creamed potatoes, or creamed toast with which he rounded off each menu, could have but one result, and that the best. Before he knew it, he was improving by leaps and bounds; the .22 was traded for a shot gun; his excursions were extended, and wild duck and prairie chicken found a place on the bill of fare.

So the summer and early autumn passed, and now each time that Billie boy came home, he fetched a heaping load of freshly cut hay, for Charlie Houcher, the rancher with whom he worked, was mindful of the cow and calf at home. A stack had quickly grown by the round corral, and then one day, with the early frosts, the neighbors again appeared. They fetched their women folks with them this time, with all manner of good things to eat. The day was spent in a western jollification, but when they left at night a cozy sod stable was standing beside the hay stack, cheek by jowl with the sturdy pole corral.

As dad and mother watched the string of teams go winding down the trail that night, their feelings were too deep for words. The blank despair of a few short months ago had all been lived aside. Their home had grown by magic in a day; the crop came next, and then the cow and calf, the hen and chickens, a pig to drink the milk, and now the hay and stable for their stock. All this the big whole-heartedness of the west had brought about, but God, and the wealth of Alberta's golden sunshine had blessed the prairie home with the boon of health.

The days slipped by through a golden western autumn. Hoar frost and the ripening sunshine turned the waving prairie grass from green to grey. The leaves first flushed, then paled, then softly fell, while the sun swung red or gold through the hazy sky. One night he sank, a softened blood red disc, behind a bank of clouds along the west, and as a riot of changing tones crept blending along the sky, the newcomers wondered at the marvellous beauty that make up a western sunset. But the glory of that sunset heralded a warning through all the rangeland. Hardy saddle horses were wrangled in and picketed, or corraled. Saddles and bridles were straightened out where they hung on their elk-horn pegs, while cinches and lattigoes were overhauled and a gunny sack tied into many a saddle whang before the Ribstone cowboys went to bunk that night.

Tired with tramping the creek bottoms for prairie chicken, dad slept soundly, but was awakened at last to a sense of unreality. A peculiar tang seemed added to the air, and a throbbing sound came pulsing through the night.

Slowly emerging from the maze of slumber, the objects around the room took languid shape. The shotgun, where it hung beside the door; the heavy beams that held the raftered roof; the window, with its waving, lurid light, then—God, a wall of leaping, seething flame.

A touch upon her arm was all was needed; his wife was wide awake, and cool as death.

"What is it, dad; a prairie fire?" she asked, as both were scrambling quickly to get dressed.

"I should say the whole world was afire," he replied, with the droll coolness that often comes in the face of danger; and then they hurried out and stood aghast. As far as the eye could reach, the world was a rolling sea of flame. The wind had whipped around since sunset, and the fires, burning in the west were bearing down upon them with the speed of a running horse. Petrified, they could only watch them leap, and seethe, and swirl, while the air was thick with the flight of passing birds, and fleeing things went leaping through the glare. The smoke rose up in waves, then dropped and caught their breath—rolled up and drifted by, while drumming, drumming, drumming on the sense that throbbing sound came floating up the wind; faintly at first, and far away, then nearer, nearer still, the thud of hoof beats racing through the night. Quickly they turned to listen, then to look, the horsemen, then the wall of roaring flame. Riding along the glare of light they saw the first one come, on a horse, as black as thunder, that came flashing through the smoke. As he sighted the threatened cabin upon the knoll, a wild yell pealed from his lips; his six-gun leaped from its scabbard and its vicious bang went floating across the plains. The yell was answered at a dozen points far out on the smoky prairie, but the shots were not repeated. They heard the riders circling as the gun barked the command; heard them rallying round the cabin by the creek, and forgetting the fire for the racing band, they watched those dare-devil cowboys come flitting into sight; riding with easy, careless seat they came swooping, swift as winging swallows, riding up the wind. No word of command seemed needed; riding like the wind a pair would swing together, a line

would be passed to one, the other would swing off and light in a swirl of dust, while the horse went racing on. Around the guard they dropped, by ones and twos, and each one as he dropped tore out his matches. Some lit torches and dragged them through the grass, and one old-timer on a big, bay horse, unrolled an oil-soaked lariat and dragged a writhing snake of fire as fast as his horse could run.

Within a minute a dozen fires were licking bare the prairie between the guard and the prairie fire. Lit, a rod or so apart, in near the guard, but widening where the cowboy dragged the rope, they drew together, with the speed of thought, to leap, and swirl, and roar. The air seemed drenched with sheets of living flame, and into this, a half-a-mile away, the wall of death came raging. For just a moment, a hell of fiendish glee, flames rolled and wallowed, roaring in their might, then, sinking slowly, swept to right and left—a wedge of black was opened through the blaze.

Whipped onward by the wind, the side fires racing round the guard had widened out and burned a breach of safety; now, at right angles to the prairie fire itself, two wings of flame were rolling out to guard the house and barn. All this they had seen with a single glance, as the whirlwind scene revealed itself, then the bark of a gun recalled their minds to the fire squad once more. Around the fourth side of the guard the fire had been slowly eating, and a hundred feet was all the space that was left between the walls of raging flame. The gun had spoken not a moment too soon, and each cowboy made for his horse. There were other lives to guard, more homes to save; but if that gap once closed, their stings were drawn, they would be shut behind the racing, fiery deluge. No time was wasted in mounting; the boys who held the horses would take them past on the run; a rider would catch the horn as the horse went past; a quick jump, a flash of chaps and the two were away like the wind. Two by two they went racing through the gap, and Billie boy went racing with the rest. "Billie," his father's roar boomed after him as he went, but a waving sack was his only answer as he rode for the fire-rimmed lane.

Scarcely a word had been spoken as the fight with death went on; each man knew his place, and got there; blinded by smoke, and with chap wool smoking, they had fought like the fiends of hell; grim, dogged, silent; but now, as they rode on the wings of the wind, with the wall of death behind them, the echoing yap of their cowboy yells went ringing across the plains. Behind lay safety, ahead lay death, if a horse should fall or a saddle turn; but riding a race with death himself they went wheeling by twos through the billows of smoke, on their way to more work of rescue. All this came home to dad and mother, as they watched the smoke clouds swallow the only child they had, but their hearts beat proudly, while they shrank with fear that their boy was a full fledged cowboy.

CHAPTER IV.

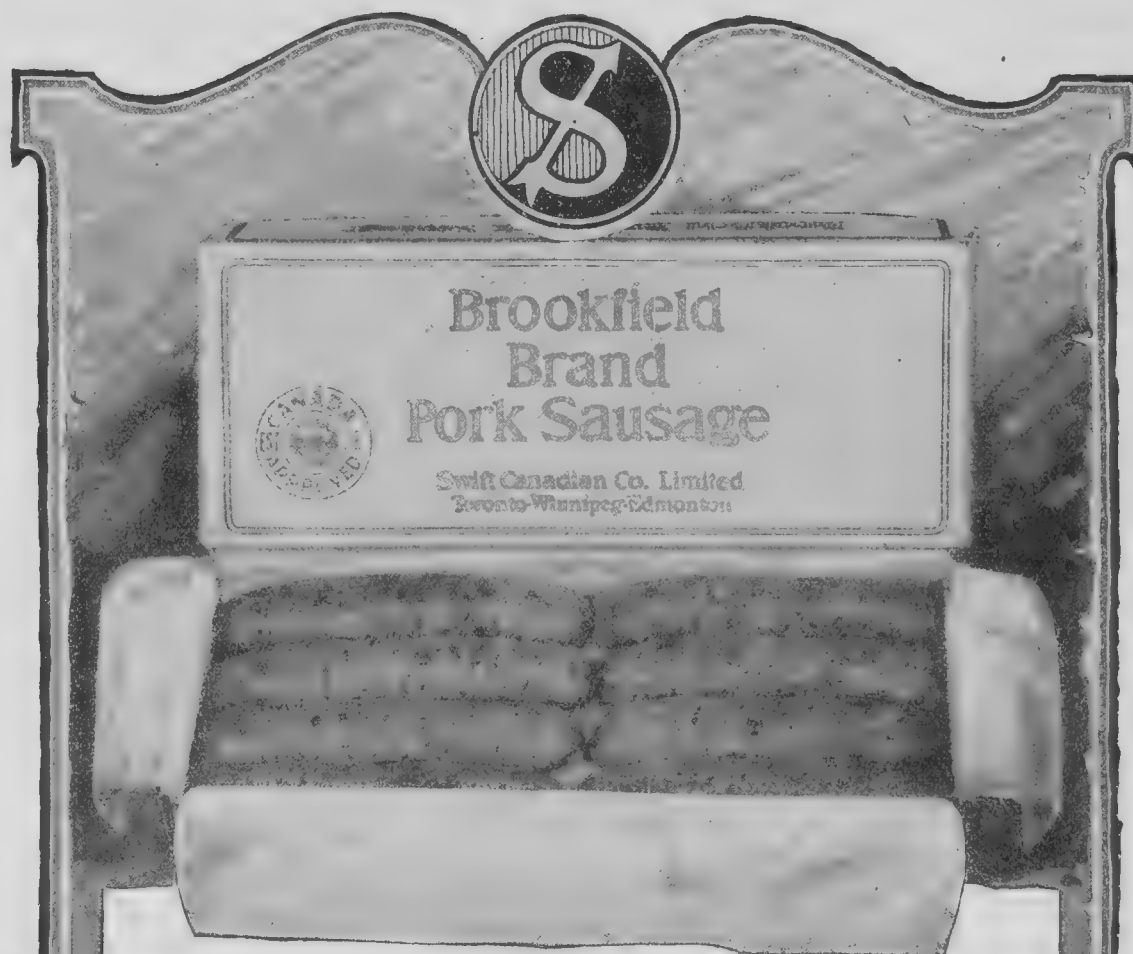
Quickly the years passed upon the homestead; quickly and profitably as well. No efforts were made to crop big acreage, but the acreage that was sown was seeded well. Billie still continued with the Houchers, and arrived home periodically with a heifer or a cow. All the cattle were kept milking, and all were milked, though dad used to say that the calves got an even break. Down by the creek he had fenced a field with hog wire; there was plenty of shade and water, and he seeded it down to grain. Here he kept the calves and a couple of brood sows, and every milking time meant a family reunion; this was where dad said the calf got an even break. Armed with pail and milking stool he would let a cow into the corral and turn the calf loose, then the fastest milker got the most.

This meant a lot of things to dad, and to the calf. It meant that the cows were always home at milking time; that the cows were worth more than the stock that ran the range, and that he could go into town at the end of the



Winter Bulbs

Continued on Page 38



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Thanks-giving

Continued from Page 36

day, and the right to grow just as big as it felt like growing; and to the homestead it meant a supply of ready cash, as well as the elimination of all machine debts.

Things were going smoothly upon the farm. Then some mental misfit took the liberty of killing a rabbit chinned prince somewhere in Europe. The dogs of war were loosened on the world. German hordes swept down through martyred Belgium; the thin, drawn line of "Old Contemptibles" was thrown across their path when Britain challenged Germany her right to rule the world. A moment here the nations held their breath, then, echoing round the world went one wild, ringing, British cheer as her unfledged young Dominions sprang to arms. Billie Boy was the first to hear the bugle call when the cowboy bands came riding to the standard, and the shot came from a clear sky that hit the little farm; but though two hearts were scared at a touch, no outcry was ever made. A little quieter, a little steadier, they went about their work, and when he came to them a little later, wearing his sergeant's stripes upon his tunic, they gloried in his six foot, clean cut manliness, their cowboy son, a soldier every inch of him. He mounted his horse with the old cowboy leap, and he laughed as he rode away; but a tear plowed a furrow in the dust on Dad's cheek as it all came back to him now.

Answering the nation's call for food, every available acre on the farm was put to wheat; every avenue of export was worked to the very limit; the herd of hogs was multiplied by two; even the hens were forced to do their share. With dogged determination, every leak and waste was stopped, and the output of the farm was more than doubled. Crop after crop turned out a bumper, and was sold at prices heretofore undreamed of, each in itself an independent fortune.

In the meantime letters were arriving regularly from Billie; cheery, breezy letters that always made them laugh, then want to cry. He was "Somewhere in France"; was "doing fine"; was having a "whale of a time"; was "going in"; was "coming out"; and, meanwhile, the carnival of blood and death swept up and down the land. His comrades had died by thousands all around him; had been torn, and gouged, and maimed, but through it all their boy had passed unscathed; had won distinction in a dozen fights, and then—the blow had fallen—"a gallant death, a soldier's honored grave." Later they got the pitiful details. "Going over," in the early dawn, the western boys were thrown close in against a jagged knoll: an old quarry circled around its base, and here a concealed machine gun nest was holding them at its mercy. To go over meant certain death, yet over they must go at dawn. Time after time the location had been given to the artillery, far behind, but the time had passed and nothing had been done. At the last moment Billie Boy, a captain now, had called his men around him and explained a plan that he thought might have a chance.

"You know boys," he said, "these hell hounds always play the game by rule. They've got the thing down to a science. They know when we are coming out, and where. Now, here's the scheme; just before the time you make the break, I'm going to try to make a sneak out around that little butte, and if I can only get behind those saurkrauters by the time you boys tear loose—oh, Hanna; pass the mustard," and he made the motion of tossing a grenade. No voice was raised in protest, though they knew the scheme meant almost certain death, and a moment later, loaded and primed for action, he grovelled into the dirt and crawled away.

Death was stalking on the very breeze, and the barrage was already searching the German lines, but tensely they held their breath, listening for any burst of firing that would mean he had been detected; but the gun pit under the knoll was still as death; then the order

came. "Over you go, lads," and hell had broken loose at the command. The cowboy yell was smothered in the gasp of death, as many a lad pitched forward, to ride the range no more; while the snarling rattle from the quarry's rim sprayed their ranks with searing steel. But on they went, with a yip and a yell, though to go they knew meant death; then, suddenly, the roar of a hand grenade was heard amid the din. Quick as the beat of a pulse, and as regular, they tore the quarry echoes into shred, and the cowboys went forward like the coyote hounds when the machine gun fire ceased. They had seen him as they swung around the butte, standing on a crag with a hand grenade poised, and one of the boys said later that he heard him when he yelled: "Hands up there, damn you; or I'll blow every living shred of you into hell." Then the earth reeled and vomited in their midst, as the knoll, and all upon it, disappeared. True to the traditions of the artillery, in answer to their oft-repeated messages, a shell had dropped exactly upon the gun pit.

They looked for him as soon as the ground was taken; but no trace of him was ever found. Germans, or what had once been Germans, were everywhere; but not a single breath of life remained.

They took a discarded rifle and stuck the bayonet in the ground; to the trigger guard they tied a piece of box wood, and on it one of them wrote his short memorial: "Here's where our captain, Billie Boy, went west."

That was all—the cowboy's tribute to their fallen chief. But a little later, in the village near the little western farm, a grizzled veteran placed in the toil worn mother's trembling hand that emblem coined from martyred heroes' blood, a simple cross with the mystic words, "For Valor."

Strange! after that they grieved no more. That seemed to mark a period to their pain. Life at the farm went drifting on as usual, while sod shack gave place to bungalow, and the stable to a big red barn; and now, as the four big Percherons pounded a warning on the planking of the bridge across the creek, dad knew that mother flew to stir the fire; for this was the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

CHAPTER V.

Dad swung the big hoop-up in beside the barn, chucked a pair of lines to the right and a pair to the left, then scrambled down to find mother beside the wheel. She had thrown a fleecy wrap around her shoulders, and, slight and shapely, despite her years of hardship, she was fair, standing there in the moonlight as the girl of the years gone by.

"Hello, honey girl," he said, as he slipped an arm about her, "I thought you would be in bed, hours ago."

"Yes, you did," she countered, with a laugh. "In bed at eight o'clock, and on Thanksgiving Day. I've been dancing around her on tenter hooks for the last

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two hours, trying to keep the best supper that was ever cooked from being spoiled."

"A good supper, eh; that sounds interesting to a man of my advanced years. What's on the bill of fare to-night? not jackfish and potatoes, I'll bet a hen."

"Not jackfish and potatoes; no boy, but I doubt if anything will ever taste as good. But, unhitch man; don't stand there a-gabbin' while the turkey and all the rest is drying up."

Dad made a bound for the horses upon the instant. Tugs were dropped and lines tied up in a brace of shakes. At a slap on the rump, the leaders started to the horse trough, while mother was rubbing a big grey wheeler's nose.

"Get away from them hosses, ma'am, or they'll jest natchelly rear up and tromp yuh. Don't yuh see, they're mean; jest spittin' pizen mean?" and he dropped the yoke on the horse that was licking her fingers, turned him round, and started him off to get a drink.

On their way toward the house, after seeing to the horses, they paused to note the beauty of the night. Like a ribbon of silver, the creek went winding past; the moonlit prairie rolled away to the low hung skyline, and the matchless

Continued on Page 39

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Users know by test
"There's a Reason"

Thanks-giving

Continued on
Page 38

silence of the infant west clothed a land that was wrapped in dreams.
"This is a very different world boy, to the one we found here a few years ago." She nestled close beside him as she spoke.

"Yes, dear; a different world," he answered. "We have a great deal to be thankful for to-night. Think of what God has done for us in the few years that have passed. There's where the neighbors built us the first sod shack when I wasn't able to even lift a hand. There's where the old corral stood, where Billie Boy fetched home his cow and calf. We were very poor then, dear, and there didn't seem a ray of light ahead; but now we have all the heart of man could wish for. Yes, this should surely be Thanksgiving Day. Even the boy who should be with us now," he drew her close and kissed her as he spoke, "is safe where pain and sorrow never come. He took him while he still was at his best; and when we go, a little while from now, we'll find him waiting there until we come, our hero son, your little baby boy."

Clasped in each other's arms, they neither heard the step upon the grass; they did not see the tall, straight form come swinging down the lane. The newcomer paused beside them before he spoke, then, "Spooning, you two old rascals," he exclaimed, and both were folded in a pair of arms that were clothed in well-worn khaki.

No pen could paint the joy of that reunion. After a moment they started toward the house, mother clinging fast to Billie Boy, and Dad frisking around the two for all the world like a friendly puppy.

"But how did you escape, son?" he wanted to know. "I didn't escape, dad," Billie answered. "They took me home, where I stayed till the war was over, though you know it wasn't very long at that. You see, when they blew that bluff of mine out of existence, I had the thing going all our way; but when I woke up after the dust settled, a couple of saurkrauters were rolling me into a dug out behind the lines. They had got away and packed me with them. I didn't have a scratch on me, but was feeling kind of dopy, so simply crawled inside and went to sleep. I was pretty well all in, anyway, and for the next couple of days I just slept whenever they would let me. They kept me going all the time, however; and by the time I got thoroughly awake again, I was away back into German territory. They never put me in a prison camp at all, but sent me back up on to a farm with a couple of old people; and say, talk about the misery of a prison camp—on that farm, I had the time of all my life. There was a fat old man; a fat old woman; a couple of girls, and me. My memory eluded me for the first little while, and I couldn't quite remember who I was, but the old lady wanted to adopt me, anyway, so it didn't make much difference either way. They were just as kind to me as you could be here at home, and when my kit bag comes, I will show you a dozen things which they made for me when they started me back to Canada. I was going to wire you from some place along the road, and then I thought, oh hang it, what's the use of sending them bad news? They think I'm up in Heaven, as it is, so I'll just dangle along home. But don't ever think that I left Germany as a prisoner of war. Every button, and every patch was fixed upon my clothes. Old mother Dutchy seen to that, and old Dutchy dad seen to it that I had money in my pocket, and they every one kissed me, girls and all, the day I took the train to start for home."

"The good old God has sure been good to us," dad said. "Now, let us go and eat our Thanksgiving turkey."

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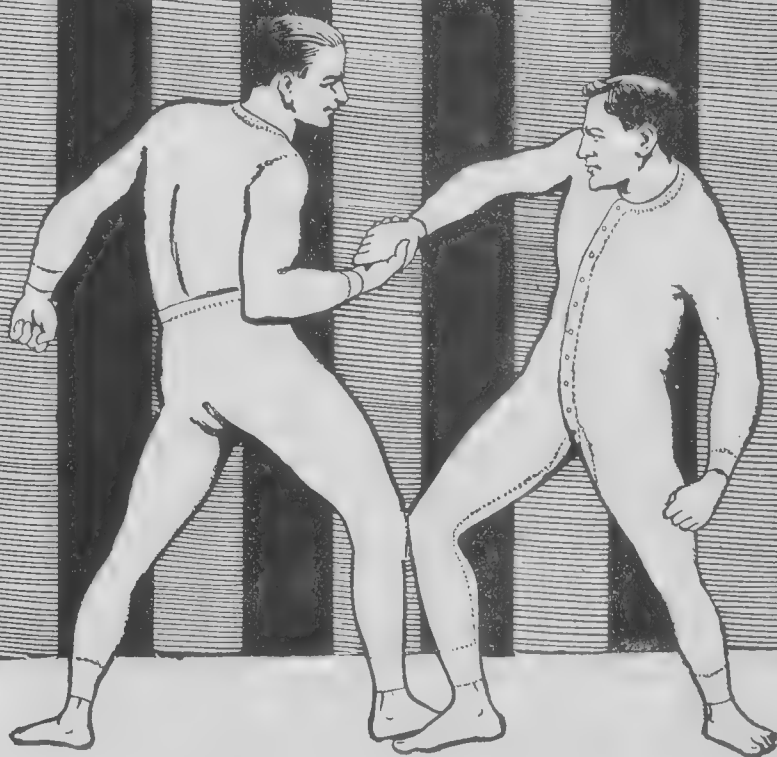
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Behind the Surveyed Area

"They say the first three nights are the worst."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mortimer Batten

THE man knelt in the stern of the birchbark, plying his paddle with strong, sidelong-sweeping strokes. The nose of the frail craft was high out of water, so that she rode perilously poised on one end, yet light as a thistle seed she rose and fell, seeming for a moment to disappear bodily into the smother of foam, then gracefully sweeping up again with dripping keel to the crest of a wave.

At the man's knees lay a large, rough-haired dog with pointed ears—peacefully sleeping in spite of the din of angry waters that shook the very air. She never so much as moved, save for the occasional twitching of an ear to dislodge a mosquito, for Jess had infinite faith in her master's canoeanship. Logan himself was not lacking in self-confidence, but now he began to realize that he was guilty of a slight misjudgment. At first the thought came to him as vaguely disturbing, then as the speed of the canoe increased and the thunder of waters grew in volume, a cold chill began to break out on his forehead.

Logan had shot this rapid a hundred times before, and often with a heavily loaded canoe, but never before in the half light. When he had crossed the lake five minutes ago the waters lay around

him in a sea of crimson fire, and he had thought the light good enough. It had never seemed to occur to him that here, in the canyon depths, the shadows lay within shadows, for he fancied he knew every race and boulder. Now, without the light, he began to realize that his memory was not quite so good as he had calculated. Here a shadow suddenly proved at the last moment to be a jagged tooth of rock, protruding like a vicious reptile, from the swirling depths, and Logan swung round his canoe to miss it by the merest inch. Then he found himself travelling broadside, got under way again, and fancied he saw another rock straight in the centre of what he imagined to be the fair way. "Wish to blazes I hadn't risked it!" he muttered thickly, as the rock turned out to be a shadow. "Somehow the whole ding-dong bed of the creek seems to be different, but there's no landing now till I get beyond the canyon."

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a grinding crash, and to his horror Logan saw a black tooth of rock force its way through the frail structure of the birchbark below the waterline. She swung round and tore herself free, while Jess looked up, saw what had happened, and glanced reproachfully at her master.

Logan clutched the freeboard, staring with haunted eyes, and in five seconds

the canoe filled and he and Jess were in the smother of foam. Instinctively Logan clung to the gunwale, but instantly his grip was torn away, and he struck out for dear life, fighting with the current.

Not so Jess. She possessed an animal's instinct to swim with the tide, and rising to the surface, shaking her head, she promptly struck out down stream, then remembered her master. She turned with an anxious whine, coming towards him, and Logan, who throughout his life had possessed a strong aversion to cold water, clutched her tail in a frenzied grip.

Logan was no swimmer; he could just keep afloat and that was all, but the few additional ounces of support saw him through. Straight down stream Jess took him, straining every muscle as she had strained so often at the remorseless sled harness in winter, so that in less than no time Logan felt hard, slippery rock beneath his feet, and was scrambling ashore.

He knew the place well enough. It consisted of a rocky island in the very middle of the river—a huge stony bank washed up by the opposed tides, a fortress surrounded by an impregnable moat. Probably no human foot had ever landed here before—here in the midst of the canyon, with the unscaleable canyon walls a hundred yards distant on either side.

Jess shook the water from her coat and frisked round her master—proud of her achievement, pleased to be on solid ground once more, but Logan was grave.

"No need to fall over yourself, old girl," he muttered. "We ain't out of the wood yet, and goodness knows how long we shall be stuck on this yer island."

The night chills were setting in, and

Logan was cold. He drew a corked bottle, containing matches, from his pocket, raked together a small pile of driftwood, and lit it. Then he shed all his garments and hung them up to dry. He had positively nothing with him save his clothes.

Robed only in his moccasins, a gaunt, grotesque figure, Logan fell to exploring the island. He walked this way and that, staring out over the tumult of waters, but only to find, as already he knew, that there was no way out. For even the most skilled of swimmers to have attempted to gain the canyon walls across either of those mad cataracts would have been deliberate suicide, and even if the bank were gained one would be no better off there than here. Jess, too, prospected the outlook, gazing from one point then another, and as she gazed her tail drooped and she looked at her master for enlightenment.

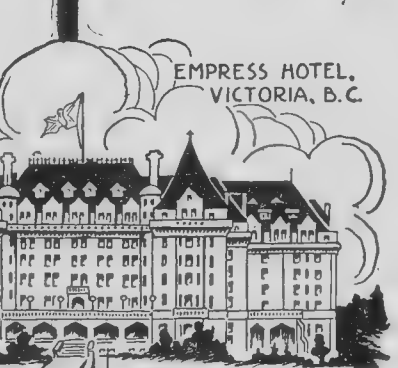
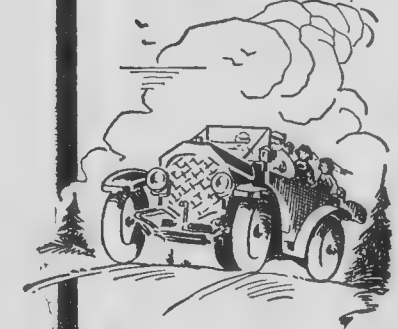
It was getting dark, and Logan returned to his fire, piling on more wood for his teeth were chattering. "Seems to me," he muttered aloud, "that either we stay right here with no grub, hoping that someone will come along and bury us in due course, or that we try to swim ashore and get drowned. It don't make much difference either way, but I reckon we won't risk swimming, because it's just on the boards an Injun may happen along during the next few weeks."

That night Jess and Logan, side by side, slept the deep untroubled sleep of pure weariness, but when Logan awoke at daybreak, stiff and cold, he realized that he wanted his breakfast. "I reckon it's real hard luck," he told his dog. "And our cabin just across the bluff there with a new side of bacon

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Behind the Surveyed Area

Continued from
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That day they had nothing to do but again prospect the island. They prospected it from end to end and from stem to stern. At midday the heat became intense, a trying contrast to the night of chill, and Logan began to feel exceedingly hollow amidsthip. He tightened his belt a notch, and noticed that his hand was shaking as he did it. When dusk came he again lit a fire, using the driftwood sparingly now, for there was not much of it.

As he sat by the fire the man's idle gaze was caught again and again by a white stone lying among the shingle near. It irritated him, and at length it made him angry. It looked like a skull and cross bones. Finally he got up with an oath, and threw the wretched stone into the creek. He saw it sink down, down, zig-zagging as it went, visible to a depth of twenty feet in the dead, clear water as it caught the last remaining light, and Logan turned away with a shudder.

"If only I'd got a telephone," he muttered aloud, "it wouldn't be so bad." He paused and pondered. "Why ain't I got a telephone?" he demanded savagely, then pulled himself together with a jerk. He had been only two days without a meal so far. That was nothing, but doubtless the sun—the sun was strong and the nights bitterly cold. Doubtless the sun had something to do with it, but now he must sleep.

He slept till midnight, then awoke, wide awake, thinking of everything in the world at the same time. He sat gazing across the water, till the moving, changing, shifting shadows took on disquieting shapes, which seemed to be coming ashore towards him. Yes—they were always trying—trying to land, those writhing, struggling, clutching arms, and it was only a matter of time—!

Again Logan pulled himself together with a jerk. He tried to view the situation philosophically. "They say the first three nights are the worst," he told himself. "After that it becomes easier."

He looked about him. Something was missing—what was it? The fire was there, the rocks were there—O, the white stone, of course! It took a terrific effort of mind to arrive at this, then came a sense of puzzled bewilderment. He had thrown the white stone into the water, he had watched it sink, and now something else was missing. Why, it was Jess!

Logan jumped up and called to her. How strange his voice sounded in this region of echoes. He called again, then began to giggle. He giggled like a school-girl, and thought it hugely funny. "Jess, you blamed old coyote, where are you?"

Out of the darkness Jess came, appearing from nowhere in particular, fawning up to his feet as though half ashamed of herself. They looked into each other's eyes. "You poor old varmint!" muttered Logan. "I know you're blamed hungry, but so am I. We'll have to make the best of it, old girl, till someone comes along."

They lay down together, but in a minute Jess was up again. Logan watched her. She stole away with side-long glances, as though searching for something. She searched every hollow, and once she raked a little couch in the gravel, turned round in it, lay down in it, then looked sorrowfully at her master.

Logan understood. He was not a coarse man at heart, but his thoughts habitually found utterance in coarse words. "Hell!" he said aloud. He muttered it sadly and soulfully. "Hell!" he repeated. "You poor—poor old varmint!"

Logan took a smouldering faggot from his fire, and walking to the other end of the island he made another fire of the precious driftwood near to a sheltering boulder. Then he took off his jacket and laid it under the boulder, told Jess to lie on it where she could be alone and went back to shiver by his own fire.

When morning came Logan strolled over to the boulder. He stood looking down, while Jess looked up into his eyes.

"Poor little critters!" he muttered. "What a world they've come into!"

For there, in the coat, lay four blind and squirming puppies.

hanging up and plenty of coffee. Coffee—coffee! I could drink a gallon of it fairly boiling!"

II.

The sled dog's love for her master had hitherto been undivided. She had regarded him as an idol, a god—worshipped him as man himself turns to an idol higher than his understanding. That love was not dead, but into her soul that night had come a greater, mightier love, a love that was part of herself, a portion of her very being, an all absorbing, passionate devotion for those four squirming atoms of life.

Logan went back to his fire and pondered whether it was up to him to drown the puppies in order to give their mother a chance. His mind was a little clearer to-day, but—goodness, how hungry he was! It was an effort to think about anything but that hunger of his, but in the end he came to the decision—"Well, I guess, it's her show. They ain't my puppies; they're hers."

Logan spent most of that day drinking water. It seemed at first to satisfy his pangs of hunger, but ere long he reached that stage when it seemed there was not enough water in his body to warm the water he had drunk. He gave it up as a bad job, and sat staring out over the besieging flood. Once a big white-tail deer came to the canyon edge and looked at them, its antlers silhouetted against the sky. It was gone

in a moment, and thereafter Logan was troubled in his mind. Had he really seen that deer, or had he only dreamt or thought he had seen it. He told himself that it made no difference anyway—that it didn't matter. Yet somehow it did matter. He couldn't decide whether he had seen it or not, and presently he lay on his back in a frenzy of indecision and tore his hair. And as he tore, Jess trotted up to him and showered her kisses on his face.

At sundown the man and his dog sat face to face looking into each other's eyes. What thoughts were theirs no man can prove, yet it would seem that each knew what was in the mind of the other. Presently the man's eyes took on a new expression. It was not a nice expression. One hand crept down till his fingers closed on a stone at his feet. Small as the stone was, its weight surprised him, and as he tried to raise it Jess backed quietly away. Her mane rose on end, and there was a suspicion of white fangs under her lips. She trotted back to her puppies and stood over them, glowering wild-eyed at the man.

Logan uttered a short, dry laugh. Why had his thoughts played that trick with him? It might come to such a

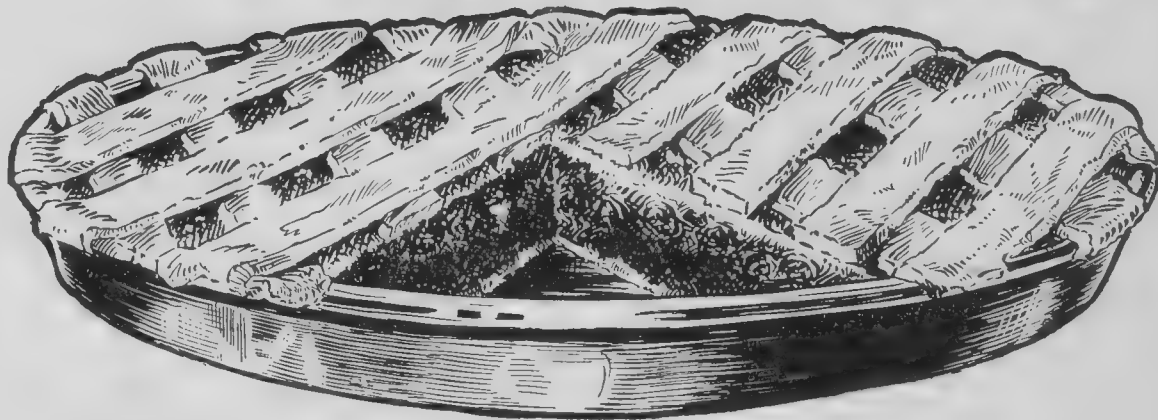
thing in the end, but not yet—not yet, thank God!

When darkness came Jess stood staring over the troubled waters. She too was hungry—hungry with a mad craving for food, hungry with a hunger borne of motherhood, and four squirming puppies to support. She trotted over to where the man lay—sneaked up like a coyote, viewing him from four different points of the compass alternatively, and again her lips drew back in a silent snarl.

She went to her puppies, and caught up the first of them in her jaws. The others she tried to bury under some leaves, for her mind was now made up. With the selected puppy in her jaws she walked to the furthestmost point, and began to wade in. The current caught her and whirled her off. For a hundred yards she struggled and fought, at times flung round like a pinwheel, so that she eternally lost the point for which she was aiming. At length she gained a boulder, and lay there panting, licking the puppy she had carried, though the tiny body was already still and cold. Rested a little she set out again, still with her load, the load that pulled her head under water and constantly threatened to drown her. Scarcely had

Continued on Page 42

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Behind the Surveyed Area

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she gone another twenty yards when the central race caught her. It whirled her over a shelf, and carried her some feet beneath the foam-flaked surface, and when she rose from those dingy depths she had lost the puppy. She swam round in circles, whining, searching, till her strength gave out, and instinct bade her head for the shore. This time the current, that had played her false, proved her friend, and ere long Jess was landed—safely below the canyon.

But she had learnt her lesson. She had learnt that it was not practical to carry her puppies from the island. The horror of drowning was still upon her, and only the fact that her three remaining puppies were still on the other side, called her, later that night, to face that clinging death again. Trembling in every limb, half dead with hunger and fatigue, Jess dragged herself up the bank towards home. There stood the cabin in the lush green meadow, and the door was ajar. Jess wriggled in and looked around. There, within reach had she leapt on to the table, was the side of bacon that her stomach craved. She looked at it with longing eyes, she sniffed the tempting air hungrily, but the table was forbidden ground, and the bacon was sacred to her master. How she longed to sample it, but such was her sense of honor that even now, in the hour of her burning need, she could not bring herself to do it. She sought round for scraps, but the jay birds had been there before her. In the end she bethought herself of the old woodchuck who lived at the root of the rampike in the centre of the clearing, and laboriously she set to work to dig him out, eating him—fur, flesh and bones.

At midnight Logan awoke and realized that his dog was not there. He called to her, then got up and searched. She was nowhere on the island, and he went over to the puppies, finding them half covered as their poor, clumsy mother's efforts had left them.

Into Logan's heart flashed a savage desire—the desire of a wild beast that finds the property of another unprotected and open to the skies. His trembling hands groped down and clutched up one of the puppies in a savage clutch of possession, and at that very moment the hungry animal mother was looking up at the side of bacon she had found unprotected and within her reach.

Jess embarked on her return journey high above the rapid, and strengthened by her meal she gained the island in safety. She found her master sleeping, and looking down at her little brood she saw that there were only two.

The mother instinct of the sled dog told her what had happened—told her that she must not leave her puppies again or they would surely go. She lay covering them all that day, and watching her master.

One meal does not last a starving man very long, and when night came Logan became afraid of those writhing shadows. He had been afraid of them all along, but hitherto he had possessed sufficient strength to fight against the fear. Now that strength was exhausted and fear took undivided possession of him. He crept from place to place, uttering strange, uncanny sounds—hiding, watching, hiding again. He buried his face in his arms with smothered oaths, tried not to watch, but had to, because he felt the arms were closing in on him. His craving for food was gone—there remained only the fear, the cringing, unmanly fear. "Life! Life!" he cried. "If this is life give me death a thousand times over!"

Yet he was clinging to life—clinging desperately with trembling, crooked fingers, and another day dragged by. Once he caught sight of himself in the mirror of the water, and shied badly. Was that him—that white-haired, cadaverous wraith of a man scowling with wolfish eyes from the bed of the creek?

Night came on again, and the children of hunger kept to their respective ends of the island. One of Jess's puppies had died that day, and there was no food now for the sole survivor. She must go ashore again, yet she dare not

leave her little one, for instinct told her that its life was at stake.

Logan was quieter that night. He thought he was sinking, and he thanked God for it. He thought he had already suffered everything within human endurance, for he did not understand the comparative limitlessness of human suffering. He was too weak now to hide, and the pale dawn found him staring frightened-eyed at the shadows as they struggled to come ashore.

A shadow larger than the rest separated itself from the others and came straight towards him. He was about to rise with a shuddering cry, when he caught sight of spreading, palmated antlers and large, soft, shining eyes above the shadow. His mind cleared, his fingers closed on a heavy stone, and he lay breathlessly waiting.

Gamely, strongly, the great bull caribou struggled ashore, shaking the water from his coat, and stood a moment with head lowered, gasping for breath through wide, crimson nostrils. Not three yards separated him from the starving man, and slowly, unsteadily, looking more like a gigantic insect than a human being, Logan clawed to his feet. Here was life—life at last! Life within reach, waiting patiently to be struck down at his very feet.

Logan staggered forward, one hand holding the stone, raised aloft to strike. The caribou looked at him with fearless eyes, for it knew not what man was. It stepped neatly aside with a sweep of those mighty antlers, and Logan was flung backwards among the rocks.

But another had watched and now was ready to spring in—another who was clinging desperately to life and saw here what her body craved. Logan saw Jess bound up with a slashing and chopping of hungry jaws—saw her close with the caribou and hang on, a sinister vision of bristling coat and shining fangs. But again the great deer shook himself and flung his antlers round, and Jess was vanquished.

The caribou turned with frightened eyes and plunged into the water. Man and dog followed in hot pursuit as the spray rose and fell in scintillating rainbow colors, but the prize was swallowed up before their eyes, and borne away by the racing flood.

Then came other caribou, and still others, following in the wake of the leading bull. All of them passed by the island within twenty feet, swimming down stream and buoyed up by their coats. The procession grew thicker and faster, till up stream and down the fairway was brown with caribou, all passing swiftly by without even a glance towards the starving man and dog.

Side by side the two stood, watching the passing army, watching with wide, hungry eyes—staring after them when the last was gone, till the monotony of the scene closed in again. Then they looked at one another.

They looked into the other's eyes, watching with terrible intentness, for each knew that the time had come—the time that one must die that the other might live. The man stood as God had made him, save for his wretched, ragged clothes, armed with the weapon of primitive man who fought for his very survival. It was a drama of ten thousand years ago, acted to-day in a scene that stands unchanged—a drama from which the years of civilization fell away, and each stood as its naked self, a creature fighting for life behind, and not within, a civilized world.

Jess stood between Logan and her puppy, watchful, prepared, waiting for the man to move. He came towards her, dragging his arms like prehistoric man, and a sound like a snarl broke from his lips. With all his strength he threw the stone, but the effort bore him down, and Jess was upon him. Snap—snap—snap went her jaws, laying open his arms, but Logan had possessed himself of another stone, and was striking savagely.

Jess bounded aside and Logan rose—trembling in every limb, dripping, gasping for breath. Again they stared into each other's eyes, watchful intent, endlessly prepared, again they closed, and so for one hour, two hours, the feeble, wretched fight went on, a mere burlesque of the game of death.

Panting, exhausted, they lay face to face at last not a yard apart, staring as

Continued on Page 43

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Behind the Surveyed Area

Continued from Page 42.

canyon whence the caribou had come. She uttered a howl of wild anticipation, then fell upon her master, no longer her foe, showering her kisses upon his face.

And Logan, following the direction of her gaze, staggered to his feet with a

before, when suddenly Jess raised her head. She looked not at her opponent, but past him and beyond, away up the

ery of joy, then flung his arms about his dog. A thousand ages drifted by, he stood face to face with the world once more—the civilized world, the world of sunshine and the music of human laughter.

For there, round a bend in the creek, came a birchbark canoe, and behind it another, many canoes and many Indians, following in the wake of the migrating caribou.

RAINDROPS

By Oscar C. Williams

O ghostly little raindrops
Upon my pane,
A-pattering out your message
From night and rain,
O dripping little raindrops,
To think that you

Will in the dawn-haired morning
Be golden dew.

O pattering little phantoms
Upon my brain

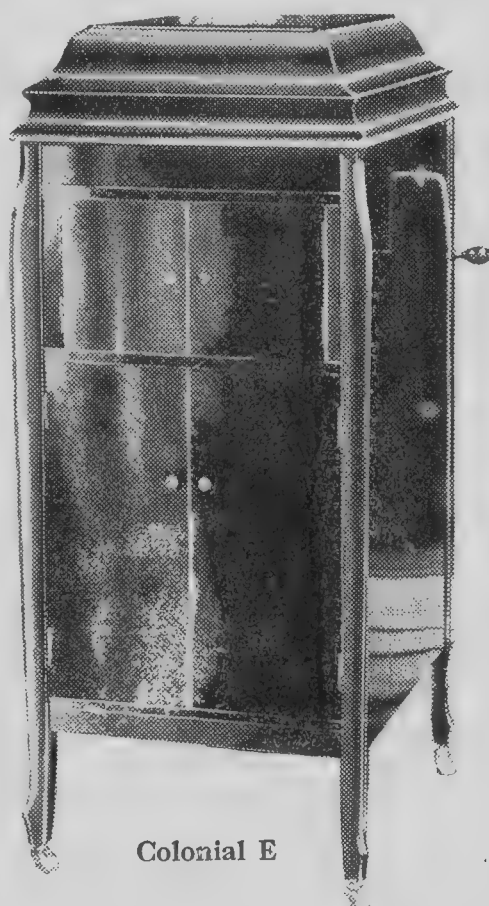
A-pattering out your message
From time and pain,

O will you patter always?
Or will you, too,

Turn in some dawn-haired morning
To golden dew?

Just Try to Equal Anywhere These Wonderful Phonograph Prices

From their general appearance you will be quick to realize that only instruments of considerably higher prices have the exquisite finish and design of either of these models—finished in beautiful mahogany and fumed oak. The similarity with regard to their exterior construction is equally great when compared with phonographs selling to-day at a much higher price. Either of these models will play any record, and are equipped with precisely the same motor that you will find in phonographs selling from \$50 to \$75 more in price. This special mail order proposition should appeal to hundreds who have contemplated a phonograph purchase. Only a limited number have been set aside from our Winnipeg Store stocks for our country customers. The safest way is to order yours to-day.



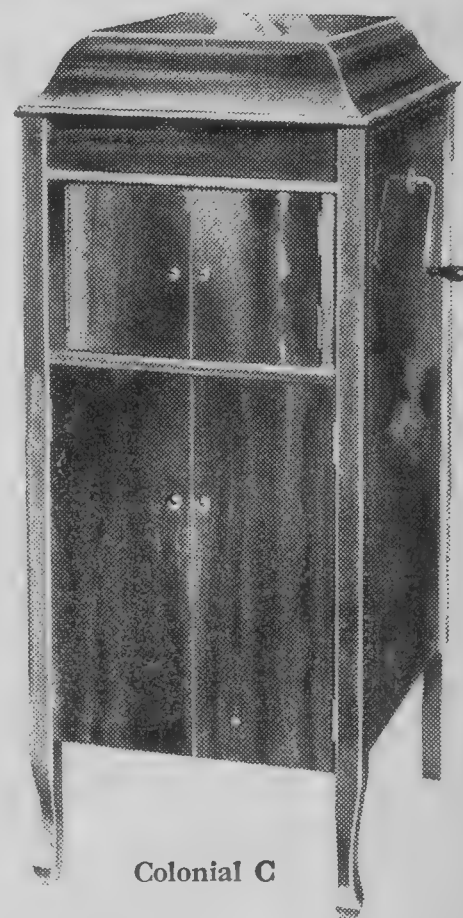
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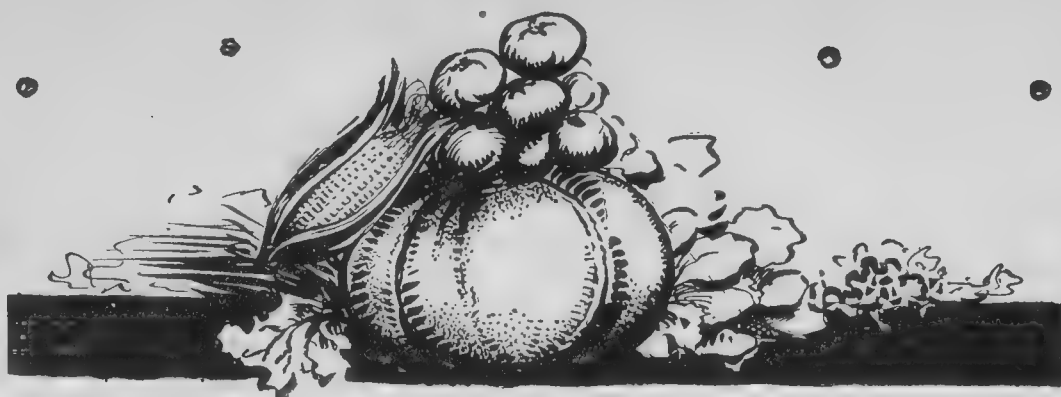
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PHONOGRAPHS: Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, Curtiss Aeronola, McLagan, Starr, Colonial.



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Western Verse

The Land of Far Away

'Tis o'er the hills where fades the sun,
The Land of Far Away;
And there the merry elfins are
That gambol night and day,
Without a single thought of care
To mingle with their play.

'Tis there they snip the old moons up
To make them into stars,
And scatter them across the sky,
From Jupiter to Mars.
To shine, and glow, like fairy lamps
On fairy motor cars.

'Tis there that dreams are conjured up;
And cunning magic brings
The power to speed to wondrous climes;
As we are borne on wings.
Away to Topsy Turvey, on
The other side of things.

There everything is upside down,
And very strange and queer;
Enough to frighten anyone;
And yet we do not fear.
'Tis just as natural out there
As things we look on here.

Now some folks say 'tis all a dream;
This Land of Far Away.
Ah well! I only hope those folk
Will wiser grow some day.
I've seen it, and I know it's there
That's all that I can say.

C. Lewis Rotherham.

The Little Name

'Twas just a little foolish name that called
from out the Spring,
But, oh, it bound my straying feet, and
stilled their wandering;
The wide spring skies above me, dear, the
long white road before,
Yet sweeter breathed the jasmine stars
above a cottage door.

The little name it led me there and then
it stole away,
Amid the swaying lilac-bloom that brushed
the lintel gray;
But little recked I of its loss, the while,
'twixt dusk and gleam,
We watched the home-flames flicker on
the hearth-stone of a dream.

I love the other home-sweet names that
share my chimney-breast.
That smile amid the taper-glow, and stroke
my heart to rest.
For "wife" is sweet as lilac breath of
unforgotten Mays,
And "Wife" is dear as each shy dream that
lit our yesterdays.

And sure at Heaven's gate itself can sound
no sweeter song
Than "Mother, mother, mother!" that is
mine the whole day long.
And yet, and yet, amid the dusk when I
am quite alone
I wait for little wandered feet to cross my
lintel-stone.

I wait a little foolish name that called
from out the Spring,
That bound my wilful-straying feet, and
stilled their wandering;
The sweet spring skies above me, dear, the
moon-white road before,
And jasmine stars that beckoned me
above a cottage door.

Your Treasure

Only a little golden head,
Two wondering eyes of blue,
Two little chubby dimpled hands,
That softly cling to you.

A pair of tiny restless feet
Pattering up and down,
Two rosy lips with smile so sweet
Charming away each frown.

Only a merry baby voice,
Lispings soft words of love,
A little heart that beats for you
Pure as the skies above.

No other gifts your life could bless,
Or bring you half the joy,
As this great treasure you possess,
Your bonny baby boy!

Isobel Wilson.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

FROM AN OBSERVER'S NOTE BOOK

We in Winnipeg who are interested in educational affairs, and most of us are, lived in an atmosphere of intense mental activity during the recent conference. An emphatic impression to the observer was the earnest attention and continued attendance of outsiders. They were hungry for the best that able experts among educational workers could give—and they were not disappointed. The great throbbing, vitalizing force generated at this wonderful conference will probably permeate every corner of Canada. We hope a fine vision of usefulness in the teaching profession shall inspire more of our girls to join the noble patriotic work. President Finley, of New York University said that any place where a good teacher works is a sacred place. It is true.

Alberta has taken the lead in giving opportunity of service as teachers to those who are willing to teach, but have no funds to use for the necessary training. Their policy is to loan government money to students wishing to train for the teaching profession. At present 175 teachers are being trained in the Alberta Normal School on government money. The loans are repayable over a period of two years after graduation. This policy will no doubt supply them with many excellent teachers. I know personally of ambitious teachers who wanted more training, but found it difficult to save enough to complete their course. In my own experience I taught a year, attended school the next year, and continued so until I completed my course. Much valuable time is lost under such handicap. Alberta will not be short of teachers under such splendid attention. The idea of the conference was to unite the educational forces of Canada in a movement towards cultivating a citizenship of honest, clean-minded character. A national education with a soul for the nation's good is the surest preparation for a strong nation. It cannot be accomplished unless there is complete co-operation and freedom from personal ambition and political intrigue. We trust the movement shall be free of all this—else our children may rise up and curse us.

The Saskatoon Phoenix published recently the syllabus of moral and civic instruction for elementary schools prepared by the Moral Educational League of Great Britain. I wish there was space to copy it. The value and beauty of an ideal standard of character is outlined completely for every year of the child's school life. For example: Standard IV. (10-11 years). 1, Manners; 2, Humanity; 3, honor; 4, justice; 5, truthfulness; 6, prudence; 7, courage; 8, work. Under each of these are important subdivisions. Text books for the use of teachers have been prepared in England for moral and outline of such training along systematic lines. Premier Martin, of Saskatchewan, in his remarks felt that most of the addresses were "idealistic." He said that the conference would do a great good if they would settle some of the practical civic training. They contain a complete difficulties which confront every provincial department of education in Canada. Premier Martin added that "problems in connection with the rural schools were not being properly appreciated. People in the city were too apt while sitting in their warm homes and offices to overlook these problems and say that those in rural parts must live up to the laws observed in the great centres of population." At the close of the conference when the National Educational Council was created the only woman appointed to represent the educational interests of Manitoba was one who has had no experience with rural schools here, and has never lived in the country. There were very able women among the delegates who have done splendid work in country schools. They have lived many years in rural parts of the Province of Manitoba and have sane, sincere executive ability. I wonder—do representatives always really represent? Is such a representative fair to the province?

Peter Wright was there, and he said things that make us all think. In clos-

ing, he made a wonderful plea for the children of the poor, asserting their right to an equal start in life and the play and joy of childhood. The women speakers won the respect and admiration of everyone. Mrs. George H. Smith, Educational Secretary of the I.O.D.E., explained their

work with the foreign-born children. She said: "We are teaching them to be with us as one in viewpoint through feeling and impulse." The I.O.D.E. chapters for some time have been doing a magnificent work among the foreign schools. It has meant a great deal to those cour-

ageous teachers to know the moral support of such a splendid organization was back of them. One of the best of them told me that their support encouraged her many times when she was ready to give up. They are now planning to

Continued on Page 46



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MRS. M. J. GORSE.

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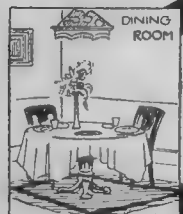


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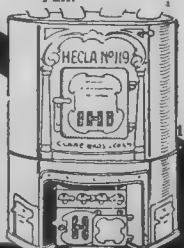
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 45

launch a fund for the purpose of perpetuating the ideals for which our soldiers fought. Their war memorial will consist of educational work—and, by the way, I wonder if these I.O.D.E. women who are doing so much definite educational work in our schools are represented on the New National Educational Council? The features of the war memorial described by Mrs. Smith are as follows:

"Teaching of patriotism with one viewpoint.

"Illustrated lectures in the schools on the history and geography of the Empire, both still pictures and motion pictures being used.

"Every non-English school in Canada to be supplied within the next five years with one of the I.O.D.E. British historical libraries, so that the children might learn of the British ideals, traditions and institutions of which we were all so proud.

"Government funds to be supplemented in order to provide for children of deceased soldiers having a secondary education.

"Creation of a national fund for giving to deceased soldiers' children who have gone through the secondary course a university education or its equivalent in music or art.

"Travelling scholarships of probably \$1,200 to graduates of the universities of Canada in history in order to give them a chance to continue their studies in Great Britain, these to be won in competitions held in each of the provinces. When the winners of the nine scholarships have been in Britain for one year, they will be asked to compete for a scholarship of greater value, which will enable them to remain in Britain for a second year. For an endowment fund to ensure the granting of these scholarships in the future, \$500,000 is being collected.

"The establishment in Canada of a lecture foundation for the study and teaching of imperial history, some outstanding man being brought to Canada once a year to discuss current questions of vital interest to the Empire.

"Reproductions of the famous paintings picturing Canada's part in the war to be given to 1,000 schools in Canada, 100 schools in Manitoba to receive them."

Dr. J. T. M. Anderson emphasized, in a very convincing address, that every child born in this Dominion should be given the chance to develop along the lines of one hundred per cent Canadianism. At times the atmosphere was cleared by charges of good old fashioned common sense as, for example, when Mr. Ira. Stratton said: "The real menace lay not in the so-called foreigners, but in the stand-off indifferent attitude of many Canadians." I feel as though some of the talk about citizenship in this conference is a sham," he said. "Many of you people in this congress have not put those immigrant children on an equality with your own as yet. They are waiting out there in the bush. If you want to interpret the best Canadian life to them you will have to live right in their midst. If you would knock the patent laws to smithereens and give us motion pictures and talking machines at reasonable prices we could use these modern appliances to educate the new Canadians and the others as well." W. Sisler declared that if the teachers in the school were to teach honesty and the ideals of citizenship, it was up to the politicians and business men to see that they set a good example. And Peter Wright referred to the congress as a "gasometer" where people

NOV					DEC					JAN					FEB				
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TUE	4	11	18	25	TUE	2	9	16	23	TUE	6	13	20	27	TUE	3	10	17	24
WED	5	12	19	26	WED	3	10	17	24	WED	7	14	21	28	WED	4	11	18	25
THU	6	13	20	27	THU	4	11	18	25	THU	1	8	15	22	THU	5	12	19	26
FRI	7	14	21	28	FRI	5	12	19	26	FRI	2	9	16	23	FRI	6	13	20	27
SAT	1	8	15	22	SAT	6	13	20	27	SAT	3	10	17	24	SAT	7	14	21	28

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THE VALLEY WAY

The valley may be very deep,
And even at the noon-day light,
It may not catch the warmth and cheer
And splendor of the glad sunlight.

But courage! For a short, sharp climb,
Will leave the shadows far below;
And soon the grandeur of the view,
Will bring unto your heart a glow.

The valley may be very wide,
With nothing more to greet the eye,
Than dreary slopes across the miles,
And wastes of weeds, as you go by.

But courage! Though the road is long,
And though the way before seems bleak,
Its glory you shall yet behold
When you have reached the heights
you seek.

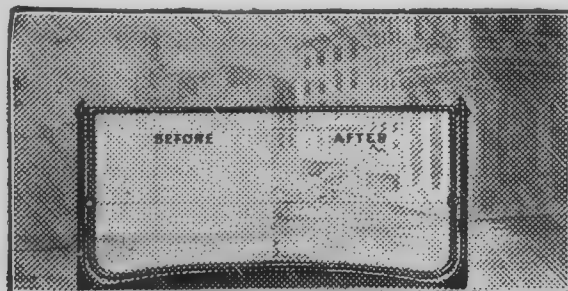
The valley may be very small,
And glad the way from height to height;
But know that on the further side
A deeper vale will greet your sight.

For up and down our way must go,
Until our spirits leave the clay;
We cannot dwell on splendid heights,
Nor in the valley can we stay.

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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen E. Vialoux

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and those who were fortunate enough to have good chickens, ducks or turkeys in condition to kill for the national festival certainly made a fine profit. The price paid was high and the demand tremendous. Winnipeg dealers could not get all they needed for their trade this year. Spring chicken were 43c. to 45c. per pound; dressed ducks, 45c. to 50c. per pound, and turkeys correspondingly high in price. Speaking for the many who raise poultry and have no chance to grow their own supply of feed for their flock, I suggest that the "powers that be" probe into the iniquitous price of chicken feed. Screenings bought in the stores cost quite as much as No. 1 Northern wheat, viz., \$3.85 to \$4.00 per 100 pounds. Shorts and bran are by-products—\$2.30 to \$2.40 a bushel—and the millers have boosted the price up to \$3.15 per 100 pounds for shorts and bran is hard to get at \$2.75 or thereabouts. This is retail, of course. Surely there is profiteering somewhere when such prices prevail in the fall when much of the threshing is done.

The editor of The Western Home Monthly struck the right note in his editorial in the October issue when he mentioned the milling trade and its huge profits, and wondered when "the probe" would extend its operations to this industry. Lucky is the farmer who grows his own feed and can clean up enough screenings and chaff, full or grain seeds, to keep his fowl for months. Winter laying is a hobby with a great many people this autumn and the report comes from the Agricultural College of many orders filled from the poultry department for pullets of a good laying strain, some men buying 200 or more pullets to stock up a little egg farm near Winnipeg. Electric light is being installed in all these poultry plants. Prof. Herner is inclined to think that a yearling hen will lay nearly as many eggs during the winter as a pullet, where electric light is used to lengthen the winter days and brighten the dreary mornings in the hen house. At any rate, he is experimenting along this line this coming winter.

Last season I saw the straw houses for poultry at the college and was interested in them, as well as in the farmer's henhouse. The report comes from Prof. Herner that the straw houses are being done away with, not having proved at all satisfactory. The health of the birds was not so good nor the egg yield so high in straw coops as in wooden buildings. The rough and ready farmers' hen coop, also, has proved somewhat of a failure at the college, where 2,000 birds were raised this season. 1919 has not proved to be a banner year in raising poultry in a large way. In 1918 the college experts found that it took two eggs on an average to make one chicken. In 1919 the average was four eggs to raise one chicken. The intense heat and humidity of May and June no doubt had much to do with this low average. During November the poultry houses should be put in good shape for winter. Windows repaired, fresh cotton put in the frames, cracks and crannies filled up in readiness for zero weather. All fowl need good ventilation, but that does not mean an icy draught over a poor chicken's head from a broken pane in the window or from a wide crack in the wall. Start the winter with a clean coop, and do not grudge a little time spent in gathering leaves for litter or securing some fine chaff for the same purpose. A barrel of garden dust or fine mould and some gravel is always necessary for the comfort of the fowl during the long cold winter. In selecting birds to keep over winter cull out any hen with a rattle in her throat or cold in her head. These fowl are very likely to develop roup later on when fowls are more or less cooped up. One hen with a nasty case of roup may infect a dozen other birds in the hen house. A simple cold, however, can be cured in a few days. Keep the ailing fowl by herself and give her some soft

food and put a teaspoon of coal oil in the drinking water or a few drops of carbolic acid. Coal oil in the drinking water, a teaspoon to a couple of gallons of water, will often prevent colds in a flock of fowls especially in the fall when the days are raw and chilly. House all laying stock early, and select birds with soft pliable looking combs turning red and a bird with a soft loose skin. A hen about to lay has very pliable bones, is alert and chirpy; while a non-layer has a dried up looking comb and her body seems contracted and the bones set. A late moulting bird is usually a good layer, and, though it is not wise to keep "ancient" hens, I am loth to do away with a biddy that has proved she is an Al egg producer, as she makes a fine breeder for next spring and will lay more or less during the winter months. Pullets need the best of care now to fit them for their winter's duties. Bake or boil a pan of small potatoes sometimes and give them at noon and do not forget a daily supply of green feed. The sudden coming in October of really cold nights has injured a lot of cabbage in the gardens. These should be frozen and saved for the chickens in winter. If thawed and half cooked and given as a noon feed the fowls enjoy them greatly.

Egg laying contests seem all the rage at present, and poultry fanciers are delighted that an international Canadian egg laying contest is being conducted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, commencing on November 1st, open to the world.

Fifty pens of pure bred birds have entered this contest, ten hens in each pen. Any bird that has laid 150 eggs in fifty-two weeks is eligible for registration in "The Record Performance" class, and any bird that has shelled out 225 eggs in fifty-two weeks is eligible for registration in "The Advanced Record of Performance." This contest will be watched with great interest all over Canada and, no doubt, will prove helpful to the Canadian poultry industry.

Another egg laying contest has been started, and that is a contest inspected by government experts but conducted on individual poultry plants where the pure bred flocks are trap nested. This is open to any breeder who will comply with the regulations, which are similar to those governing the record of performance of dairy cattle, under the supervision of officers of the poultry division of the Live Stock Branch, Ottawa.

HALLOWEEN WITCHES

By Lilian Clisby Bridgman

There are countless witches roaming
Everywhere this Halloween;
'Tis the queerest lot of witches
Human eyes have ever seen.

They are lurking round the corners
In most unexpected lairs,
Waiting to jump out upon you
When they catch you unawares.

There is one we meet most often,
He is called "Oh, I forgot";
And his friend, "I didn't mean to,"
Is the worst one of the lot.

"Couldn't help it" is another
Who delights to capture us,
And his friend, "Just wait a minute,"
Really is quite dangerous.

Hand in hand are two more witches,
Here, and there, and everywhere:
"Let it wait until tomorrow,"
And his comrade, "I don't care."

Oh, these ever-present witches,
How they love to lurk about!
They are sure to catch you napping
If you don't keep watching out.

Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 4c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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Woman and the Home

DAD'S PLACE IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Fortunate indeed is the child who is brought up by his father as well as by his mother. Time was when no father thought of interfering with mother in the training of the children. Occasionally he was called upon to administer punishment more severe than mother felt equal to delivering, and sometimes he became the dread and fear of such unfortunates as knew him only as the inflicter of bodily punishment; but the whole question of discipline rested with mother. Under no conditions would he interfere unless asked by her to take a child in hand.

But father's place in the home is being better understood these days. In many families he is found co-operating with mother in dealing with the faults and waywardness of childhood. He is relieving mother a bit of the responsibility connected with the raising of the children, and at the same time he is growing closer to his boys and girls and instilling in them the principles of a right life he has learned by years of experience.

Every young mother just facing the problem of child training should impress upon the father as soon as the first baby arrives the reliance she places upon him in the future upbringing of their little ones. The father should realize that, inasmuch as the child is his as much as the mother's, the training of that child should fall on his shoulders as much as one the mother's. During the baby's first year probably his only duty will lie in following the rules mother has so carefully formulated for his welfare. He will have to learn to let the baby lie and cry when nothing is the matter with him; to desist from tossing him into the air; tickling his toes and doing other laugh-producing "stunts" so often in-

dulged in by the father who doesn't understand; and to refrain from handling him whatever he takes it into his tiny head to want, just to keep him quiet. If he can accomplish that much successfully during the baby's first year, he has established himself firmly in the child's mind as one of his disciplinarians.

During the years that follow the year of babyhood, the child in most instances must be with the mother a good part of the time. If the father works away from home he will doubtless see but little of his children, except on Sundays. But even so, he should not forget his position in the family. Whenever he is at home he should endeavor to be with his children as much as possible, and talk with them and set them to thinking right things. Evenings he should talk over the children with the mother and decide with her how best to correct wrong tendencies and contend with trying dispositions. Oftentimes his suggestions will be much more helpful than mother's practises, for the simple reason that he can view their little faults and naughtinesses from a distance as a disinterested observer, whereas mother must daily observe them through her proximity.

The farm wife, who has her husband so much of the time near at hand, should, as regards the upbringing of her children, consider herself in a fortunate position. Not only can she talk over with her husband the proper discipline necessary for John and Mary, but their father can be an actual witness to many of their misdemeanors and decide what course should be taken to correct them.

There are many, many times when the father is in a better position to administer reproof or correction than the mother. "A child should never be punished in anger." That statement every mother has read; but there are times when the mother, rushed with a hundred

duties, tired and nervous to the point of exhaustion, cannot overcome the irritability wrought by some action of her mischievous little boy or girl, and consequently cannot punish a wrong deed seriously, thoughtfully and calmly. Dad, on the other hand, if he be in the house, can pass sentence in a judicial manner, weighing the why and wherefore of the deed, the spirit in which it was done, the intent of it, etc., etc. More than likely he will end up by taking the child on his knee and having a little heart-to-heart talk with him—something mother, rushed and nervous as she was, could not possibly have done.

Whatever dad's work, whatever his hours at home, he should never let slip an opportunity to get close to his children, to win their confidence, and in so doing have many of these valuable heart-to-heart talks. Certain modes of punishment may be necessary at times, but when all is said and done, nothing has a better, more lasting effect on the character of the growing boy or girl than the little talk with dad while he is happily engaged making something with his jack-knife, tinkering with tools or doing the homely round of farm chores.

Dad's place when at home should not be apart from the family, but a very important part of that family. The children should be as close to him as to the mother. Their upbringing should rest as much in his hands as in the mother's.

Every child needs the influence and companionship of his father; every father needs the influence and companionship of his children. Happy is that family in which the father realizes his position and his responsibility as regards the upbringing of the children, from earliest infancy to the time when they are man and woman grown.

versation in the reception room, except for Aunt Elsie's ejaculations of amazement as she hovered about the lovers.

"Yes, dear, they told me you were dead—"

"Your father always hated me—"

"Hush—he is dead. And you away sick in Cuba—oh, oh!"

"And you got married, Peggie?"

"Yes, John Mitchell paid off father's debts, and so I—I—"

"Yes, Peggie—and he—he is gone, too?"

"Yes, but the baby's name is not Elsie; it's a boy—his name is Arthur. Oh, Arthur. and you wrote that silly thing in the paper! But, Arthur, oh, I am so glad you did!"

There was no "second day story," but a second life story. And they ate one of the turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner. Aunt Elsie was a famous cook.

There is a little Elsie now. On her first birthday the boys in the Star office sent her a little silver turkey.—Charles Michael Williams.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL

The Newtons had returned and the honeymoon was fairly over, at least as far as Mr. Newton was concerned.

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning that the bride most solicitously inquired: "Now, dear, what interior decorations appeal to your taste?"

"Ham and eggs," was the practical reply.

A JUSTIFIABLE BLOW

Ever punctual himself, King George III expected similar punctuality in others. Lord Hertford knew and respected his royal master's wishes. So one day, when he had an appointment at Windsor for twelve o'clock, he was overwhelmed at hearing the clock strike the noon hour just as he was passing through the hall. Furious at being half a minute late, he raised his cane and smashed the glass of the clock's face. The king, knowing nothing of the episode, let him off with a slight reprimand.

The next time that the earl called on the king, however, he was received less graciously.

"Hertford," said His Majesty, "how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first. Your Majesty," was Hertford's immediate rejoinder.

The aptness of the speech and the mock solemnity of the culprit in delivering it won the king's laughter and forgiveness.

A Human Interest Story

Continued from
Page 29

"Mistah Arthur!" gasped Aunt Elsie, turning gray, and her hands raised in horror. "What foh you ha'n't me? I never done you no hahm in de world, I declah, Mistah Arthur!"

"Arthur!" whispered the tall girl, white as paper first, and then ruddy as a rose with the sudden rush of glad blood. "Arthur, they told me you were dead and buried in Cuba!"

Blake stood for a moment like a wooden manikin, and then this quiet, grave young man, this somber fellow whom his fellows had never seen perturbed or move beyond an almost languid step, had leaped across the room like a greyhound released from leash, his face aflame, his eyes hungry, but not so hungry as his heart, and cried in a broken voice:

"Peggie!"

He gathered the girl in his arms, and for a few minutes little broken words—and unbroken kisses—made up the con-

Two thoroughly frightened and not irate women confronted and then fell back from him.

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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

STRAW AND ITS USES

TO a certain extent, the manner in which straw is handled after it leaves the blower of the mill, will determine its ultimate value to the farmer. In the first place the storage and general care of it should be as carefully planned as time and weather will permit. The ideal way of saving straw that will permit of its being used to the last straw in good condition is to blow it into the barn, but, of course, in the West where a great many of the barns are comparatively small and the fields large, it will not be generally practicable. As straw is not adapted to turning water, even a small supply under cover will at times be found to be a boon in cases of emergency when fresh dry straw is required. The thorough tramping of straw when it is being stacked outside the barn will help considerably in enabling it to turn water. It has been found a good plan to sprinkle salt in a straw stack during the course of its building; this makes it a more acceptable form of roughage.

A judicious use of hay and grain will help considerably in the feeding of straw as a winter ration and will serve as an acceptable break in the routine of feeding for horses. In the case of horses working in the winter months straw alone is insufficient and must be balanced up with a good grain ration and an occasional boiled feed.

The day of the burning straw pile is past, as the development of mixed farming in the West claims a share of the straw from the grain fields as a necessary link of its system. The straw stack that was once looked upon as a heap of trash is now a provision for the future as it returns to the land from which it came, in the form of manure. Straw is the handy "filler" for stock, playing the part of the household loaf on the table, and similarly it may be embellished and made more palatable in many ways. As it has now become an article of commercial value, it is as well to have the stacks that are left in the field, strategically arranged in order that they be as accessible as possible, for there are many of us in this country who will always retain vivid recollection of hauling home straw from distant stacks in bad weather over poor trails.

Straw as Feed for Cows

Buckwheat straw is considered of some value owing to the nitrogen it contains though it is considered more suited for sheep than for cows.

Flax straw should be fed with care and should not be fed unless it has been cut and dried before the frost came. Its stringy covering on the stems makes it rather difficult to digest.

Wheat straw is low in nutritive value though it should not be passed over as it will fill in as a roughage in the absence of more palatable kinds.

Barley straw is a little higher in feeding value than wheat straw. The best way to use it is finely cut and mixed with ensilage.

Oat straw is a good filler and is considered the best of all straws for cattle. When mixed with other roughage, or grain it adds a good deal of mineral matter to the ration.

Pea straw is valuable as a cattle feed, when clean. However, it is usually considerably broken up and dusty, which reduces its feeding value. It is a first rate feed for sheep.

Chicken Feeds

The use of alfalfa has come to stay in a good many departments of the farm. Now it has got well established and tried out by numerous progressive farmers who have proven it a very desirable hay crop, we can turn our attention to the feeding capabilities that lie within it. In the poultry yard it is giving excellent results. It is recommended that alfalfa meal be used to the extent of ten per cent in a dry mash. Fine cropped alfalfa, which is very different to alfalfa meal, and which can be made with an ordinary cutter, is becoming popular and the best form in which to use it is to steep it in boiling water. In such form

it is very acceptable to the poultry on cold days. As alfalfa contains a high percentage of protein, its value in the poultry plant will be appreciated.

The laying hen is very susceptible to variation of feed and it is a wise policy to cater to this desire. Lime is also a necessity and may be presented in the form of ground oyster shell placed in a box or hopper.

During the month of November the pullets should be fed on an increased scale for egg production. Mixed grain morning and evening is the progressive step. Do not omit to bury this in deep litter so that there will be considerable work on the part of the pullets before they gain their reward in the shape of the kernels of grain.

Standard re-cleaned screenings is a feed with a standard set by the government which makes the buying of it mean that the purchaser is getting a feed of recognized value. There is a large percentage of broken wheat in it and then next in order comes wild buckwheat.

Barley gives satisfactory results in feeding for fattening as it contains a little higher content in protein than wheat. It gives almost as good results

as wheat and is usually much cheaper.

The use of sprouted oats is rapidly gaining popularity. Especially is this the case where the feeding of breeding stock is concerned. The birds are very fond of it and it keeps them in first class condition.

To successfully sprout grains, heat and moisture are necessary and the following method is one that is recommended:

"Pour into a pail a quart and half to two quarts of oats for each hundred hens and pour over them water as hot as the hand can bear, allow them to stand for about twelve hours, then drain and leave for about twelve hours, after which, spread them out not more than an inch deep on a warm basement floor or a wire bottomed tray, and water freely twice a day with warm water until ready for use, which will be when the sprouts are two or three inches long. They will have formed a solid mat which may be removed from the tray entire and torn into pieces to suit the flock, or the green may be clipped, leaving the roots to produce another crop."

When fowls are shut in, they soon miss the grubs and insects which they pick up when running free, and in order to make up for this deficiency, some animal foods should be supplied.

Fresh meat is keenly relished by the fowl and when a head can be secured economically it gives them a great treat

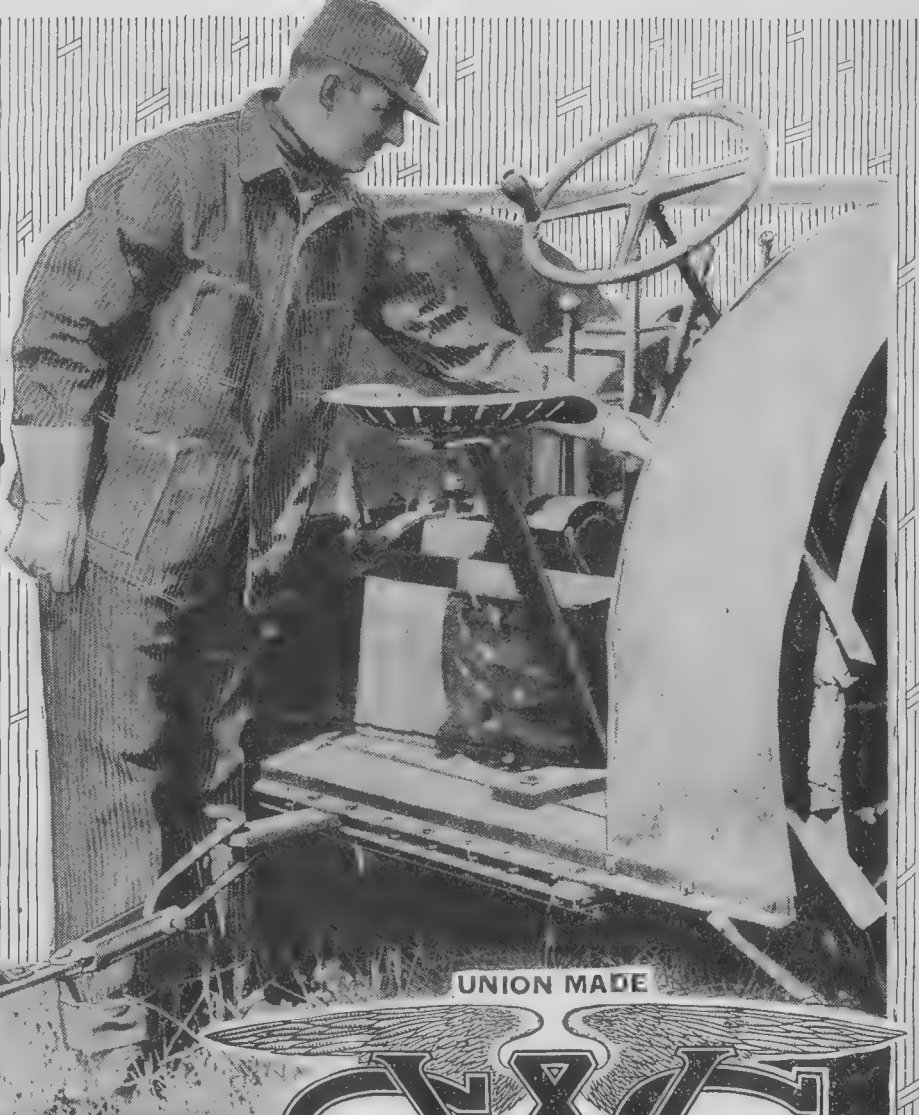
to pick it. The use of fresh meat is, of course, not an easy ration to continue with at the present prohibitive prices.

Beef scrap is another excellent feed to compensate for the loss of animal food found on the range. It is advisable not to feed this and other meat preparations too heavily as such a course is liable to cause digestive troubles. Authorities advise that before purchasing meat preparations, a sample should be obtained, then pour a little boiling water over it; the smell that follows will be a good indication of its fitness for feeding purposes.

Milk is essentially a valuable form of food and may be given in a fountain as a drink or mixed in a mash, while buttermilk is not only a very desirable food itself but has the effect of stimulating the digestion and keeping the birds in a healthy condition. Care must be taken to see that one standard is adhered to right along; feed sour milk all the time or sweet milk all the time; do not switch from one to the other as the latter method is apt to cause a set back in the health of the hens. Milk produces good results either with the laying hens or with the fowl in the fattening crate. Milk-fed chickens are a much sought after commodity of diet.

Charcoal is coming more into vogue and the fowls will eat considerable quan-

Continued on Page 50



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About the Farm

Continued from Page 49

ties of it. It is sometimes fed in a powdered form mixed in the mash, but the method that is considered more correct is to place the charcoal in a hopper where the fowls can have easy access to it and where they may help themselves at will. It is valuable in maintaining a good state of health in the poultry plant.

The Cow Barn as a Profit Centre

As the cow is the greatest producer of the farm, the cow barn should of necessity be an important place on the farm and one where every possible aid to the cows' benefit is embodied. This building when built is likely to be your neighbour for some considerable time and it is as well to consider whether it is to be a

cow "storage" or a real home for your cows. Before the actual building is undertaken, one of the chief points should be the consideration of location and its accessibility to and from other travelled points of the barnyard.

It has been found by good authorities on the subject that the plan of having the cows and the feed in the same building is to be recommended, that is, having the feed above and the cows below, provided that there be a tight ceiling below the joists. The plan of having the barn contain the cows and feed gives a good centralization of labor, giving increased handiness and time saving.

About six hundred cubic feet of air space is the requirement of each animal and it is best to arrange the cows on the same principle as is done in the arrange-

ment of the building in its relation to the barnyard, viz., convenience and accessibility. The above plan can best be attained by having the cows in two rows the length of the stable with their heads toward the outer walls. A passage of five feet in width at the head of the cows is necessary for the convenience of trucks in the head feed system. In regard to the passage behind the cows, about seven feet is the required width for the cows to pass in and out in safety and for the cleaning out of the manure and old bedding.

An important point in a good cow barn is the arrangement of tying the cows. It is advisable to tie them in such a way as to permit them to be as free in the head as possible but at the same time prevent them from moving or

"hooking" to either side. The best solution is a good swing stanchion. This allows them to lie down and rise with ease and prevents any swinging to the sides. The effect of light, especially sunlight, has the greatest benefit on the general health of the cows, and arrangements should be made to allow as much light as possible to enter the barn consistent with the upkeep of temperature and also taking into consideration the strength of the walls to accommodate the requisite number of windows. From five to seven square feet of glass per animal is considered the correct arrangement. Double windows are a great advantage for winter, as they keep the inner windows free from a good deal of frost and prevent the icing over that occurs where single windows are in vogue and ensure a better supply of daylight.

Winter Blooms

Where so little labor is involved for so much benefit, the growing of bulbs in the home during the winter months is most decidedly a worth-while proposition. The winter days are short and we are subject to times of semi-gloom in contrast to the sunlight and the general call of the outdoors, consequently the presence of blooms in the house makes a considerable compensation for the loss of the flowers that we admired until the frost ended their beauty.

No household ornamentation can really compete with flowers in the home and the few bulbs that are purchased and brought to bloom will produce an air of cheerfulness during the winter months that will ensure the growing of them being an annual undertaking on the part of those who make even a fair success of the first attempt.

Bulbs may be planted in lots of four in each six-inch pot. The pot should be clean and have a layer of pebbles in the bottom, then some soil composed of black loam mixed with about 50 p.c. of sand should be added. Place the bulbs in so that the tops are about level with the rim of the pot when the soil has been packed carefully around each bulb. Place the pots in a dark and cool corner of the cellar. They should be kept moist and the temperature of their storage should be kept at about forty degrees.

After about two months they will have produced sufficient growth to be brought up to the light of the rooms and it is a good plan to place them in a position where they will not get full light at the start, then, after a week, they may be moved into full light and should be regularly watered.

The following varieties are a good selection:

Early Tulips—

Joost von Vondel (white). Large and of fine form.
Pottebakker, White (white).
La Reine (white). Occasionally turning pink.
Cottage Maid (pink and white).
Proserpine (carmine).

Late Tulips (Double)—

Couronne d'or (deep yellow).
Murillo (fine pink).
Madame de Graaf (white). Perianth pure white, trumpet nearly white.
Empress (bicolor). Perianth pure white, trumpet rich yellow.
Victoria (bicolor). Perianth creamy white, trumpet rich yellow.
Golden Spur (yellow). The earliest variety for forcing.
Princeps (yellow). Trumpet a deeper yellow.
Emperor (yellow). Perianth yellow, with trumpet a deeper yellow.
Sir Watkin (bicolor). Perianth primrose, large yellow cup.
Double Van Sion (yellow). Double golden yellow.

Hyacinths—

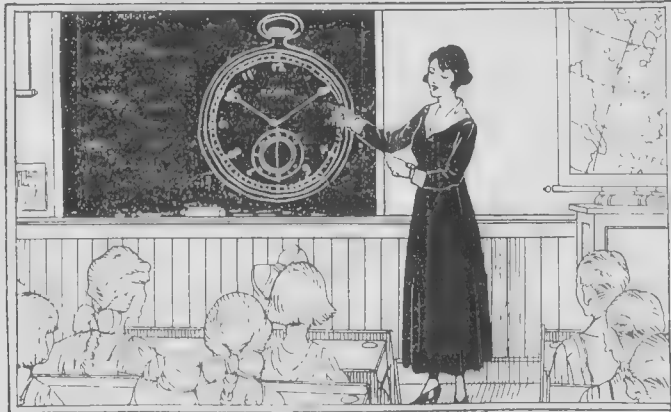
La Grandesse (snow white).
Madame Van de Hoop (white, late flowering).
Gigantea (blush pink).
Enchantress (clear light blue).

The Coming Season

"The King is dead, long live the King" was the cry of the royal herald in olden times, for in this manner he announced the death of the king and gave greetings at the same time to his successor. In such a way may the farmers of this country announce the end of this season

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Elgin— "The Spirit of Achievement"



The Teacher



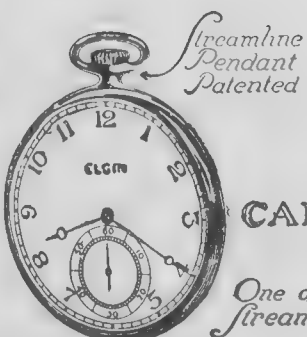
WHAT more important lesson can be taught your child than the value of Time? Efficiency in later years—achievement in world affairs—in home-making and the well rounded life—all have their foundations laid in the knowledge of the value of the minute—planned to the tick of an Elgin.

The Elgin is indeed the very spirit of achievement. The child who learns these lessons which the Elgin so clearly teaches has laid the corner stone of future success.

The Teacher, appreciating the value of Time, sets the day's schedule of lessons by the Elgin. This impresses on the class the necessity of ordering all work, all activity, with regularity.

Make the Elgin the register of the minutes and hours of your daily schedule and you will complete each day's work with a consciousness of achievement.

There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.



CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

About the Farm

Continued from Page 50

and proclaim the beginning of the next, for now is the time to plan for the activities that lie before us. The season just closed has been full of lessons; what season has not? The winter may be somewhat of a close season, but it is not necessarily an inactive one.

The farm dairy would be one good link in the farm system if it is not already established in the farm routine. Memory is not entirely to be trusted, and as an aid a handy journal may be purchased, one that is divided into two or three days on each page. On this journal may be entered the principal activities of the farm, and notes may be made on the dates ahead so that coming events may be kept in mind and prepared for. Field operations can be planned now as well, and, perhaps, better, than when the approach of spring diverts the attention by its multitudinous requirements. In fact, generally speaking, it is better to be months ahead where Western farming is concerned than even a few days late. A plain ruled notebook as a companion to the diary may be started and it is surprising how soon it will contain a formidable array of notes for the coming season.

VITALIZED TEACHING IS REAL TEACHING

By Mary Eleanor Kramer, Agricultural Extension Department, International Harvester Company, Chicago, Ill.

Prof. P. G. Holden's rotation plan for vitalizing the teaching of agriculture will without doubt treble the efficiency of the rural school. Through the agency of this kind of instruction in agriculture the rural schools will be instrumental in adding millions of dollars to the wealth of the country by increasing the yield of corn, oats, wheat, alfalfa and other crops. There is practically no limit to the service that can be rendered by the rural schools in educating the boys and girls to practical, up-to-date methods in farming.

Personal attainment has ever been a source of inspiration and happiness; this principle applies to the school boy or girl as well as to the adult. Vitalized agriculture is especially strong in this kind of instruction; the arrangement of the rotation plan is most constructive. The four years' work required for the completion of the work is divided as follows: First year, growing things; second year, making things; third year, live things; fourth year, soil and the home.

One Missouri teacher thus writes of his experience after the completion of the first year's work under the rotation plan:

"The children are so enthusiastic about vitalized agriculture.

"Letter writing, language work, arithmetic, in fact, all branches of study, have a new interest when taught in connection with vitalized agriculture.

"If you think the pupils are not interested I should like to tell you that more than one dusk found them in the cornfields.

"One little girl said: 'O, we want to learn about things ourselves, not read about what someone else did.'

"As a direct result of vitalized agriculture almost all the farmers are testing their own seed corn and they never tested seed sown before.

"Through vitalized agriculture I find in boys, when I really get inside their souls, so much I never dreamed was there. It is wonderful I have come so near missing it; sometimes I wonder if there is a boy or girl who has no greatness."

Instead of the old-time dreary round of dull text-books, vitalized agriculture opens to the child the great book of Nature, at the same time providing the key that unlocks the storehouse of wisdom.

Teachers trained in the new method no longer attempt to train a more or less mythical set of powers of the child by a senseless grind over meaningless exercises supposed to develop mental strength. On the other hand, every new subject is approached through some present interest or activity of the child.

It is interesting to get the viewpoint of the child on this new method of presenting the subject of agriculture, and to that end we reproduce the following just as it was written by the boy:

Pickering, Missouri, Dec. 13, 1918.
Prof. P. G. Holden, Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Friend: I will write you a few lines to tell you about what we have done in school this year. At first we had carpenter work. We had to go to Pickering about two miles away to get our lumber. As to our luck, we have a small barn or stable at the school-house, and most of the children ride or drive; so whenever we were ready to go after lumber we had a buggy ready to go in.

First, in the carpenter work we made nail boxes; each pupil made one for himself.

Next we made some saw horses. Our first bad luck was when we were varnishing our bench. A girl and I dropped the varnish on the bench, but we rubbed as fast as we could, and after all it didn't look so bad, only we didn't have very much more varnish.

Next time we made our drying racks. I guess the lumber the boys purchased was yellow pine; the ends would split a little when the nail was driven in. Then when we began to draw the screen wire over it we had to be very careful again that we didn't split the stripping.

Next we made our book racks; the other children just went a flying. I had mine just about half finished, and just burst, and split it from one end to the other.

My teacher said: "If once you don't succeed try again." So I did, and after all my bad luck I beat the rest of them finished.

Some of the girls made broom holders. I forgot to say before that the children purchased the lumber, and brought back a bill from the lumberman, and we used to show how bills are made out and figured.

We are going to make a table to put our dictionary, globe, and a number of other things on. I made a shelf the other day to put a part of our dinner pails on.

We took a lesson on drying from the bulletin, and then dried beets and potatoes. It was nearly too late to get much of anything else to dry. The potatoes didn't do right; I guess the fire was a little too hot on the start. We are going to dry some more potatoes when we get a little more time. The beets were all right.

Next we had rope tying. I would rather tie knots than do anything we have taken yet. Our teacher taught us six different knots, but first she showed us how to relay a rope, break a string and to wrap the end of a rope.

We have also learned the following knots: Square knot, granny knot, overhand knot, halter tie and miller's knot.

I know how to fix a rope around a barrel to raise it; one of the pupils in the school knew how to tie a timber hitch.

Whenever a pupil knows how to tie a new knot he goes to the front, and our teacher comes back and takes his place and learns it with the rest of us. We have made the knots and mounted them on a board.

I almost forgot to tell you about our note books. We have some of the best-looking note books you ever saw. This will be all for this time.

Yours sincerely,
Raymond Houston.

Glendale School.

P.S.—I don't suppose you remember me; I was the red-headed boy that told how to determine a stand of corn at the Normal the same time you told about owning your first calf, and how you liked to go to ball games when you were a boy.

The rural school which is vitalized by the rotation plan is vastly more interesting to both pupil and teacher, and of infinitely greater value to all the people. It is building for real life; the sort of teaching that make schools justify a real reason for being.

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A Great Business that is almost a Boy's Industry

When one pictures an industry that runs into millions of dollars every year one usually imagines that the persons who keep it going are men well into middle age or at least matured. Farming, manufacturing, merchandising—all bring this picture.

And yet one great industry that grows every year by millions is an amazing exception—the fur industry. For the fur industry more than any other business in the world depends on boyhood for its growth and success.

It is the country boys who have helped to swing the center of this great industry from old world cities to St. Louis. It is their efforts that have enabled the St. Louis dealers to put on the markets record-breaking numbers of skins. It is their activity in the trapping of fur-bearing animals that has brought into country districts millions of extra dollars every year. And it is their ready co-operation in the protection of those animals during the closed seasons and the breeding seasons that is making it possible for the United States to continue as the greatest fur marketing country in the world.

The centering of the fur industry in the United States has benefited both the nation and the country boy himself. For the former it has brought buyers from the old world to our shores to spend millions of dollars for skins that are shipped away in American ships. For the latter it has provided a steady source of income—actually big money—that is the envy of even the city boy who has money making opportunities rarely presented to his brother in the fields.

Country boys by the thousands have gone into trapping within the last few years because they realize there is a real profit in it. Furs are easily trapped. The demand is great even for such very common animals as muskrat and skunk.

Indeed these two form the great bulk of the volume of trade in the commoner furs. And an idea of the high prices that they command may be gathered from the news that at the last sale on the International Fur Exchange in St. Louis during the month of April 251,000 skunk skins brought the amazing sum of \$806,000. The price at which these skins were purchased from professional trappers and country boys was somewhat less than that by a few thousands, but it is safe to say that at least \$775,000 of the \$806,000 went into the country districts and a large percentage of it into the pockets of boys between 14 and 21.

At these International fur sales which occur three times a year it is nothing unusual to see as many as 130,000 racoon, 1,000,000 muskrat, 100,000 mink, 300,000 skunk all put up for sale within a few days, most of them sent in by country boys. And what prices furs are bringing!

At the last auction in April the astounding sum of \$11,000,000 was paid by American and foreign buyers for furs of all kinds. The January sale brought in nearly as much.

These sales give some slight conception of the enormous number of pelts that country boys gather and market every day or two during the trapping season. From November until March boys, young men, mature men and even women engage in the lucrative pastime of trapping wild animals. They send thousands and thousands of skins into the St. Louis market every week to meet the tri-weekly sales.

This year fur dealers look for another big catch, as fur prices, owing to the extreme popularity of fur of all kinds for both summer and winter styles, and the ability of people to pay for furs of high grade, promise to remain high.

That of course means broader opportunity for the Canadian or American boy in the industry that is essentially his—broader opportunity and better prices.



Join the Parade

Start now and ship every skin you handle this season to the greatest fur house in the world, the greatest fur market in the world, Abraham Fur Co., St. Louis.

You are about to start the greatest fur season in the history of the fur trade—you will receive the highest prices for your furs ever known and if you want every dollar coming to you for your shipments, send them to the Abraham Fur Co. We have cleaned out all of our old supply, lock, stock and barrel, and have nothing on hand but money—millions to pay for furs.

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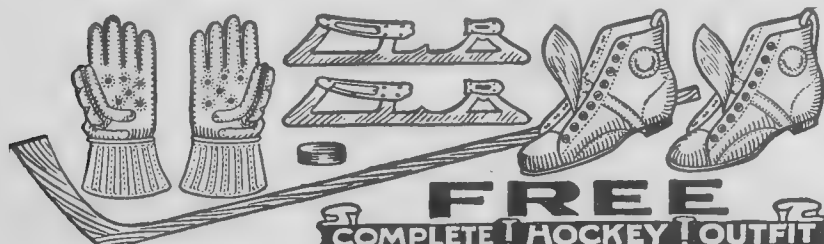
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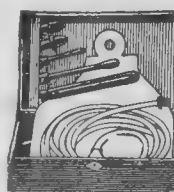
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The Grand Buffalo Hunt

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charlotte Gordon

CHANGING conditions, changing standards, life in the building and progressing, has developed an element in our National life which is a vital factor in the up-building of Canada. In the onward rush of events, history is being made, backed by the most-cherished traditions. This great historical drama developing, is ever the result of mental progress from which is evolved different phases of life. The spirit of the Canadian prairies of the early days is not the spirit of to-day. The broad free life of the Indians who hunted in all the glory of savage life when the buffalo roamed in countless thousands and was their chief means of substance, has gone; the day of the cowboy with his gaudy shirt, flashy silk handkerchief, wide sombreros, riding-boots and jingling spurs, is past. Civilizing influences have driven from us the warm-hearted frontiersman. Now the plough is at work among the buffalo bones and the spring anemone. A condition of life and a race typical of the west, which is fast passing, has a fascination, as it gradually becomes a matter



A crooked steer, Calgary Stampede

of history. The native races may become extinct but, living in our history, the nomenclature of our country will reveal the trails of the Red men to whom a certain poverty came with the disappearance of the buffalo. These noble animals roamed in countless herds on the western prairies. The records of Captain John Palliser in 1857, give accounts of the whole region, as far as eye could see being covered with buffalo, in bands, varying from hundreds to thousands. So vast were the herds that serious apprehensions were entertained for the horses of the explorers as "the grass was eaten to the earth as if the place had been destroyed by locusts." The records of Alexander McKenzie, an agent of the North-West Fur Company, relate meeting herds in the valleys of the Rockies and in the northern portions of British Columbia. They furnished the settler and the Indian with the principal part of their food. Every Indian village and Hudson Bay fort swarmed with dogs as the buffalo meat was so abundant they could be fed cheaply. They were hunted and slaughtered so incessantly by the Indian, the Metis and the White man as they were driven back and westward to the shadows of the Rockies. Each year the hunter had to go farther westward to find his game as the waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization made itself felt on these broad plains until the last of those valuable animals were ruthlessly slaughtered. In 1873, Governor Morris of Manitoba reported that American traders had shipped out of Canada no less than fifty thousand dollars worth of furs. "A very serious view of the matter," said Governor Morris, "apart from the demoralization of the Indians, is in precipitation of the great difficulties we will encounter with the Crees and Blackfeet when the buffalo are extinct and at present rate of extermination, that event may be looked for in five or six years." Governor Morris' prophecy proved quite correct.

In the days of the vast herds, the great animal event of the various settlements was the grand buffalo hunt. It

always occurred towards the end of the summer when all was excitement and din of preparation while old men rehearsed past triumphs and young men boasted of coming glories. Scouts reported where the buffalo were feeding. Then in semi-military array, the long cavalcade, numbering several hundreds set out—the women and children in capacious carts while the men were mounted on "buffalo runners", excited, fiery racers. The men were most admirably dressed for the occasion in picturesque garments. Their little saddles were made of deer-skin and the far-famed saddle-cloth, extending beyond the saddle at every side, was beautifully ornamented with bead or silk-thread work by the wife or sweetheart. Their highly decorated whips hung by a loop over their wrists. When the great hunting party were fairly under way, a council was held at a great camp fire and all the officials of the trip were named and installed with office. The roll call of one great party of which records were kept, numbered sixteen hundred people. The camps were formed in a circle and occupied as much ground as a modern city, including carts, horses and dogs. It was a camp typical of these prairies and possibly the only one of its kind in the world. A leader was appointed, ten of the most trusted men were elected as captains and each had ten soldiers under his order, to aid in carrying out the rigorous laws which governed the whole party, each member being considered under the military law. Implicit obedience was demanded of all. The guide who had charge of the camp flag was chief of the expedition while it was hoisted. The hoisting of the flag in the morning was the signal for raising camp and when taken down the party encamped. No hunter was permitted to return home or go shooting on his own account. No one was allowed to run buffalo or fire a gun without the general order. The hunting was done on horseback and it was a wondrous spectacle to see the hundreds of stalwart men on the well-trained horses. By sight or scent, they detected the presence of the buffalo and were eager for the fray. They carried their carbines in one hand and dashed in among the



Jack Fretz on Fox, Calgary Stampede

herds in wild excitement with deafening yells. Their custom was to load and fire at a gallop.

After the animals were skinned, the work of the women began. The meat was dried and thousands of pounds of pemmican was prepared. The far-famed pemmican was for many years the staple food of the hardy Indian or half-breed voyager and the tripsman of the North-West. There was supposed to be more nourishment in it than in any other kind of food. The method of preparation was a lengthy one and consisted of pounding the dried buffalo meat very fine and much time was given to this part. Large bags, with capacity of one to three bushels were made by the women, out of the fresh buffalo hides. Into these the pounded meat was tightly packed and melted tallow permeated the whole mass. It was then skilfully sewn up with sinew and was ready for use. If well prepared, it kept for years. Frequently the hunters returned from these expeditions with nine hundred pounds of buffalo meat per cart.

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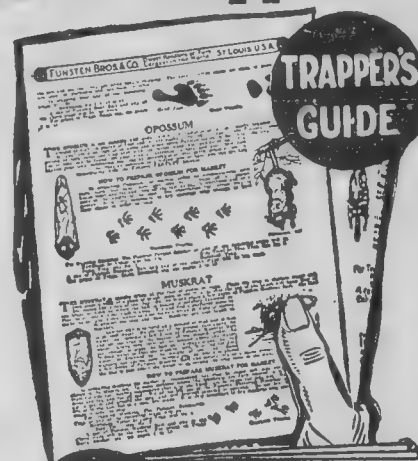
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How Are You Off for Knives, Forks and Spoons?

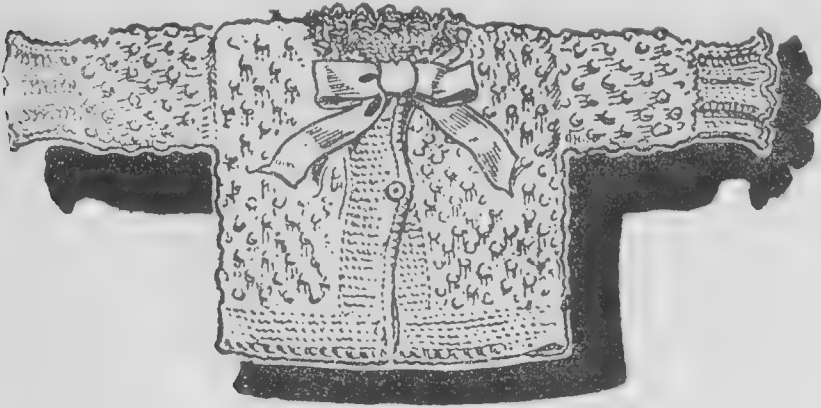
Send in four new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and we will forward, post paid, a generous assortment of Community Par Plate Silverware.

Work for Busy Fingers

Knitted Coat for a Baby

Required 4½ ounces of sports wool, or 5-ply knitting, 2 bone needles, No. 8. For the back, cast on 52 st., and k. 10 pl. rows. For the pattern, k. 2, p. 2, for 2 rows. Then purl 2, k. 2 for 2 rows. Work 70 rows in pattern, then commence the shoulder. Work 24 rows in

pattern on the first 20 st., then k. 2, p. 2 on the 20 st., and cast on 12 st. for the front. * k. 10, p. 2, k. 2 to end. Next p. 2, k. 2 to within 10 st. of the end which k. k. 8, p. 2, k. 2 to end, k. 2, p. 2 to within 8 st. of the end, which k. Turn and rp. from * for the same length as the front. K. 10 pl. rows



Knitted coat for a baby

and cast off. Cast off 12 st. at the neck, k. 24 rows in pattern on the remaining 20 st., then cast on 12 and make another front to correspond. For the sleeve, cast on 40 st., k. 34 rows in pattern, then 12 rows of ribbing, k. 2, p. 2, and cast off. Sew the fronts to the back, leaving sufficient space at the top for the sleeves; join the sleeves, and sew into the armhole seam to seam. To finish neck, take some coarse mercerised cotton and a No. 1 steel crochet hook. Work 1 ch., 1 d. cr. all around, then 1 ch., 1 tr. in each sp., and finish with 1 d. cr., 3 ch., 1 d. cr., in each sp. of 1 ch. Run ribbon through the h., and sew on 2 buttons small enough to be buttoned through the knitting.

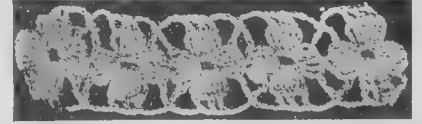
The thrifty needlewoman will take pride and pleasure in crocheting, in her leisure moments, trimmings that are not only beautiful in appearance, but which may also be put to a practical and decorative use. Why should she not make by hand attractive edgings for her curtains and table runners, towels, dresser and sideboard scarfs, and the other household accessories, when they can be done in her spare time and at a much lower cost than she could purchase trim-

gings of equal beauty and quality outright.

Flower Insertion

If you wish an insertion particularly satisfactory for sheets and pillow-cases, make this flower pattern.

Ch 8, join to form a ring, ch 4, *2 d t c in ring, ch 4, d c in ring, ch 4, 5 d t c in ring, ch 4, d c in ring, ch 4, 2 d t c in ring (this makes one-half of flower), ch 12, join to 8th st from hook, s c along the ch of 4, turn, repeat from *, for the length required. To finish flower *3 d t c in last made ring, ch



A flower insertion designed for sheets and pillowcases

4 d c in ring, ch 4, 5 d t c in ring, ch 4, d c in ring, ch 4, 3 d t c in ring and join to one-half petal, repeat from *.

For edge, fasten thread in 1st t c of petal, ch 4, skip 1 st, t c in next st, ch 1, skip 1 t c, t c in next st, *ch 3, d t c in corner of next petal in same flower, work off 4 loops (2 at a time), d t c in next corner of petal in next flower, work off all the loops (2 at a time), ch 3, t c in 1st t c of top petal, ch 1, skip 1, t c in next st, ch 1, skip 1, t c in next st, repeat from *.

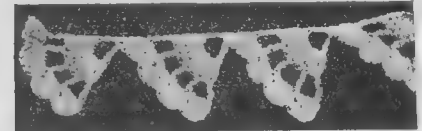
Make opposite side the same.

Narrow Shell Edge

Chain 8, t c in first st of ch, ch 3, turn.

2d Row—8 t c in ring, ch 5, turn.

3d Row—T c in second t c, ch 2, skip 1 st, t c, ch 2, skip 1 st, t c, ch 2, t c in last st, making 4 spaces, ch 3, turn.



A narrow, shell pattern like this is a satisfactory edge for table runners

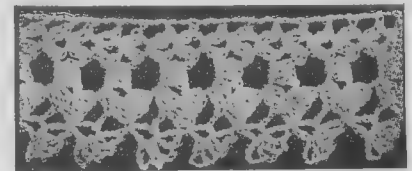
4th Row—4 t c in first space, d c in t c, 4 t c in next space, d c in t c, 4 t c in next space, d c in t c, 4 t c in last space, turn.

Repeat from the first row for the required length.

Carnation Edge

Chain 19, 1 t c in 8th st from hook, t c in same st, ch 2, 2 t c in same st, ch 1, skip 1, 1 t c in each of the next 4 sts, ch 2, 3 t c in next st, ch 2, skip 2, 1 t c in next, ch 2, 1 t c in last st, ch 5, turn.

2nd Row—T c in first ch of 2, ch 2, t c in same ch, ch 2, t c in same ch, ch 2, t c in same ch, skip 1 t c, and 2 ch, 1 t c in each of the next 3 t c, 3



For dining room curtains this carnation edge is pretty and durable

1 t c in next ch of 3, ch 4, make shell of 2 t c, ch 2, 2 t c, over last shell, ch 1, t c in ch of 5, ch 5, turn.

3d Row—Shell over shell, 4 t c in ch of 4, ch 2, 3 t c in same ch, ch 2, t c in 6th t c, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 5, turn.

Repeat from the 2d row for the required length.

Scalloped Diamond Edge

Chain 27, t c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, t c, ch 2, skip 2, t c, ch 2, skip 2, t c, ch 2, skip 2, t c, ch 2, skip 2, 1 t c in each of next 4 sts, ch 6, s c in same t c, turn.

2d Row—9 d c in ch of 6, ch 3, 4 t c in same ch of 6, ch 2, 4 t c in next sp, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 5, turn.

3d Row—T c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, ch 2, t c in t c, 3 t c

Continued on Page 55

BLUE RIBBON TEA

The best tea packed in Canada,
can be bought for 60c per pound
Why pay more?

61



French Organdie
As a Christmas Gift
would ensure constant Remembrance and Appreciation.
Ask your stationer for it.

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Barber-Ellis,
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Stationery

Continued from Page 54

FUMS UP

An historic
sign of luck—
London's
latest novelty
rage. Gold
plated \$1.50.
Sterling Silver
\$1.00.

LADIES' RING

Black onyx and pearl,
14 K gold.....\$8.50

MEN'S RING

Signet ring, engraved
shank, 14 K gold, \$12.50

22

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Real Moving Picture Machine

**With Genuine Charlie Chaplin
Film and the Wonderful Pan-chroscope**

home. This moving picture machine is scientifically built and shows the pictures enlarged many times like real movies. We give you the wonderful Charlie Chaplin film—one of the funniest you have ever seen, and you give shows right at home to your family and friends whenever you want to. The machine can be operated by either acetylene gas that you easily make yourself, right in your own home, or by electricity. It is strongly constructed of Russian iron, the lenses are powerful, and the gears are correctly set.

We also give you free the wonderful Pan-Chro-Scope, the instrument that enables you to travel around the world without leaving your home. It gives you in miniature, scenes of the greatest places in the world, just as they would appear to

BOYS and GIRLS. These wonderful prizes are being given FREE to quick readers and intelligent "Daitees" the delightful new, cream, candy coated breathalts that everybody loves. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you a free sample package to try yourself and just 36 big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. Open your sample package and ask a few of your friends to try a "Daitee". They like them so much they will buy a package or two at once. You'll sell these few in no time. Return our money, only \$3.60, when the "Daitees" are sold and we will immediately send you all charges paid, the wonderful Pan-Chro-Scope and the rest of the moving picture machine. The wonderful Charlie Chaplin film will also be sent you without selling any more goods for just showing your lovely present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our premiums as you did.

Don't delay—send to-day as there is only a limited number of these machines. Address: **5D**

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Young People

TWO BRAVE CHILDREN

A True Story

The warm September sun shed its soft light on field and forest and rippling water when Doreen Ashburnham and Tony Farrar ran down the steps of their home at the head of Cowichan Lake. The children had received permission from their mothers to go for a gallop. Their pony was feeding in a field about three-quarters of a mile away, but to catch him was an easy task.

A few years before, Lawrence Ashburnham, with his wife and his little daughter, had left England to make a new home on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. A year later Mrs. Farrar, a widowed friend, and her little son had come to live with them. The children soon became constant companions, and now, when Doreen was eleven and Anthony eight, they spent the long summer days out of doors playing together.

The harvest was over and Mr. Ashburnham and his farm hand had gone to town. The nearest neighbor on their side of the lake was five miles away. Yet no thought of danger from the dark forest that lay beyond the fields crossed the minds of the children. The giant firs were their friends. The waves of the lake murmured softly as they reached the shore. The meadow lark's song came sweet and clear across the fields. The whirr of the wings of grouse starting up from the undergrowth, the chatter of the squirrels and the scolding of the blue jay were sounds that caught their quick ears.

They had almost reached the gate of the field when Doreen suddenly caught Tony's arm and with a swift motion placed herself in front of him. There, only a few yards away, a big panther crouched among the brown, withered ferns. Frightened at the unexpected and most unusual sight, the children turned to run back to the house. They were too late. With a bound the huge creature struck Doreen and threw her to the ground. As quick as a flash Tony raised the bridle he carried and with all his might struck the beast again and again. At that the growling panther turned and

slashed the boy's head with its strong claws.

"Run, Doreen!" cried he, as he fell. But Doreen did not run. Springing from the ground, she grappled with the panther and, using all the strength of her young arms, dragged him from the prostrate child. In the struggle she pushed her fingers into the beast's eye. With a howl of pain, the panther turned and ran toward the wood.

Doreen instantly caught up the bleeding Tony and half-carried, half-supported him until she neared the house and was able to summon help.

Both mothers were terrified at the sight of their children, for they knew well the danger of blood poisoning from such wounds. Leaving Mrs. Farrar, who fortunately was a nurse, to care for the children, Mrs. Ashburnham rowed two miles across the lake to the home of the nearest doctor. When the physician arrived he immediately wrapped little Tony up and started for the nearest hospital. Not until he had gone did Doreen yield to the faintness that had for some time almost overcome her. She grew feverish, and the next day she, too, was brought to the hospital.

A neighbor who had learned the story took his dog and gun and went in search of the cougar. He found it near the spot where the strange conflict had taken place, and with a well-aimed shot killed it. An examination of the dead body showed that the animal was blind in one eye and that the other had been injured before Doreen had hurt it. The wild creatures upon which the panther preys could easily elude it, and, desperate with hunger, it sought the open and attacked the children.

Skilful treatment and good nursing soon brought about complete recovery, and the two little friends returned to their home.

Doreen's grandfather is a distinguished British officer, and her ancestors, centuries ago, helped to fight the Danes in England; but no soldier of the present day or warrior of the past was braver than the little British Columbia maiden who would have given her life to save her playmate from death. Tony is the grandson of an eminent Scottish doctor, who may well be proud of him.



"DOING TIME" WITHOUT THE BARS OR STRIPES
Chinese prisoners in cangue in the streets of Shanghai. They aren't put behind bars, but it's an even break, for they are uncomfortable in the extreme and the target for sundry worthless fruit thrown by well-aimed youngsters.

A Bite of Meat

2 Spoons of Peas



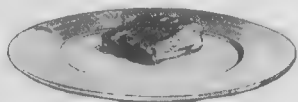
A Dish of Quaker Oats

Each 1 Cent

A dish of Quaker Oats—the finest oat food in existence—costs you but a cent.

That cent will buy but a bite of meat, eggs, fish or fowl.

Then note below the cost per thousand calories. A meat breakfast, on this basis, costs nearly nine times Quaker Oats.



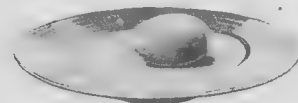
4 OZ. MEAT

costs as much as 8 dishes Quaker Oats.



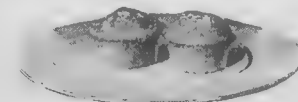
WHITE FISH

costs as much per serving as 8 dishes Quaker Oats.



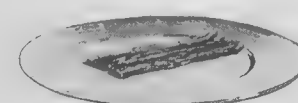
ONE EGG

costs as much as 4 dishes Quaker Oats.



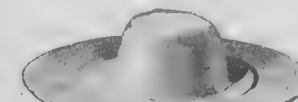
TWO MUFFINS

cost as much as 2 dishes Quaker Oats.



BACON

costs as much per slice as a big dish of Quaker Oats.



CUSTARD

costs as much per serving as 4 dishes Quaker Oats.

But there's still greater difference.

Quaker Oats is the supreme food — the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

As a vim-producer and a food for growth it holds a unique place. It is rich in minerals. All well-advised mothers want children to get it.

Serve Quaker Oats for breakfast. Make it the basic dish. It means a vast saving and it means better feeding.

Serve the costly foods at other meals. People need variety. Your breakfast saving on Quaker Oats will average up the cost.

Comparative Cost

Per 1000 Calories

The calory is the energy measure of food value. At this writing this is what 1000 calories cost in some necessary foods:

In Quaker Oats	.05½
In Average Meats	.45
In Average Fish	.45
In Eggs	.60
In Potatoes	.11
In Canned Peas	.54

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavorly Flakes

These super-grade oats are flaked from queen grains only —just the rich, plump, flavorly oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a matchless flavor which has won oat lovers, the world over, to this brand.

As this grade costs no extra price, it is due to yourself to get it.

35c and 15c per Package

Except in the Far West

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

THE STRENGTH OF A FLOWER

A rock split asunder by a growing tree that has found lodgment in what was at first only a small crack is a familiar sight to most people. The force that a tree exerts in accomplishing this feat is tremendous, but relatively it is not equal to that exerted by the flower that Mr. John Burroughs describes in a recent book, "The Breath of Life":

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a Western city, where I observed a wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete until it bulged up and split, and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium.

Life activities are a kind of explosion, and the slow continued explosions of this growing plant rent the pavement as surely as powder would have done. It is doubtful if any cultivated plant could have overcome such odds. It required the force of the untamed hairy plant of the plains to accomplish the feat.

DISCOUNT AND PREMIUM

"What will you take for that team?" Courtney Royce stroked admiringly the near horse of a pair of carefully matched greys.

"Do you want to buy?"

"I think so. I shall have to get a new rig for the hospital work."

"Is the contract awarded?" asked the other man, with interest.

"No, but it might as well be. It lies between Hooper and me, and I happen to know that my bid is a good deal lower than his. And as for the bond, they're not to be compared."

Courtney spoke proudly.

"Oh, the bond's all right," said the driver of the greys, laughing. "Well, you can have them for a fair price."

"I want a good team," Courtney said. "I'll see you again when the matter's settled."

He went off, holding his head a little higher than usual. It was no wonder, perhaps. A great charitable institution, which had its headquarters three miles from Stanton, was about to let the contract to provision the different branches. There were model cottages for old people, a children's hospital, and a general hospital. The contract was important. Courtney felt that he was sure to win the business for the year. Alexander Hooper, his only real rival, was in a smaller way of business, and had not his advantages.

The same day old Doctor Horne met Mr. Fisher, the banker, who was one of the trustees of the institution, and drove him home to dinner.

"You must be about ready to let out the contract," the doctor said. "Courtney Royce will get it, I suppose."

"I'm not at all sure of that," Mr. Fisher replied.

"His tender's the lowest, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"He has his father-in-law's bond. You couldn't get a better."

"No. And Alexander Hooper has nothing but his own bond to offer. But personally I like Hooper's offer better."

The Doctor laughed.

"How do you make that out?"

"By taking everything into consideration. You are looking at the circumstances, and forgetting the men."

"Courtney Royce is all right."

"Just so. But don't you think if the wholesale house offered him a little cheaper grade of goods for our use it would suit him about as well, always provided the cheaper stuff looked pretty much like the other?"

As well, and a little better," the doctor said. "Yet Royce is not a dishonest man."

"You have to discount a little for character in his case, that's all," Mr. Fisher said. "You take him at a discount, and not at a premium."

"That's true," assented the doctor.

"Would you say the same of Alexander Hooper?"

"No." Doctor Horne's answer was emphatic. "If you were willing to take an inferior article, Alexander Hooper wouldn't give it to you."

"Character at a premium," said Mr. Fisher. "Don't you think we can afford to pay a little more on the year's contract, and award it to Hooper?"

Courtney Royce did not buy the greys. He never could understand why the contract went to Alexander Hooper. "Influence!" he grumbled, and did not guess that it was the influence of character.

BOYS, GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS

As the boy begins, so, probably, will the man end. The lad who speaks with affectation and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will probably be weak in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will probably be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will probably figure

some day as a dishonest trickster. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady, drudge who practised firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the speciality of the house in off-hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead-weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself or be fooled by shams.

WINTER IN A WARMER CLIME

Are you planning to spend all or part of the coming winter on the North Pacific Coast or California? The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the choice scenic route. For full particulars apply

to any agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. or write W. E. Duperow, general passenger agent, Winnipeg.

TWO'S JOLLY FINE COMPANY

Alderman Jinks was describing a magnificent feast he had assisted at the previous evening.

"Yes," he said, smacking his lips, "I never enjoyed a spread so much. Oh! that turkey! What a bird! They had stuffed it to the eyes with truffles, and the flesh positively melted in the mouth. Nothing was left but the bones."

"How many were you?" someone asked.

"Oh, only two of us," was the somewhat startling reply.

"What! Only two?"

"Yes, two. Why not? The turkey and myself."

Praises this Asthma Remedy. — A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

DAILY TRAIN SERVICE

COMMENCING SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5

BETWEEN

WINNIPEG—VANCOUVER AND WINNIPEG—TORONTO

WESTBOUND

LEAVE WINNIPEG—Daily 10.10 P.M.
ARRIVE VANCOUVER—Daily 7.00 P.M.

EAST BOUND

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LOCAL AGENT WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU ALL INFORMATION, OR WRITE TO PASSENGER DEPARTMENTS,
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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

"THE LINE OF TRANSPORTATION THAT BINDS AND BUILDS THE NATION"

Free!

97 Piece Dinner Set

and Lovely Set of Rogers Spoons

A MARVELLOUS OFFER TO QUICKLY INTRODUCE A DELIGHTFUL NEW PERFUME!

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers Rideau Castle design beautifully finished and fully guaranteed for wear and satisfaction.

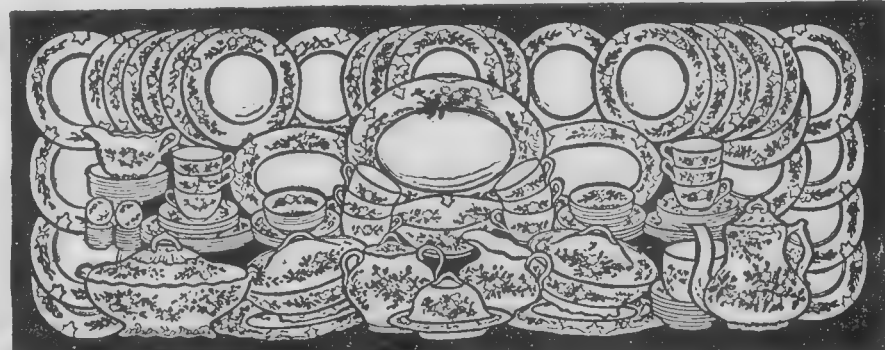
Read Our Wonderful Offer

We have just produced a delightful new perfume known as "Coronation Bouquet." It is so delicate and fragrant that we know every woman who tries it once will use it always, so we are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this lovely new perfume to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent and costly perfumes.

Will you sell just 16 bottles among your friends at only 25c. each?

You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time as everybody you know will gladly try a bottle of this lovely new perfume at only 25c. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you the 16 bottles all postage paid, and trust you with them until sold. Then return our money, only \$4.00, and we will promptly send you the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only seven of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We arrange to pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold, and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day. Address:
THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. D 39 Toronto, Ont.



Fashions and Patterns

FASHION LETTER

Smart and separate styles of coats are shown for fall and winter. Cape wraps are distinctive and individual but are used more for dressy purposes. Those who like strictly tailored garments will be pleased with the new redingote type of separate coat which is fitted but not uncomfortable. Then there is a straight line coat suitable for plain velours or mixed coating fabrics. It has a wide belt at the hip line or below and is cut with loose lines. Another type has a loose back, closes at the side and has no belt. Deep arm holes and sleeves joined at the drop shoulder line are new coat features. Two color combinations in soft wool velours are also new. Dressy velour coats have deep cape collars, other coats show wide collars and the muffler collar has not been discarded. Coats and jackets close either at the neck, directly in front or at the side of the front. Pockets are no longer used for ornament but for service.

Two piece costumes are in favor, and three piece suits will be popular.

Skirts will be fuller at the hem, especially on afternoon and other dressy dresses. Suit skirts still show straight lines but are fuller.

Duvelyn street dresses are made with belted over blouses; moire and satin is suitable for trimming. Street dresses in tricotine and serge in very dark blue or equally dark brown will be popular; embroidery or braiding in black is a favored decoration.

The collarless neckline on afternoon and street dresses is still holding its own, in "V" shapes, rounded, square and curved effects.

Blouses are in two classes, those worn under the skirt and those worn over the skirt.

Girdles may be cut in one with the front of a blouse, or come below the normal waistline.

One piece tailored dresses are still popular, as are also those with the waist joined to the skirt and draped so as to give the effect of two piece models.

Width at the hips may be gained by adding full gathered sections.

Brown, in rich dark shades, will be the best liked fall color. Brown furs will lead. In blues, navy, midnight and Ghent are the chosen shades.

Turbans for fall are made of duvelyn in bright colors.

A smart blouse of white silk crepe is trimmed with bias folds of grey blue crepe de chine. A blouse of blue georgette has a vestee and collar of ecru crepe, edged with narrow frills of blue.

Black satin and tan georgette will combine well.

A skirt of black serge is trimmed with facings of leather colored crepe.

This is a season for lace.

Tailor made dresses show long sleeves, but dresses for afternoon and home wear show short sleeves.

Many black gowns will be worn this fall. Serge and satin, georgette and silk may be combined.

Many charming dresses are made of wool jersey, with embroidered designs and borders in contrasting colors. These dresses are usually collarless.

Printed silks are used for untrimmed blouses.

Braid embroidery is popular.

You may touch up your navy blue dress with jade or tomato red, or your brown or taupe cloth suit with orange. Braid is extensively used for trimming; also fringes of narrow ribbon in various lengths. Bias folds of the material form a smart trimming for a serge skirt.

A dress of brownish taupe silk is trimmed with black satin, and decorated with embroidery matching the silk in color.

Black broadcloth and bray blue 'satin may be combined.

A collar and vestee of white batiste is smart on a dress of blue taffeta. A dress of gray taffeta may be trimmed with gray georgette and finished with a piping in rose color.

A shawl collar of black fur may trim a coat of dark green or brown cloth. A dark gray coat of velour is smart with collar and cuffs of skunk.

Copper colored gabardine was selected for a dress made with a draped waist and gathered plain skirt. The waist is embroidered in brown silk with gold and brown beads.

Cloth in two shades of brown may be attractively combined, using the one shade for facings and front inset.

A dress of dark blue crepe is decorated with a pretty collar of Irish lace.

CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 15 cents in silver or stamps for our up-to-date fall and winter 1919-1920 catalogue, containing 550 designs of ladies', misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking; also some points for the needle (illustrating thirty of the various, simple stitches)—all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.



Waist 3027, Skirt 3004.—For home or business wear this costume is very acceptable. The waist made from Pattern 3027, would be nice in linen, madras, crepe, washable satin or flannel. The skirt developed from Pattern 3004 is just the thing for plaid and check suiting, for serge, corduroy, gabardine or voile. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes also: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 48-inch material will make a 24-inch size. The width at lower edge of skirt with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy. 2685.—Serge, cheviot, tweed, velvet, corduroy, galatea, khaki and drill are good for this style. The trousers are finished with side closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 7 years. Size 4 will

require 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for the Little Miss. 3031.—This is a model very becoming to "tiny girls." The fullness of the dress below the yoke portions may be smocked or shirred. The sleeve could be finished without the trimming cuff, as the pattern provides a band cuff. Gingham, seersucker, lawn, repp, poplin, batiste, dimity also gabardine, voile and silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 years will require 3 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Smart Utility Coat. 3021.—This style is good for wool velour, plush and other pile fabrics, two toned combinations, double faced chevrons, corduroy,

seersucker, gingham, drill, lawn, percale, sateen and alpaca. There is nothing cumbersome or uncomfortable about this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty School Frock. 3029.—Linen, gingham, percale, seersucker, serge, poplin and voile are suitable for this model. The dress slips over the head, but skirt and waist may be finished separately. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In shorter length it is finished with a shaped cuff, turned back on the sleeve. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Becoming Dress for Mother's Girl. 3009.—This is a good style for gingham, lawn, percale, gabardine, serge, silk or velvet. The pockets and belt may be omitted. The sleeve in wrist length is good for cool days, while the short sleeve is a graceful and comfortable style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Dainty House or Porch Dress. 3006.—For this design linen, gingham, seersucker, drill, lawn, dimity, serge or gabardine could be used. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy. 3005.—This is a good style for corduroy, velvet, serge, linen and other wash fabrics. The blouse closes in coat style. The trousers are made with a side closing. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Pleasing Dress for Slender Figures. 3017.—Mixed woollen in brown and green tones is here combined with ecru taffeta. Satin and serge, or Georgette and satin, would also be effective. The tunic may be omitted. The foundation skirt is a two-piece model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The portion of skirt covered by the tunic could be of lining. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A New and Stylish Costume 3015.—For this design brown serge and moire were combined. The blouse is mounted on a lining, which may be omitted. The facings on blouse and skirt may also be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 inches requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

3018.—Such a dainty play dress, is here illustrated. It was developed of unbleached muslin, with cross stitching in blue and red. One may have this in checked gingham with trimming of a plain collar or in a neat pattern of percale with pique or drill for collar, cuffs and belt. The pockets are the smart feature of this dress, and every little girl will like the dress for that reason. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of

polo cloth and tweeds. The belt may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 52-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

An Ideal Bed Suit. 2602.—Your little boy or girl will be very snug and comfortable with a sleeping garment like this model. It is good for cambric, crepe, flannel or flannellette. The leg portions may be gathered in knicker style, or finished loose at the lower edge. If the long sleeve seems too warm or uncomfortable, the shorter sleeve will be just right. This style is made with a fall back. The garment closes at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 6 will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just a Simple, Easy-to-Make and Easy-to-Wear Apron. 2672.—Good for

Continued on Page 60

Make Money in Your Own Home

We Supply Yarn Free and Pay You for Your Work.

The whole world needs socks. In every country, in every city, in every town and in every village—in every corner of the world, in fact—there is an acute shortage of hosiery.

This great demand is your personal opportunity. It is your chance to add substantially to your income. It is the weapon with which you can meet the constantly increasing high cost of living. You can make money pleasantly and easily in the privacy, freedom and comfort of your own home. This is an unusual advertisement, due to an unusual world-condition. We are a firmly established Canadian business firm engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. Our business connections are world-wide. We have been in business many years.

We have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. We believe in the independent employee. We know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid contented people in happy homes.

These socks can be made by men and women. Knitting experience is unnecessary. The Auto Knitter, a marvellous machine, does the work. Anyone can quickly learn to operate this machine.

Workers Wanted Everywhere

For the reasons above stated—the unprecedented world-demand for hosiery—we need more workers—thousands of them. We need you.

We need all the socks you and your family can make on the Auto Knitter. We need this labor badly. We will make a contract to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for us as much as you want or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every dozen pairs of socks you send us, we will pay you a liberal wage.

With every Auto Knitter we send a supply of wool yarn FREE. We also supply, FREE, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is made specially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest and warmest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade is always obtainable.

Positively Not "a Canvassing Scheme"

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you a chance to devote your entire time to the business, and this—to be independent of bosses, rules, time clocks, working hours, etc. Our Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency," or "open-a-store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

I am sending by Express four dozen pairs of socks. Will you kindly make the replacement yarn up to twelve (12) lbs. and send the rest of wages due me in cash.

Montreal, Que.

I am sending by Express 54 pairs of socks. Please send wages due in cash and return replacement yarn. I think the machine is wonderful and I also think the pay is very good.

Galt, Ont.

Have sent you to-day by Express four dozen pairs of socks. I thank you for your promptness in returning replacement yarn and wages, which always come by return mail.

Woodstock, Ont.

I am to-day forwarding to you by Express (charges collect) ten dozen pairs of socks which I have knitted on the Auto Knitter.

Regina, Sask.

I am sending eighteen (18) dozen pairs of socks by Express, charges collect. I like the work, as it passes many a dull hour away, and I can knit two pairs of socks in an hour.

Fernie, B.C.

I am sending you 51 pairs of socks to-day by Express. Please send replacement yarn and money order for wages.

Brantford, Ont.

I am sending you 12 dozen pairs of socks this morning by Express. I enclose wage receipt for last shipment. Return replacement yarn as usual.

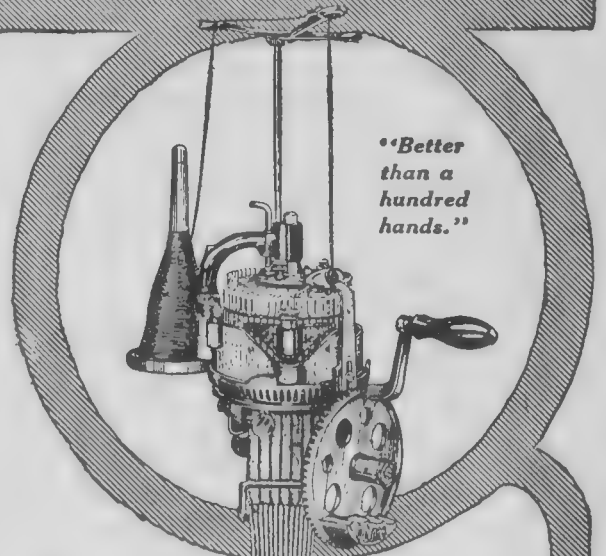
Waldemar, Ont.

I am shipping to you to-day 18 dozen (216 pairs) of socks. Express charges collect. Please send replacement yarn and also yarn for wages due me as usual.

Vancouver, B.C.

I received the Money Order and am to-day sending another shipment of 52 pairs of men's socks. Please return replacement yarn and send me yarn instead of cash for wages due me.

Windsor, Ont.



"Better than a hundred hands."

A turn of the handle and 60 perfect stitches are knitted. Stitches can be made in a operator of average experience report that, with completed sock can be made

When the Auto Knitter just like having many ters working for you; that is "Better than a Hundred sock—top, b. dy, heel and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand, and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

and more smooth, even. Thousands of such few minutes by the hence. Many of our the Auto Knitter, a in less than 10 minutes. goes into action, it is families or skilled knitters why our trade mark Hands." It makes the

The Genuineness of These Testimonials Guaranteed Under a \$5000 Forfeit

MAKES \$35.00 IN ONE WEEK

The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made \$35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it.

Wheatley, Ont.

OPERATED BY BLIND WOMEN

I have now been using three of your machines, and they give good results. With a little patience at the start, I have succeeded in doing good work, which has always been accepted by you. You may be surprised to know that some of my work has been done by blind women, and it is impossible to recognise their work from mine. I am pleased with the business dealings I have had with you and hope that future dealings will be just as cordial as they have been in the past.

Montreal, Que.

NOT A SINGLE PAIR REJECTED

It is not only profitable, but helps to pass many a dull hour away. I can knit two pairs of half-hose in an hour, which I think is good. The machine is what you claim it to be and does its work right, and being so small takes up but little room. Of the socks I have sent, I have not had a single pair rejected, which is clear evidence that the machine can turn out good work.

Fernie, British Columbia.

Write today for our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live, we want you to know all about the Auto Knitter and the immensity of our world-wide institution. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization and the future you can make for yourself with the Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work and the money that is in it with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill or factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output, both wholesale and retail. Write to-day—send the coupon and three cents in postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

Send the Coupon Today

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited, Department 333-K, 607 College Street, Toronto, Canada

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Prov.....

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Limited

Dept. 333-K 607 College Street, Toronto, Canada



DEPARTMENT OF

THE NAVAL SERVICE



Royal Naval College of Canada



The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?



Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. **Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive.** Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and **swore** that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED
Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned.
Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 58

27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Comfortable House or Work Dress. 3016.—This style is especially suited to mature figures. The pockets and band trimming may be omitted, and the sleeve may be finished at the seams to close with buttons or snap fasteners. Gingham, percale, lawn, khaki, seersucker, flannelette, repp and poplin are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Smart School Dress. 2694.—This will prove a comfortable and "easy-to-make" design. Good for serge, corduroy, gabardine, voile, crepe, plaid and mixtures. Blue serge could be trimmed with tan satin or silk, braid also would form an attractive finish. The sleeve may be in elbow or wrist length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Waist 3003, Skirt 3020.—This stylish business costume comprises Lady's Waist Pattern 3003, and Lady's Skirt Pattern 3020. "Serge, cheviot, satin, velvet, gabardine, plaid or mixed suiting could be used for the skirt, and silk, satin, linen, madras, Crepe or batiste for the waist. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt is also cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch

material. Width of skirt at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Becoming Dress for the Young Miss. 3007.—This is nice for satin, taffeta, jersey cloth or serge. It may be finished without the fold on the skirt, and with short or long sleeves. With serge, one could have matched satin or moire for trimming. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

Here is a New and Practical Apron. 3023.—This design is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, Indian Head, jean and alpaca. The back has belt extensions which hold the fullness at the waistline and are fastened at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

First Attendant at Bazaar: "Here's a Turkish table cover; the cost price of it is put at £5. What shall I mark it to be sold for?"

Second Attendant at Bazaar: "Oh, how perfectly lovely! I have been wanting such a one for a long time. Just mark it 30s., and I'll buy it myself."

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

A
Dozen
Xmas
Greeting
Cards



INCLUDED AS A GIFT
with one year's subscrip-
tion to

**The Western Home
Monthly**

AND

**The Weekly Free Press
Prairie Farmer**

FOR

\$1.25

These Christmas Cards are beautifully lithographed in colors on good quality stock. Each one is complete with envelope, and represents very remarkable value indeed.

You will be needing these cards very soon, so fill in this coupon NOW.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

Date.....

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year. The Western Home Monthly for one year, and one dozen Christmas Greeting Cards.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. And women no longer hesitate. For simply by combining this clear, pure, colorless liquid through your hair, in from 4 to 8 days every gray hair is gone.



Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Make This Test

Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. It will bring you a free trial bottle of this remarkable hair color restorer and our special comb.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1477 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1477 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....

Street..... Town.....

Co..... State.....

GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" Save and Glorify Your Hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

Peach's Curtains Catalogue post free. Full of interesting illustrations. Buy at Direct Makers' Prices. The Weave that Wins. Lace Curtains, Nets, Muslins, Caseement Curtains and Fabrics. Cretonnes, Carpets, Rugs, Household Linens, Hosiery, Underwear. 62 years' reputation for Quality and Value. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Buyers' Guide to-day. **S. PEACH & SON, 658 The Looms, Nottingham, England.**

Correspondence

Will the following kindly send their name and address to the Editor:—Sea Breeze, Sunset Maiden, Not a Crank.

Will readers kindly note that it is strictly against the rules to give out the name and address of any writer to the Correspondence Page. Stamped Letters, however, sent to the Editor will be forwarded to the desired party.

A Farmerette Seeks Advice

Dear Editor:—The writer has been a transient reader of your excellent publication for some time, enjoying its many features, which are always bright and helpful. Perhaps this is beyond the scope of your correspondence page but might she inquire, through your columns, if there are any young women in the western provinces moderately successful farming "on their own", if so, what circumstances and characteristics contributed to that success? Can a woman take up a homestead or what are the qualifications necessary to filing a claim? Is capital an indispensable asset and how much? Perhaps others might also be interested in this subject and the writer (who is a business woman of 25) would appreciate hearing from any lady or gentleman who cares to write, either personally or through the medium of the W.H.M. Thanking you, dear Editor. A Would-be-Farmerette.

Introducing Peter Pan

Dear Editor and Members:—I have been a silent but interested reader for a long time and I must say that the Correspondence Page of The Western Home Monthly is very interesting. Now for an introduction, and as there is no one to introduce me, I shall do so myself. I am a gay-hearted, carefree, and of course happy country girl, eighteen and one-half years of age, and am living with my grandmother as my father and mother died when I was but a little child. Grandmother often says that I will never grow up, and I must say that I do not care if I never do, as I'd simply hate to give up the jolly life that I have had on the farm, and even though I am now a stenographer, I always hike back to the farm after the day's work is over. I am very fond of riding and broncho busting and am never so happy as when I am tearing over the prairie on a broncho or a newly broken colt. I am also very fond of music and reading, and I have a piano of my own, and all the books and literature that I want, and there is not an evening goes by without my spending several hours at the piano and in my library. How many of the members are fond of art and fancywork. I am, and my Saturday afternoons and evenings are spent in drawing and painting and doing fancywork of some kind. I do a lot of embroidery and some crocheting and tatting and also some stenciling. I quite agree with "Cow Puncher" that the prairie life is the nicest life, but I certainly disagree with "A Young School Master" when he says that country life is lonely. I wish the "Two Idylle Wyld Imps" would write to me as they are girls after my own heart, so to speak. I certainly think "A Canadian" was very fortunate in being able to see Reuben's Paintings, and I heartily envy him, and now I must explain why I think Reuben painted himself as a sinner, in his pictures. I think it was because Reuben was a true Christian and was not conceited or seeking praise for himself, and therefore he painted himself as the worst of mortals, and I think also, that he painted himself thus, because he thought so much more of everyone else than he did of himself. Well I must close now. Hoping that the other members will not condemn this letter too severely. I beg to say adieu, and be—Ever a Jolly Kid.

Cornbread is his Specialty

Dear Editor:—Having read numerous copies of The Western Home Monthly I am anxious to crush into the happy circle. I never miss a copy. It was sent to me overseas and believe me it was a great source of consolation to get a bit

of real live Western breeze. Being more fortunate than a great many of my comrades I returned with a whole skin. The fourteenth day of May, A.D. 1919, I was ushered into civilized life (as distinguished from army life). It certainly seemed great to be free and unfettered by the shackles of militarism, but, Oh! girls, don't I find the homestead to be a lonely place after three years of high-powered double tension excitement. No wonder they are singing "How're you Goin' to Keep 'em Down on the Farm." Nevertheless I love farm life and I would not care to live anywhere else. In common with a great many others I am a bachelor and don't like to bach. It is disagreeable at best. However, I can bake cornbread (hog-food) second only to the negro mammy who taught me how to make it. A rapid saddle pony is an excellent tonic to drive away the blues. Good books on philosophy and poetry are also recommended. Robert W. Service is hard to beat when it comes to poetry. A slight sprinkling of light reading matter is far better than to be choked up with that stuff all the time. A little nonsense is a great relish, but too much is worse than none at all. "Connie Canuck's" views are quite sound. It is not for me to say who is the more deserving of credit, the soldier or the plow-pilot. However, I can vouch it requires no mean amount of courage to bach and do a lot of farming. All hail to the boys who farmed and farmed conscientiously during the war. Personally, I would rather fight a dozen battles than to say my only fight was my fight for exemption. However, in all cases where the exemption was granted without a fight and the boy farmed diligently, I would say he did his duty every inch. As for the tourists who visited relatives in England, Ireland or Scotland, granting that many a worthy lad made this trip, the government does not recognize their services as it does one who visited the trenches. Any glory they may boast is a matter of individual conceit and need not be considered. As we all know it is no easy matter to follow the teachings of the Bible. It is mighty stiff business. For instance it is hard to love a German, but I wish to say if we cannot love him let us not dissipate a lot of otherwise good energy in hating him for only weakness hates. Do any returned men of The Western Home Monthly circle of readers intend to buy a farm through the Soldiers' Land Settlement Board? I do, and also intend to build a home for two or more. Would be pleased to exchange views with anyone who is thinking of taking advantage of the government's offer. Would also be pleased to correspond with any feminine readers, and wish to assure them I will answer all letters promptly.—Yankee Canuck.

A Future Teacher

Dear Editor:—I wrote to your magazine some time ago, and being lucky enough to see my letter in print, I decided to try again. I do not agree with "Not a Crank." The Correspondence Page would be of little use if the readers did not exchange letters with one another. "Jolly Bachelor" is sensible and I'm sure I agree with him. It is certainly nice to get letters from different parts of Canada. Perhaps we had better give the boys time to think things over calmly. They have gone through and seen some terrible sights and it is natural they should dislike and almost hate anything German. I wish more school teachers would write to this page; I am going to be one myself in a year or so. "Sea Breeze" I think you are an American by birth, even if you are living in Canada, otherwise surely your brother would have been in the Canadian army, and you are of the feminine gender since you ask for R.N.W.M.P. and sailors to write to The Western Home Monthly. Be sure and let me know if I have guessed correctly. My letter is already long enough so I will close. If any of the readers care to write my address is with the Editor.—Gladioli.

Continued on Page 62

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C. E. BROOKS, 161G State St., Marshall, Minn.

Correspondence

Continued from Page 61

Come On, You Bachelors!

Dear Editor:—I have been a very interested reader of your magazine for about five years now, and have not missed an issue during that time. I always turn to the Correspondence page first, though I must say the Editorial and all other reading is just first class, and I only wish it came twice a month. Unlike most of the correspondents, I am from the city. I have never lived in the country and therefore cannot say whether I would like it or not. But while I am in the city with all its amusements, I find it very lonesome, sometimes. I am at present boarding and as the evenings seem to hang heavily on

my hands especially in the winter time, I would be glad to hear from some of the bachelors who write to and read this page. I will answer all letters. If I see this in print I will write a nice long letter to your page later. Trusting I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I am, with all good wishes.—City Girl.

Ranches are Scarce

Dear Editor:—I wrote some time ago and was very glad to see my letter in print, so thought I might try to call again. There are some very interesting letters and many good subjects for discussion in the last two issues. Since I last wrote my two soldier brothers have returned home with their English brides. They are very jolly and sweet girls. They

are right from the city of London, but seem to enjoy this fresh country air. My brothers intend living elsewhere, so I suppose we won't have them for long. The hills and plains are very dry and gloomy looking. The grain and hay crops were a failure this year on account of dry weather. Lots of our old time ranches are selling out all their stock on account of feed being so scarce. I liked this country much better when we first came out here, as it was wild and free from all fences while herds of cattle and horses swarmed the prairie like flies. Now the land is all fenced in for miles around and settled by the farmers. Ranching is an old word of days gone by. Why don't the old time bachelors hurry up and write. They must have drifted further north into the wilderness

altogether. Was interested in the letters from "Rancher," "Sea Breeze" and "A Soph." I think The Western Home Monthly is getting to be better than ever. The stories are great, and like most of the members I am a lover of reading. With best wishes.—Light of the Morning.

Favors Early Marriages

Dear Editor:—Here comes a young farmer from the middle west asking permission to join the Correspondence Page. I get your magazine regularly and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence page. I agree with "Not a Crank" in the first part of his letter, but think that he will be badly criticized by at least a good percentage of the fair sex. Now, "Not a Crank" what is your idea about a young man marrying a girl of eighteen or nineteen? Should she get a spanking until she is twenty, or should she not be permitted to get married at all? I have witnessed several cases similar to the one above and see that the majority of them make splendid wives, where on the other hand a life of misery would have been led by the young man as well as by the girl. I would suggest, "Love and Marriage" and think that at least some of the girls, boys and "batches" would like it also. My



"I Am So Afraid it is My Heart"

VERY many people live in constant dread of heart trouble when the heart is in no way diseased.

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But the heart's action is the result of the contraction and expansion of muscles and these muscles are operated by the nervous system. When the blood gets thin and watery and the nervous system is starved the action of the heart, just like that of the stomach, bowels and other organs, is slowed down.

As a result, you are easily tired out, experience shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and general bodily weakness.

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Mrs. Nellie Dertinger, Simcoe, Ont., writes: "I was a great sufferer with my nerves and with pains about the heart. I could not sleep at nights and though I tried several doctors could not get much relief. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I am happy to say the results have been a surprise. My health has been built up wonderfully. I have no more pains about the heart, my nerves are steady and I sleep and rest well."

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"The adult kind" you like to get on your line: eleven-pound pike hooked from Fish Lake, Moose Mountain Park, Sask., by James E. May.

letter is getting long, so I will conclude with best wishes to the Editor and readers. If anyone cares to write, my address is with the Editor.—Fly-by-Night.

Someone Else Fond of B.C.

Dear Editor:—I have enjoyed reading the letters in the Correspondence Page very much, but have never written before. In the September issue I noticed two letters from British Columbia and as I am very much interested in that beautiful province, I thought I would write in the hopes that I might get some correspondents from there. I spent a month in Victoria this summer and I think it is an ideal spot. The flowers and parks are beautiful and it is a fine place for motoring, sight-seeing and canoeing. At present I am teaching a summer school in Sask., and find it rather lonesome as I am not used to such a quiet life and miss the beauties of nature of which I am very fond. My home is in southern Ontario and if anyone is interested in that province I could tell them quite a lot about it as I have travelled considerably. I would like to hear from "A Soph," Chilliwack, B.C., if he would write first, and any other one that cares

Continued on Page 63

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Correspondence

Continued from Page 62

to write. My address is with the Editor. As someone else has stolen my brother's pet name for me "Girle" I will sign myself—A Lover of B.C.

Takes Issue with "Connie Canuck"

Dear Editor:—Although a new reader of your splendid magazine I am already a much interested one, especially in your Correspondence Page. Everyone writes in a frank and jolly sort of style, which is of course the best. A new subject was suggested for discussion in your last number, namely, "Which are the most deserving, the boys who fought or the boys who produced food." I am much surprised at "Connie Canuck" who lost a brother in the war suggesting this. She evidently thinks her brother who produced food deserves the same credit as the one who gave his life. I am a farmer's son and a returned soldier and think all farmers who produced food to help win the war deserve much credit. Still it seems unfair to put the boys on an equal basis for we know many boys went farming to evade military service. Do these boys who were well paid for their work deserve the credit of those who fought and bled. I was not wounded myself, but everyone knows some of the very best were killed and many more crippled for life. No doubt others will have something to say on this subject so this is enough. I have no room for further description of myself, but being fond of reading, I would enjoy hearing from any girl correspondents about my own age, twenty-two. My address is with the Editor.—Newcomer.

A Good Name

Continued from Page 13

Uncle Walter puffed at his pipe for a minute or two without speaking. "We had an unlucky year last year," he said, "and I have had big expenses this year, so at present I can promise nothing; but I know your aunt would like to see you a doctor. She always said if she should have a son he should follow in his grandfather's footsteps. So if you will help me this year, I will pay you the same as I do the other lads and we'll see about college the year after if we have good luck. And meanwhile you have your books and will have plenty of time for study in the evenings."

Mark stammered his thanks. How different from the way he had been received by Uncle Silas. "I will do my best, Uncle," he said; "but I know you will find me a duffer."

"Well, I daresay I shall," replied his uncle, "but if you know it yourself, that is all I want, for then you will soon learn. Some of these young fellows that come out here think they can run the whole show for me, and they are the worst duffers of all."

The year passed quickly and pleasantly for Mark. Time was gradually healing the old wounds, though the scars would remain for his life. The loss of good parents is a grief that never grows less, only the first bitter anguish is changed to loving and holy memories.

Mark grew very fond of his uncle and aunt, and they were much attached to him. Aunt Bessie's loving hands had been busy during the last few weeks

fitting him out for college, and now on this last evening at home they were saying how much they would miss him.

"My right-hand man," said Uncle Walter. "I don't know what I shall do without him."

"Ah, you will miss your man," said Aunt Bessie, the tears in her eyes; "but I shall miss my boy."

"Dearest Aunt Bessie," said Mark, "I shall always be your boy." And then half-shyly he told them of his mother's text, and of all it had meant to him. "My right hand man, and my boy," he said, "they will be good names to think of when I am away, and I will try to live up to them for your sake and my mother's."

The Wizard of The West

Continued from Page 16

a scene as that in which we were partakers. As complete darkness spread over us, and with the feeling that the mountains were closer companions, tales were told and the past was recalled in an imperishable way. It is on such occasions that memory plays the most fantastic feats and the long-forgotten becomes the actual present as we again live through the past. The aroma of tobacco-smoke took on a new charm from that never-to-be-forgotten night, and the writer can, as he writes these words, see with unwonted clearness of vision, the flickering light of a pipe the other side of the fire, and note with each breath drawn, the shadow and light cast on the smoker's face, as he listened breathlessly to an incident connected with the early, pioneer days of this strange land.

All these, and thousands more of the memories of that night come readily to mind, and with them an irresistible impulse to fly back to this land of allurements and away from the madding crowd. It must have been in some such mood as this that the poet Wordsworth was, when inspired to write the words:

"There I sit at evening when the steep Of Silver-hill and Grassmere's peaceful lake

And one green island gleam between the stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene Of solemn loveliness."

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE DISPLAY AT GLADSTONE

This season Manitoba surpassed all records in fruit and vegetable production. Collins & Diamond, Ltd., thought they would undertake a display and reserved their two fine show windows. The exhibit was placed and remained from Sept. 18th to the 20th. The people caught the idea in the right light and took it up, with the result that the people of the town and district had an opportunity of viewing such a display of field and garden produce as is seldom seen even at a fall fair. To give an idea of the variety of the display, it is just necessary to say that there were grains, vegetables, flowers, crab apples, tomatoes, oil beans, peanuts, musk melons, etc.

The display was a remarkable one considering that no prizes were offered and no promise of buying and selling. A splendid piece of work was the window decoration by Richard Bryant of this firm.



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The Making of a Champion

Continued from Page 5

rungs of the ladder, the walls, he tumbled through the opening and landed with a tremendous thud.

Made after the best theories of surprise in war, the manoeuvre demoralized the enemy. They stared a fleeting second at this bold warrior who had leaped into their midst. And then they incontinently fled! An instant's jam at the door, a crunching of the gravel, and the mob was gone! Panic had taken them for its own and led them pell-mell to the main street and to safety.

The late besieged arose, inventoried the situation, and made haste into the outer air.

"Fraidy calf," he shouted. "Fraidy calf, 'fraidy calf!"

He was master of the field. Covered with glory and dirt, he filled his coal bucket from a heap of fuel in one of the deserted stalls and went in to supper.

There was a spice of winter in the air the next morning. Philip was forced to don his overcoat, which he detested, and was further supplied with a pair of leather mittens. He did not protest, as he would ordinarily have done, for he felt that he would not be scoffed at on his way to school.

He shuffled along whistling, with a careful eye open for his enemies of yesterday. At the corner he was respectfully greeted by Petey Martin. Philip contemptively gazing at the sky, ignored him.

"Hello, Philip," said Petey.

He turned and looked upon Petey as from a great height.

"Oh," he said. "That's you, is it?"

"Why," said the Martin boy, "I just wanted to know, are you sore at me? Why, you know I didn't write Phil—I didn't write that on your barn. Louie Born did. I just thought I'd come and tell you."

Here was information of value. Philip considered, and decided to accept Petey's overtures.

"Well," he said, "I'm not sore, now. I won't lick you again."

He marched on pompously, the other boy tagging after.

"But you can tell Louie that I'm going to lick him, and I'm going to lick Bruiser Young. You tell 'em that I'm going to bang the heads off 'em. That Bruiser Young's been going around here all swelled up, anyhow. I'm going to lick him. You tell him that."

"You going to lick both of 'em?" Petey asked.

"You bet I am. Didn't I lick all of 'em yesterday? Well, I can do it again."

Up the street appeared a flash of plaid, surmounted by white furs and a saucy little beaver hat. Philip reddened, but took the bold course.

"Here comes Lola Cameron," he said. "I'm going to walk to school with her. You run along."

As he strolled magnificently beside the chirping little girl, Philip saw Petey attain the school gate and enter the yard. His heart swelled within him. Here he was, dispatching messengers of war, and walking to school with the prettiest girl in the sixth-year grade! She was the prettiest girl in the world, he amended, after a moment's thought.

He cast a side glance at her.

"Why, say now," he said. "Do you—would your mother—that is, could I come some night and see you?"

She smiled demurely.

"If you'd like to," she said. "I think you could."

His heart was thumping as she left him at the gate. He had never dared to utter such words to a girl before. He did not know they could be said so easily. His new-found confidence in himself was justified. He regretted for an instant that he had not had the courage to ask such a simple question long ago.

He turned toward a knot of boys who stood expectant in the yard. Petey Martin was standing in front of them. "Hello, kids," said Philip, airily.

They winced at his use of "kids," but gratified at his notice, gathered round him.

"I was going to tell you," continued Philip, after a moment's pause, "that my father says I can have a bob-sled party

as soon as it snows. You fellows can come if you want to. I'm going to take Lola Cameron."

Things had changed since yesterday. To be on party-going terms with this noted fighter was an honor. There was a murmur to this effect from the crowd.

"That's swell," said Scrubby Willifer, whose cap was set on an angle to avoid a large bump that adorned his head.

Louie Born and Bruiser Young who had been hanging about the school steps, now diffidently approached. Petey had delivered his message, but they had an apparent feeling that Philip would not assault them under the windows of the school.

"Philip," said Louie. "Ah—say, Philip—"

"Well," said the conqueror, sternly. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to tell you that—I just was going to say I was sorry I wrote that on your barn. I was going to rub it out, but—"

The lie melted under the eagle glance of the injured Philip.

"Well," I'm sorry," Louie concluded.

"All right," the new hero said. "I won't lick you, and you can now come to my bob-sled party. You—" he drew his breath for his great effect and glanced about to make sure the boys were listening—"You can take Queenie Bowser!"

As he moved away, there came to his ears the voice of Petey Martin lifted high.

"Sluggie Philip's going to let Louie go to his party, but he says he'll lick Willie Young."

Sluggie Philip! Willie Young! He turned on the school steps and saw the late Bruiser climbing over the back fence, bound homeward. As he walked into the class room, his bosom swelled with conscious importance. He was champion now!

The Matinee Idol

Continued from Page 7

up presently into her own special gait, and Bertini almost pulls Rosalie to her feet.

"I think I am too tired," protests Rosalie after the second round. "I will not dance any more."

The Signor has held her rather close for comfort. Not this way did the honest habitant boys hold one at the hoe-downs back home. There was more fun at a bush hop, far more.

"You sure are one nice, large gloom!" says the Signor, with a short laugh. "Very well, then. Here's a seat."

So they stopped. Rosalie played wall-flower for the next hour. Bertini danced with several other girls, the kind that did not mind being gripped tightly. At length Rosalie got up and crept from the room. Bertini had staggered against a table once and nearly fallen. He had been taking a number of glasses between the dances for she had watched him closely. Rosalie sought the dressing-room and in five minutes was out on the street alone.

Having no car-tickets with her she walked eleven blocks to her rooming-house.

Next morning she overslept. A dizziness on waking brought instant reminder of the previous night's gaiety. The Signor, she remembered, had mentioned something about "a little ride to-morrow evening." She wondered if he would forget. She must chide him about taking too much wine. The scales had not yet completely fallen from the eyes of Rosalie Duprez.

Too late for the factory, she dressed lazily. Then she gathered up some blouses in need of laundering and wrapped them in a piece of newspaper. This was a good time to take the parcel to that new hand laundry Héloise Allard had recommended. Where was it now? Oh, yes, over on St. Anne Street. A laundress over there "did" two waists for a quarter—washed, clear-starched and ironed. A wonderful bargain! Héloise said the house was a tenement right next a bottling works. You couldn't miss it.

Rosalie found it.

"Up two flights and turn to your left. Knock on the second door," directed a slatternly young girl who was "minding"

a baby on the steps of the tenement. "And knock hard, miss."

Rosalie picked her way along a grimy hallway and ascended the stairs. Another hallway odorous with boiling cabbage, and then another flight of stairs! The house was full of sounds, scolding women and crying babies, and the yells of urchins racing through the halls. But out of the clamor, loud and distinct there now arose two more insistent noises, a rancous Hibernian voice and a dull drub-dubbing sound. Rosalie approached the second door. She caught words. It was the Irish person speaking.

"—and 'tis the same thing every day, ye great shiftless mooldon! There ye sit an' me breakin' me back (rub-dub) over the wash-board all day long. This minnit there's three tubs to empty (rub-dub-dub), an' much ye care so long as ye can rest yer carcass in an aisy chair wid a pipe."

A deeper voice returned this boquet, with extras. Then it rollicked forth into a scrap of song. Quickly on the heels of this rose a baby's wail.

Rosalie knocked timidly. The splashing of water went on, also the rub-dub-dubbing, but a voice said:

"Isn't that a knock I'm after hearin'? Open the dure, Mike."

"Open it yerself. Haven't I got the baby on me knee?" returned the other voice.

The baby howled harder. Heavy, shuffling steps that shook the floor approached, and the door was opened by a large, blowsy Irishwoman with a heated face on which beads of honest sweat stood out. Her scant hair was drawn tightly back from her brow and ended in a lump about the size of a walnut on the top of her head. She panted slightly. Behind her on the bare floor frolicked three small children, shrieking and tumbling about. At one side near a faded curtain that only half hid an untidy bed sat a big man in a bare, wooden rocker. He held an infant on his knee. Rosalie caught a glimpse of soiled shirtsleeves and a stubby black pipe and a black head. Then with an odd suddenness the man rose and drew the curtain before him. But Rosalie had recognized him.

"Were ye knockin' long?" asked the laundress as she wiped her soapy arms on her apron. "Sure an' 'tis quite pale ye are wid the long climb. Sit ye down, do."

Rosalie didn't move, though the woman offered her a chair. She seemed rooted to the spot.

"'Tis a wonder I heard ye at all wid Mike an' the kid both whoopin' it up. Sure at that the kid has the better voice, an' 'tis musical an' honest Irish, while Mike will be singin' dago songs that no one can understand."

"Who—who—who is Mike?" faltered Rosalie.

"Who is Mike, is it? Me husband, Miss. He sings at a viddy-villy theater up town, he does. But 'tis meself makes as much as he does. What were ye after?"

"N—nothing. I guess I've got the wrong number," said Rosalie in a choked voice.

And she wheeled and fled. Down the stairs she stumbled, half-blindly, and reaching the bottom almost fell against a young man standing there.

"Rosalie!" a voice exclaimed. "It's I. Don't you see, petite? I am waiting for you. I followed you all the way."

"Pierre!"

"But—what's wrong?" and the boy frowned.

"Oh, Pierre! N—nothing. I—I'm glad to see you!"

"Are you?"

"Yes, yes. You say you followed me?"

"Tried to catch up with you, but you walked too fast and turned so many corners. I lost sight of you more than once. But I saw you go in here so I waited. Why do you tremble like that? Has anyone frightened you?"

"Y—yes. No. That is—oh, let's hurry away from here, Pierre," and Rosalie shuddered.

They did, Pierre much mystified.

"How do you come to be off work? Are you on the night-shift again, Pierre?" asked Rosalie, becoming calmer.

"I've quit work."

"For good?"

"For good. I go home to-morrow. Back to Ville Madonne."

"Pierre! But why?"

"I am tired of the city. I long for the old free life, Rosalie. I want to hunt and fish and trap, to breathe clean air again."

Rosalie fell silent. They reached her rooming-house with few other words. The girl was experiencing a queer, beaten, hopeless feeling. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of the universe.

"I will say good-bye," Pierre observed, as they stopped.

"I—I've missed you, Pierre, these last three days."

"Have you?" he said, unbelievably.

"And—and I'll miss you worse now. I—I'll die with loneliness!"—and a tiny sob caught in her throat.

Pierre laughed harshly.

"You want to marry a singer and live in town. I'm leaving you free so you can do so."

"But Pierre I—I guess I don't now," and Rosalie traced a pattern on the pavement with the toe of her shoe.

"Good-bye, Rosalie. I must go."

A large tear splashed down on the shoe. Rosalie choked down a sob. Pierre stirred restlessly.

"Pierre?" and she flashed a glance up at him.

"Yes, petite?"

"I'm going back with you, back to Ville Madonne!"

And she did—as Madame Latupe!

Notice to Canadian Fur Shippers

A. B. Shubert, Ltd., are pleased to announce the opening of their Winnipeg Fur House at 324 Donald Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Shubert requires no introduction to the Canadian fur shipper, having been in the field for over thirty-six years. This connection in Canada is for the sole purpose of a more mutual relationship between the Canadian fur shipper and Shubert, and Canadian fur shippers are kindly requested to address all inquiries or communications to A. B. Shubert, Ltd., 324 Donald St., Winnipeg.

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This is the season when you are thinking of where you will spend the winter. You cannot do better than consult Grand Trunk Pacific representatives. The railway and steamship route to north Pacific coast points and California is the new way and is without a peer. The ocean voyage through the quiet seas of the "Inside Passage" between Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle is the finest ocean trip in America. Winter rates will be announced shortly. For information and literature apply to any agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. or write W. E. Duperow, general passenger agent, Winnipeg.

Couldn't Help It

A little girl had just been dressed in clean clothes, and went out to play. In a short time she came back covered with dirt. Her mother was much put out, and asked her how she came to be so dirty.

"Well, mother," she said, "isn't I made of dirt?"

"Yes, dear, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well, you know, mother, it will keep working out."

Having Eyes, He Saw Not

One day last summer a tourist drove hurriedly up to the home of Enos A. Mills at the foot of Longs Peak, leaped out and approached the naturalist. "Mr. Mills," he said brusquely, "I have been told that there is fine scenery in Estes Park. I want to get you to show me some of it."

The naturalist's eyes turned toward the hundred-mile sweep of snowy mountains that cut the blue sky, then swept the valley below and rested on noble crags and streams that wound among groves of pine and aspen. Slowly he shook his head.

"I guess you must have been misinformed."

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You can't tell the value of a tire by its looks. The unused tire is a riddle. Its sleek and unscarred surface tells no story. Its real value is hidden.

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